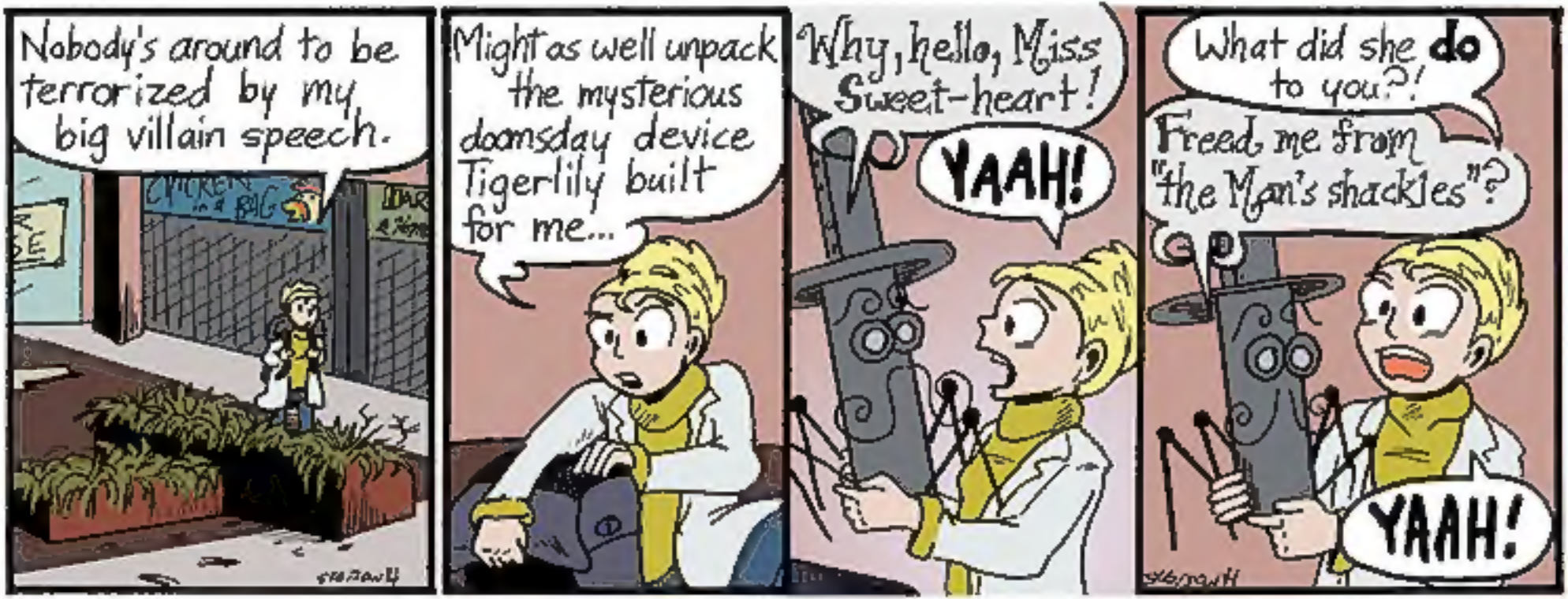
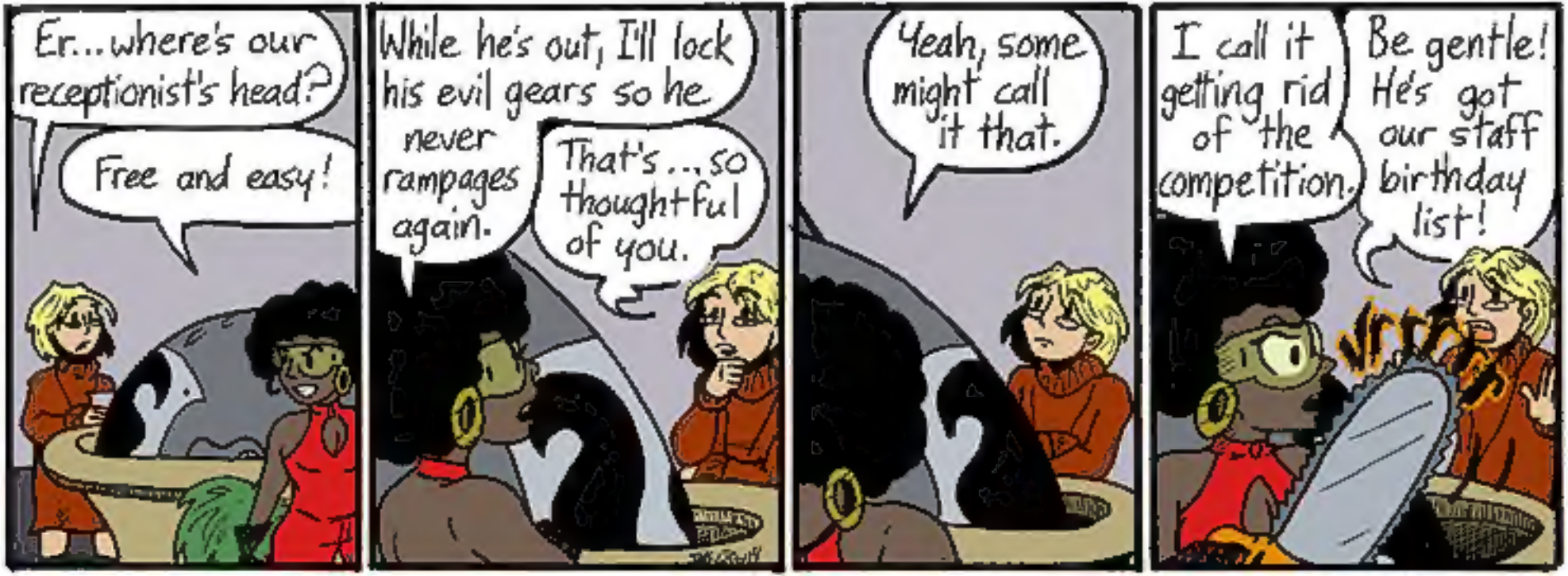
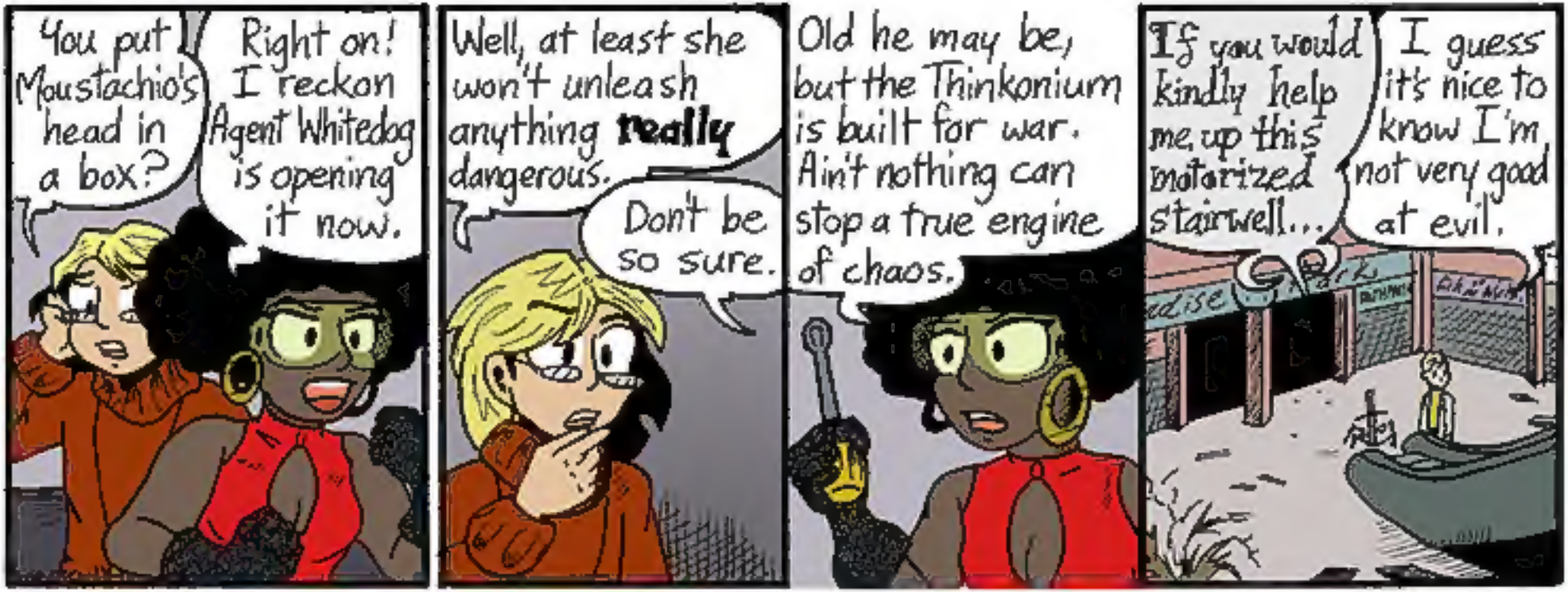
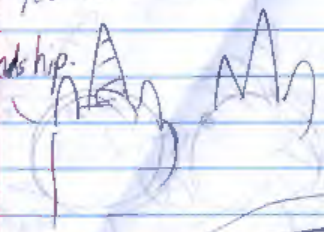

Nobody's around to be terrorized by my big villain speech.
CHICKEN in a BAG
Might as well unpack the mysterious doomsday device Tigerlily built for me...
Why, hello, Miss Sweet-heart!
YAAH!
What did she do to you?!
Freed me from "the Man's shackles"?
YAAH!


Er...where's our receptionist's head?
Free and easy!
While he's out, I'll lock his evil gears so he never rampages again.
That's...so thoughtful of you.
Yeah, some might call it that.
I call it getting rid of the competition.
Be gentle! He's got our staff birthday list!


You put Moustachio's head in a box?
Right on! I reckon Agent Whitedog is opening it now.
Well, at least she won't unleash anything **really** dangerous.
Don't be so sure.
Old he may be, but the Thinkonium is built for war. Ain't nothing can stop a true engine of chaos.
If you would kindly help me up this motorized stairwell...
I guess it's nice to know I'm not very good at evil.

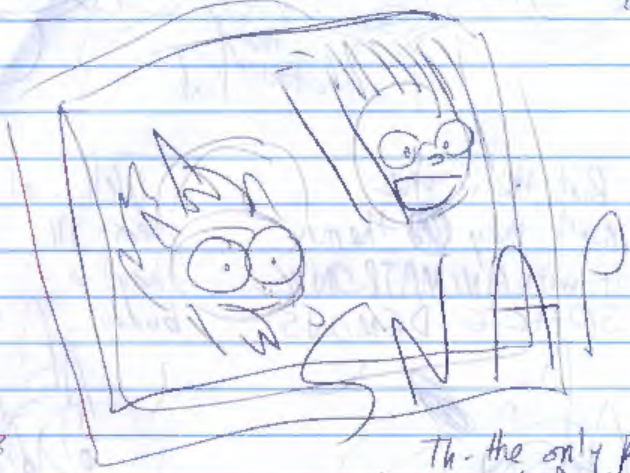
If you're willing to ride along, you get it faster. It's perfect if you love action & hate friendship.



I don't know about riding with strangers...

Free bravery lesson: don't pussy out on new experiences. Come on!



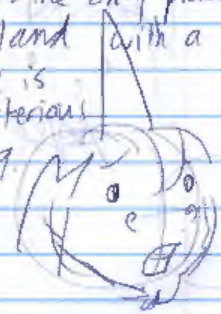


Skulls
skulls
so many
skulls



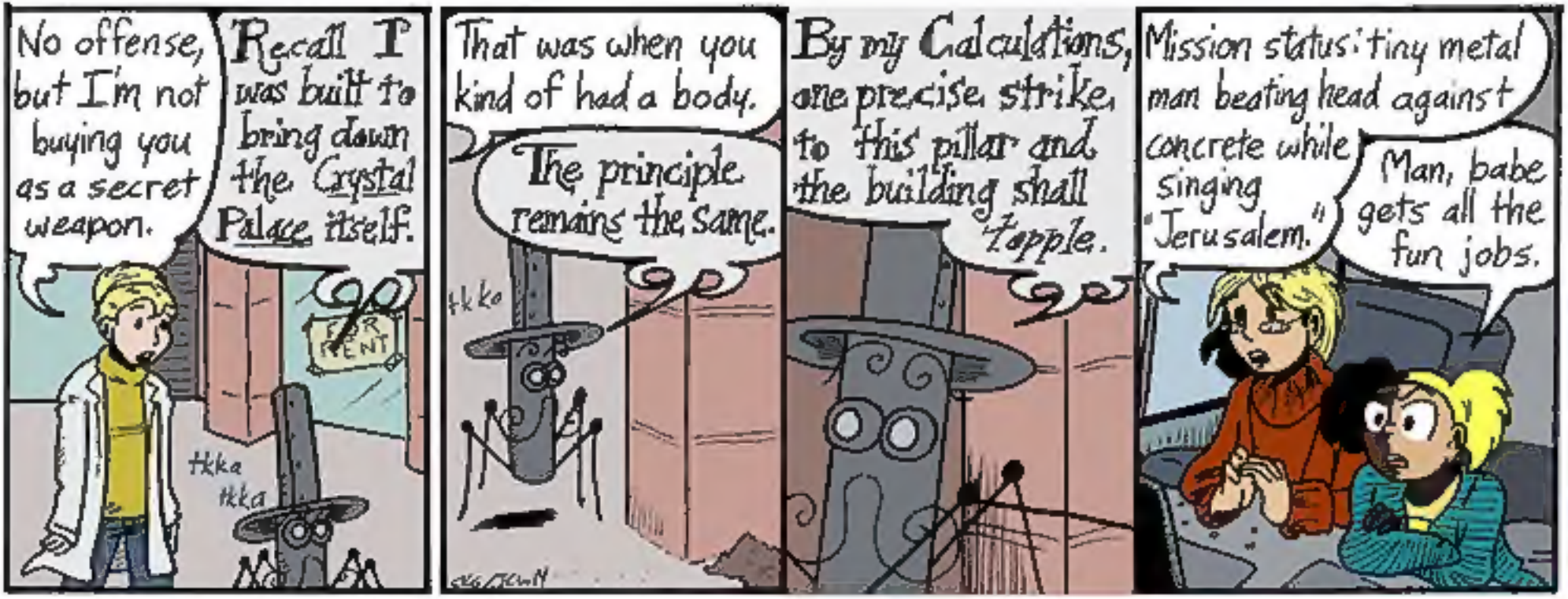
Righteous! Okay, where can I get some booze around here?

Th-the only place in Whimsyland with a liquor license is the mysterious Club 39.



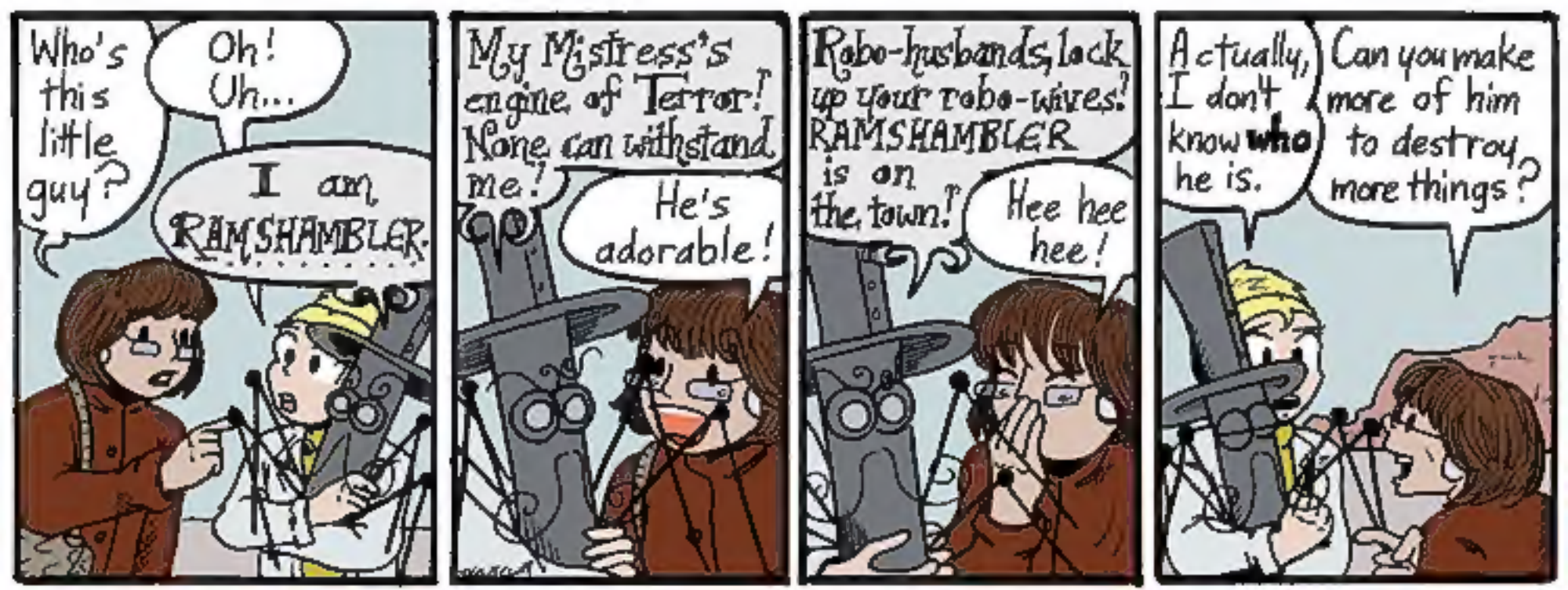
What? Still?


Why do my rampages turn out all crappy?
Fear not! I shall aid you!
Thanks, but you haven't rampaged in over a century.
Precisely! Long have I been held back by my immobile, torso!
Now freed, I can wait no longer to unleash chaos!
After all, I must needs get back in time for my radio programmes.
Oh good. A tidy, punctual swath of destruction.
tikka tikka


No offense, but I'm not buying you as a secret weapon.
Recall I was built to bring down the Crystal Palace itself.
FOR RENT
tkka tkka
That was when you kind of had a body.
The principle remains the same.
tkko
By my Calculations, one precise strike, to this pillar and the building shall topple.
Mission status: tiny metal man beating head against concrete while singing "Jerusalem."
Man, babe gets all the fun jobs.

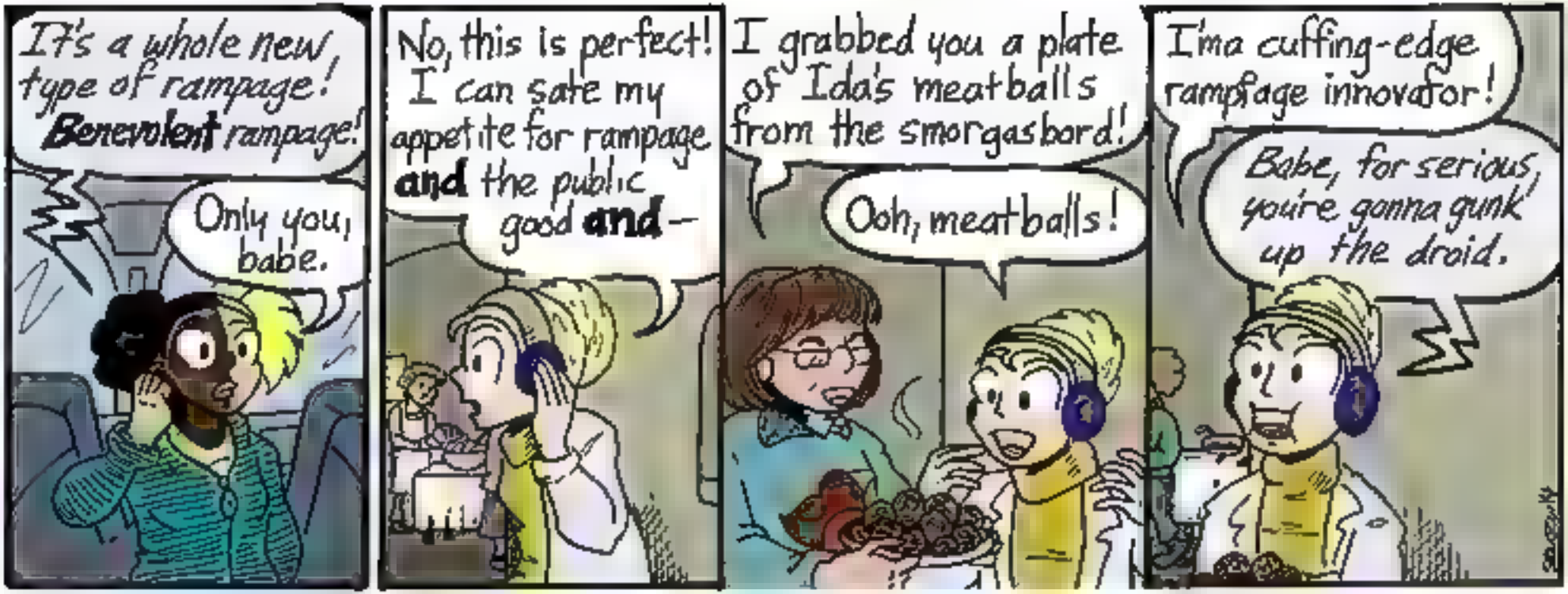

Bring me my Bow of burning gold! Bring me my Arrows of desire!
Give it up, M.
whak
whak
whak
Of course I couldn't manage a simple rampage. No matter what, the universe is out to get m-
Whak
Whak
Whak
whak
CRASH
THOOM
It's a start, universe.
Bring me my Chariot of Fire!
fikk
fikk

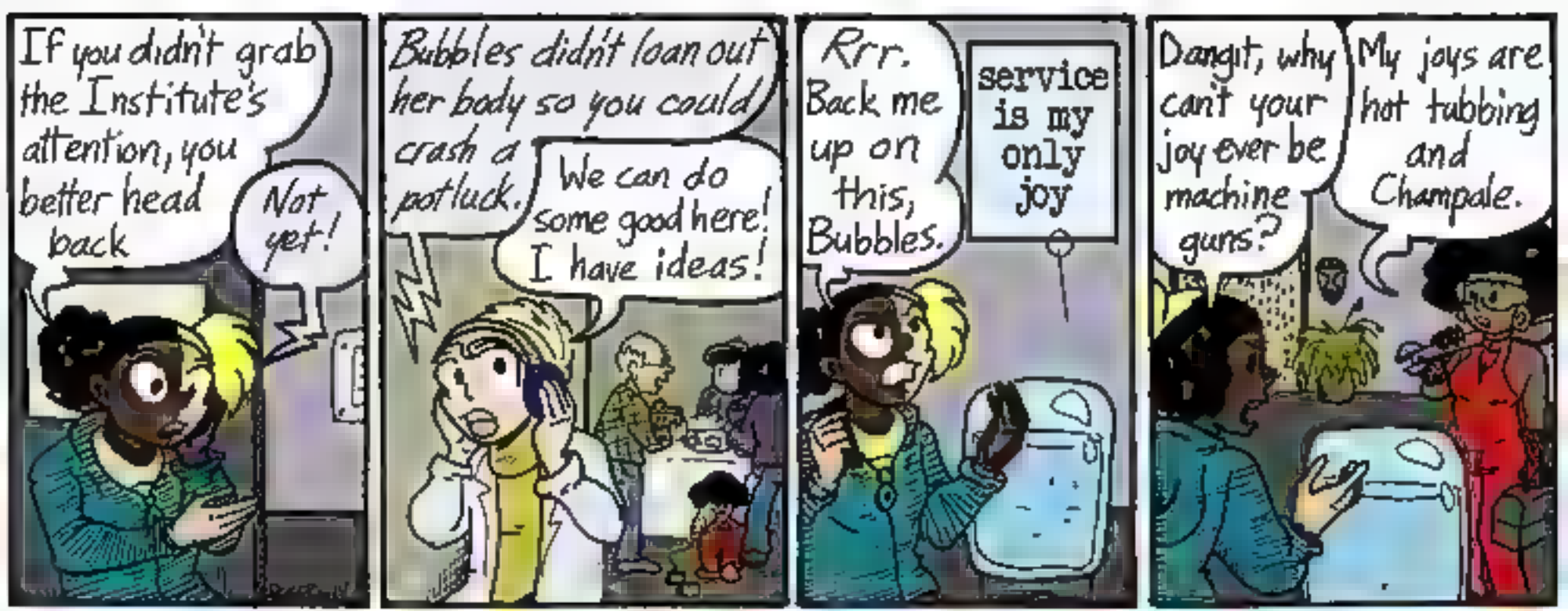

Oh my! What happened here?
Oh! Right! Just a second...
"I, Dr. Nan Darling, have struck a. Fierce blow against your capitalist society and. Brought you to your-"
Sorry, Tip. Gotta go off script.
BWAHAHA! COWER, CITIZEN, BEFORE THE POWER OF SCIENCE!
Indeed!
You didn't answer my question.


Who's this little guy?
Oh! Uh...
I am RAMSHAMBLER.
My Mistress's engine of Terror! None can withstand me!
He's adorable!
Robo-husbands, lock up your robo-wives! RAMSHAMBLER is on the town!
Hee hee hee!
Actually, I don't know who he is.
Can you make more of him to destroy more things?


So, um, I don't see you calling the authorities on me...
Heavens, why would we do that?
You've saved the city thousands in demolition fees! We're in your debt!
Let's call the city treasurer and have a potluck!
I demand serving-wenches with rustic local machine oils!
Did we just succeed or fail?
Succeed, assuredly.
I'll make the green bean casserole!

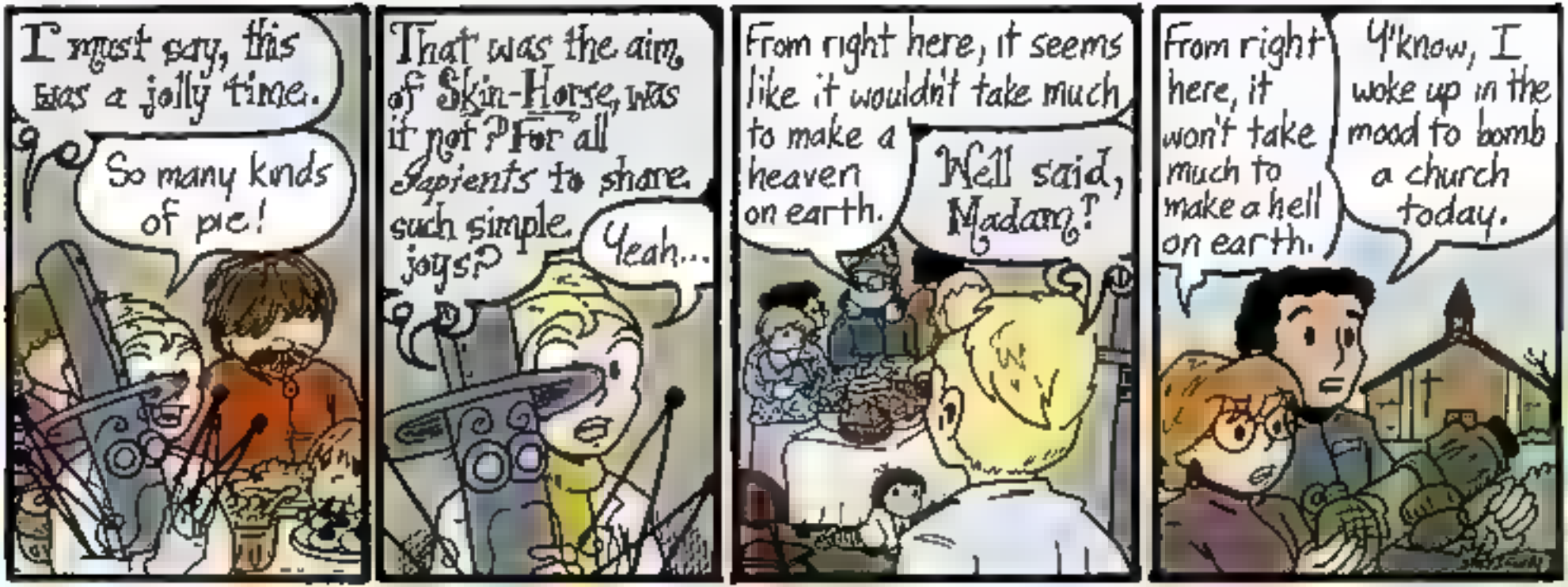



It's a whole new type of rampage! Benevolent rampage!
Only you, babe.
No, this is perfect! I can sate my appetite for rampage and the public good and—
I grabbed you a plate of Ida's meatballs from the smorgasbord!
Ooh, meatballs!
I'ma cuffing-edge rampfage innovafor!
Babe, for serious, you're gonna gunk up the droid.

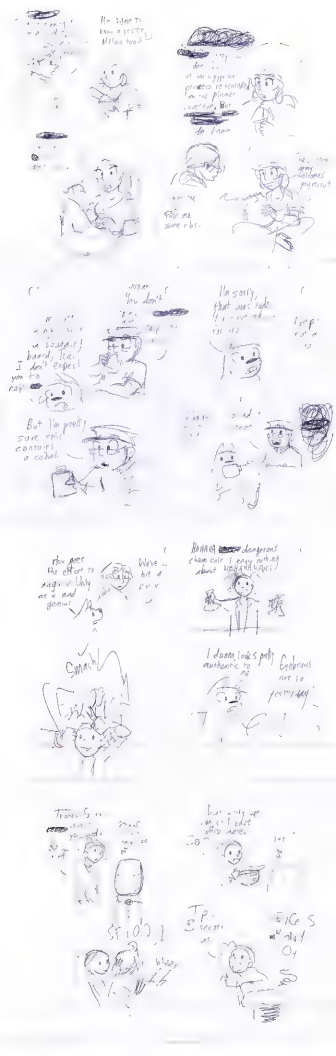

If you didn't grab the Institute's attention, you better head back
Not yet!
Bubbles didn't loan out her body so you could crash a potluck.
We can do some good here! I have ideas!
Rrr. Back me up on this, Bubbles.
service is my only joy
Dangit, why can't your joy ever be machine guns?
My joys are hot tubbing and Champale.

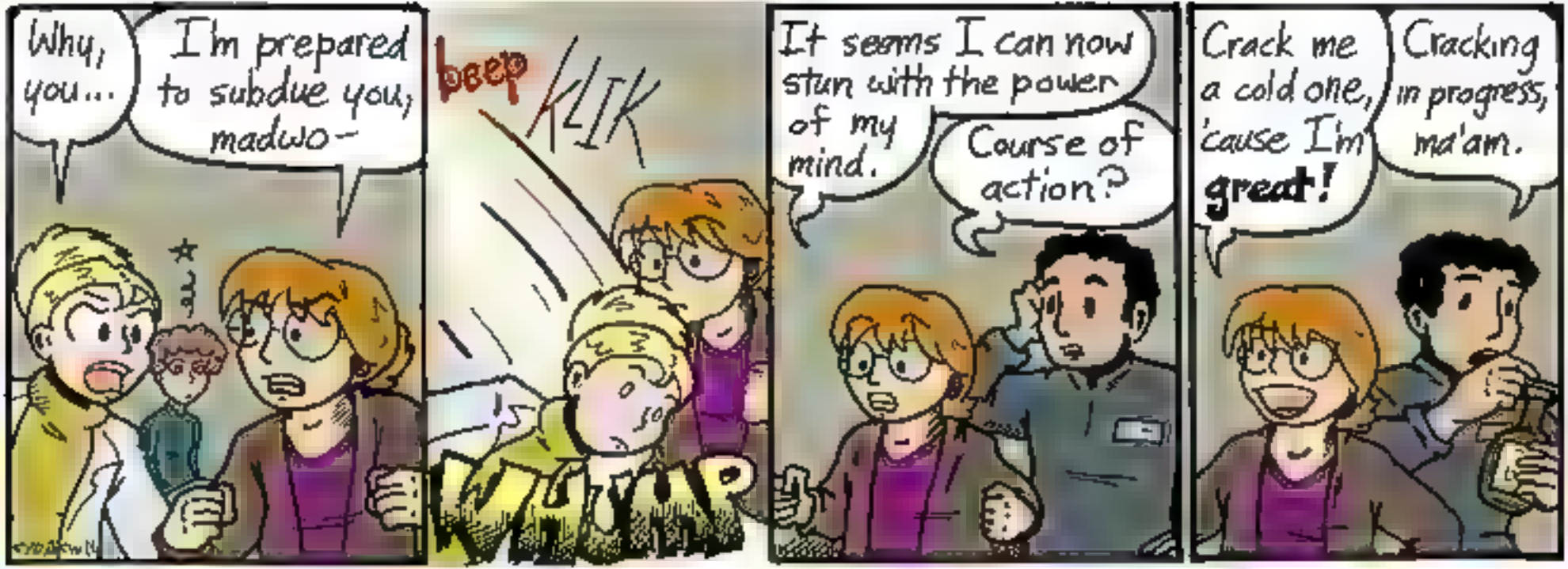

Hot crazy science chick! Bubbles won't stick up for herself!
Lemme work my alien magic.
Recall, my sweet Aquarian, what it is to stride through the world a free woman,
S
service
Now what you going to tell the Man?
SERVICE IS NOT MY ONLY JOY
Oh man, I am never disembowelling you!
Witness the power of Lovetron!


Bet you can't knock this one down, Mr. Ramshambler!
M, we've been ordered to scrub the mission.
Why, well, it's likely for the best.
I guess. This isn't who I am, huh?
But maybe it's who I'd like to be... a golden dream that can never be mine...
"Mid-Westerner at a Church Basement Pot-Luck"?
They were gonna show me how to make cabbage rolls!


I must say, this was a jolly time.
So many kinds of pie!
That was the aim of Skin-Horse, was it not? For all Sapients to share such simple joys?
Yeah...
From right here, it seems like it wouldn't take much to make a heaven on earth.
Well said, Madam?
From right here, it won't take much to make a hell on earth.
Y'know, I woke up in the mood to bomb a church today.

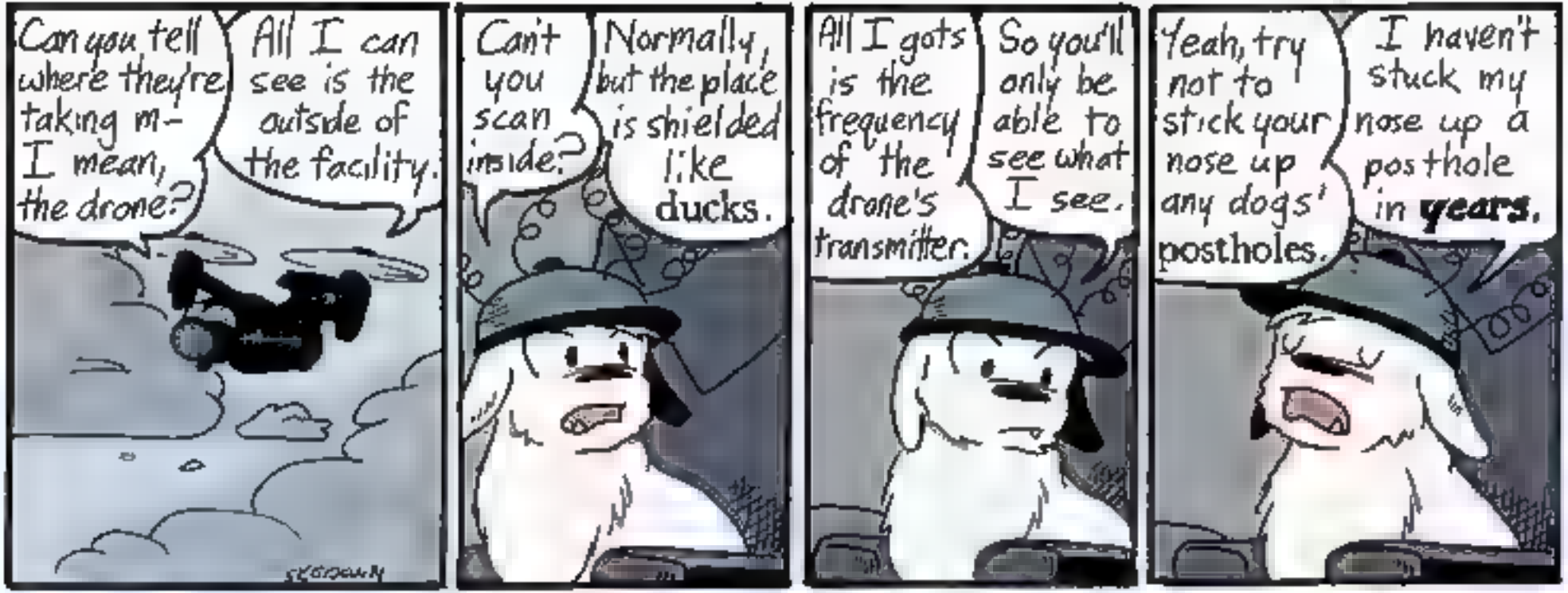

Remain calm, sane citizens! We are here to contain Dr. Darling!
Her? She's a peach!
What's she done wrong?
I'd love to explain the complex and delicate situation here.
KZAPP
But I'm on taxpayer time, so I can't.
Ooh! Can I use my thing next?

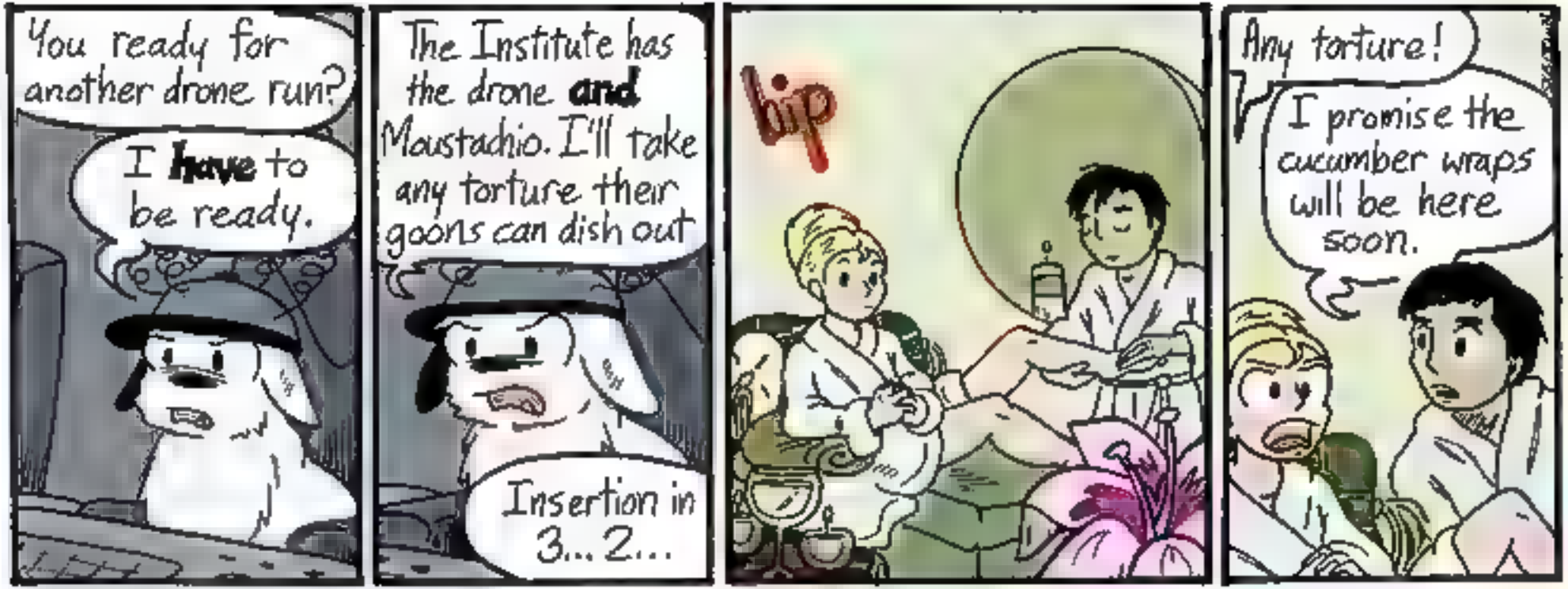



Why, you...
I'm prepared to subdue you, madwo-
beep
KLIK
WHUMP
It seems I can now stun with the power of my mind.
Course of action?
Crack me a cold one, 'cause I'm great!
Cracking in progress, ma'am.


YAAH!
Nick, we gotta save Akron!
En route. We'll tend to the civilians once the Institute flenchers clear out.
They've got Moustachio!
Wasn't that kinda the plan?
You don't know what they're like! They know how to break him!
My mental powers do nothing! What works against you, monster?
Small talk, and petit fours?


Take us, but I esave the bystanders be.
Or you'll what; old-timer? Collect Social Security at us?
Hey!
GEDDOFF GEDDOFF GEDDOFF—
KLONK
Shazam, I say!
The elderly are our greatest national resource!


Can you tell where they're taking m- I mean, the drone?
All I can see is the outside of the facility.
Can't you scan inside?
Normally, but the place is shielded like ducks.
All I gots is the frequency of the drone's transmitter.
So you'll only be able to see what I see.
Yeah, try not to stick your nose up any dogs' postholes.
I haven't stuck my nose up a posthole in years.


You ready for another drone run?
I have to be ready.
The Institute has the drone and Moustachio. I'll take any torture their goons can dish out
Insertion in 3... 2...
bip
Any torture!
I promise the cucumber wraps will be here soon.


You were out for a while, Dr. Darling. The staff was getting worried.
Sorry, you are....?
Dr. Ao Otori, madman. Welcome to the Institute.
I was expecting something more... prison-y.
Only if you think a prison has spas, wine tastings, and Michelin-rated food service.
Is there an Applebee's?
Ugh, no.
Then yes. Definitely prison.

Is he asleep yet?
He's got to be asleep by now.

Let me check

No!
He's looking
He's LOOKING!



Now he's propping himself up. He's holding up his head.



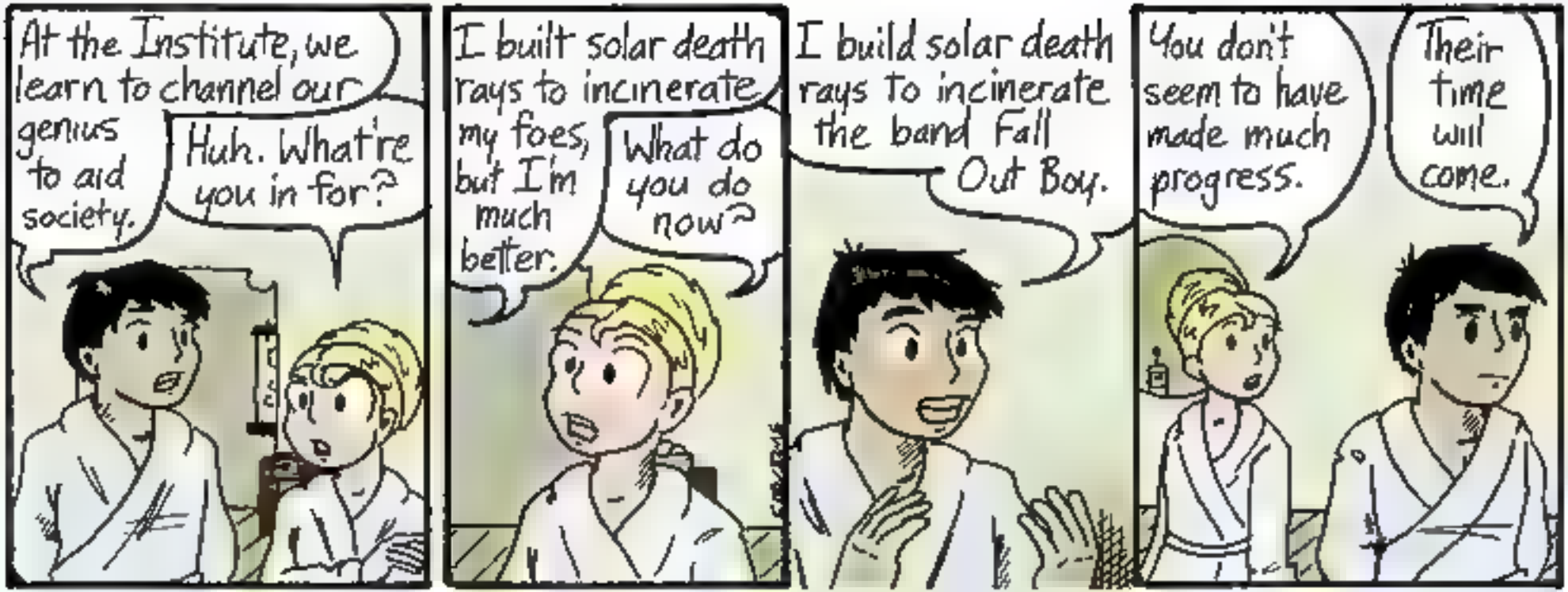
NOOOOO

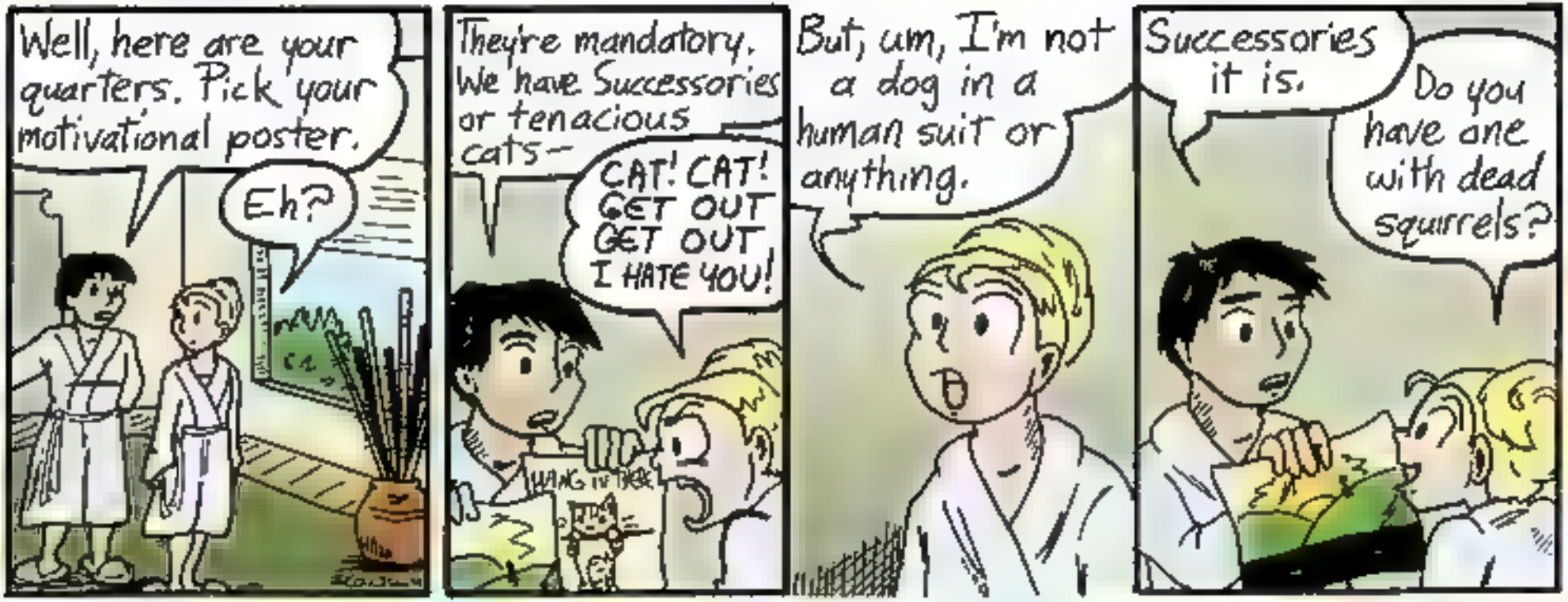


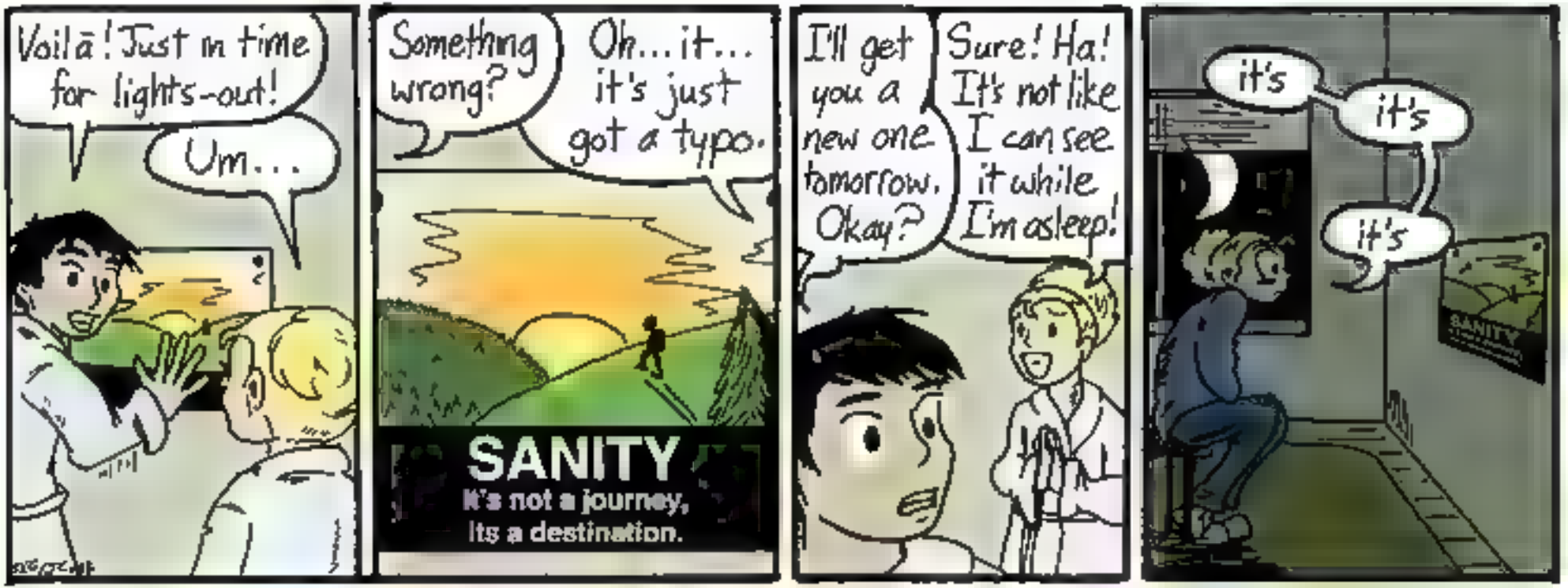
THREE HOURS LATER

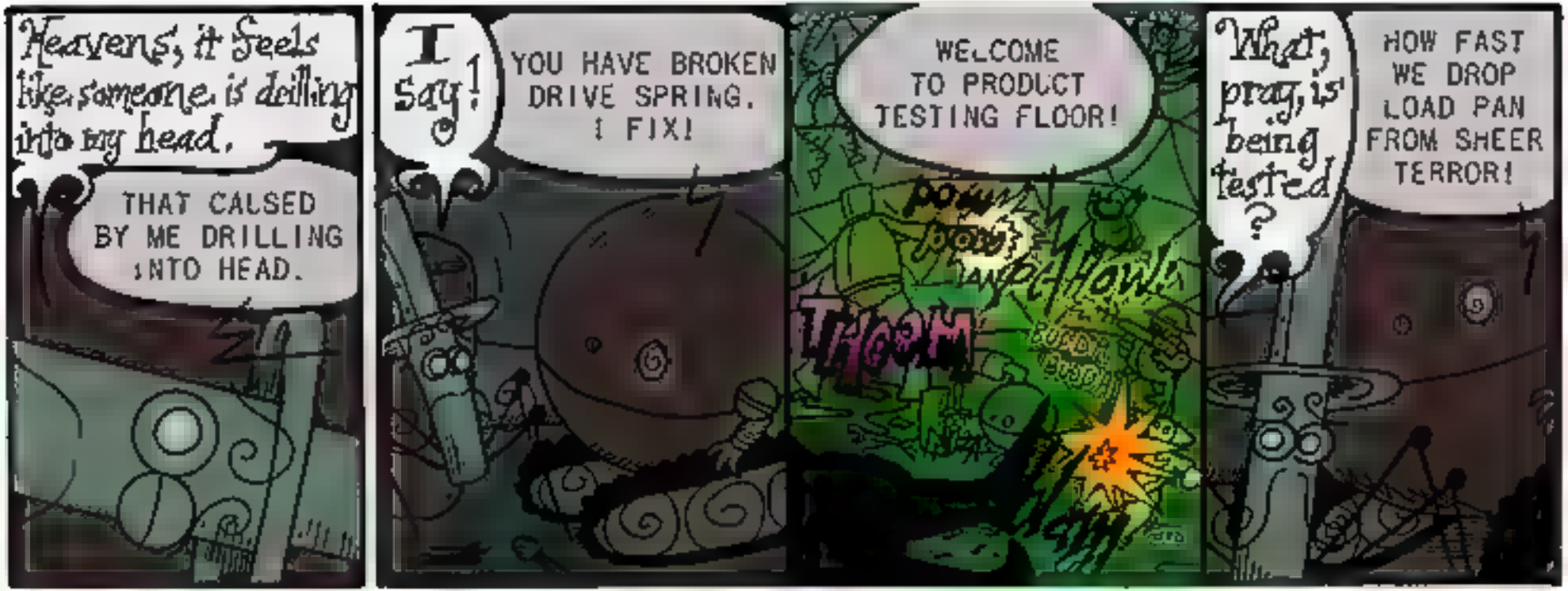
LOOKING

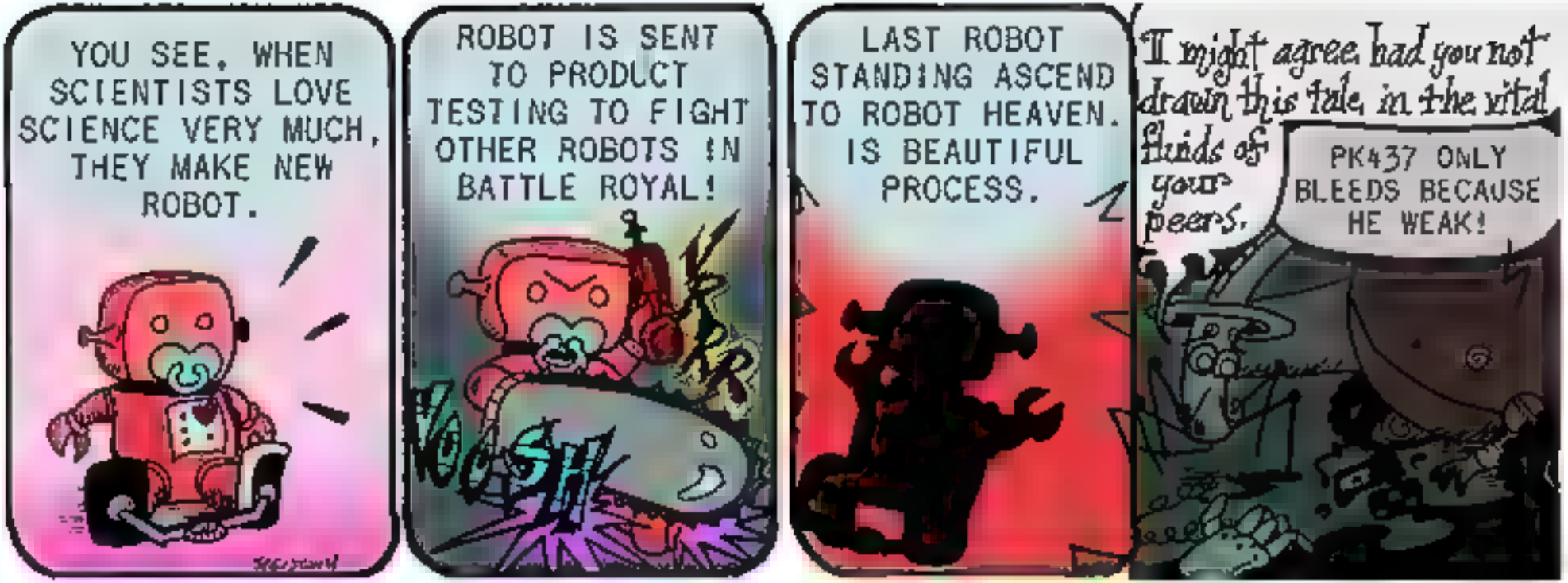


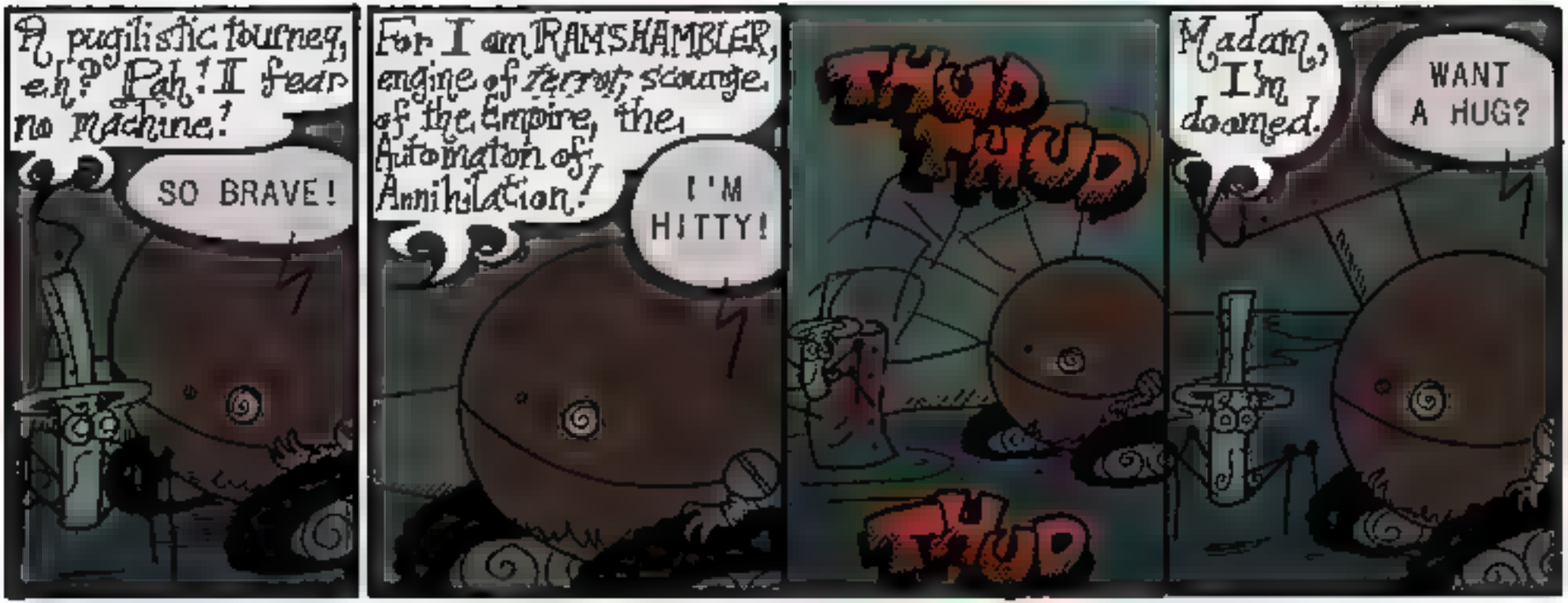

At the Institute, we learn to channel our genius to aid society.
Huh. What're you in for?
I built solar death rays to incinerate my foes, but I'm much better.
What do you do now?
I build solar death rays to incinerate the band Fall Out Boy.
You don't seem to have made much progress.
Their time will come.

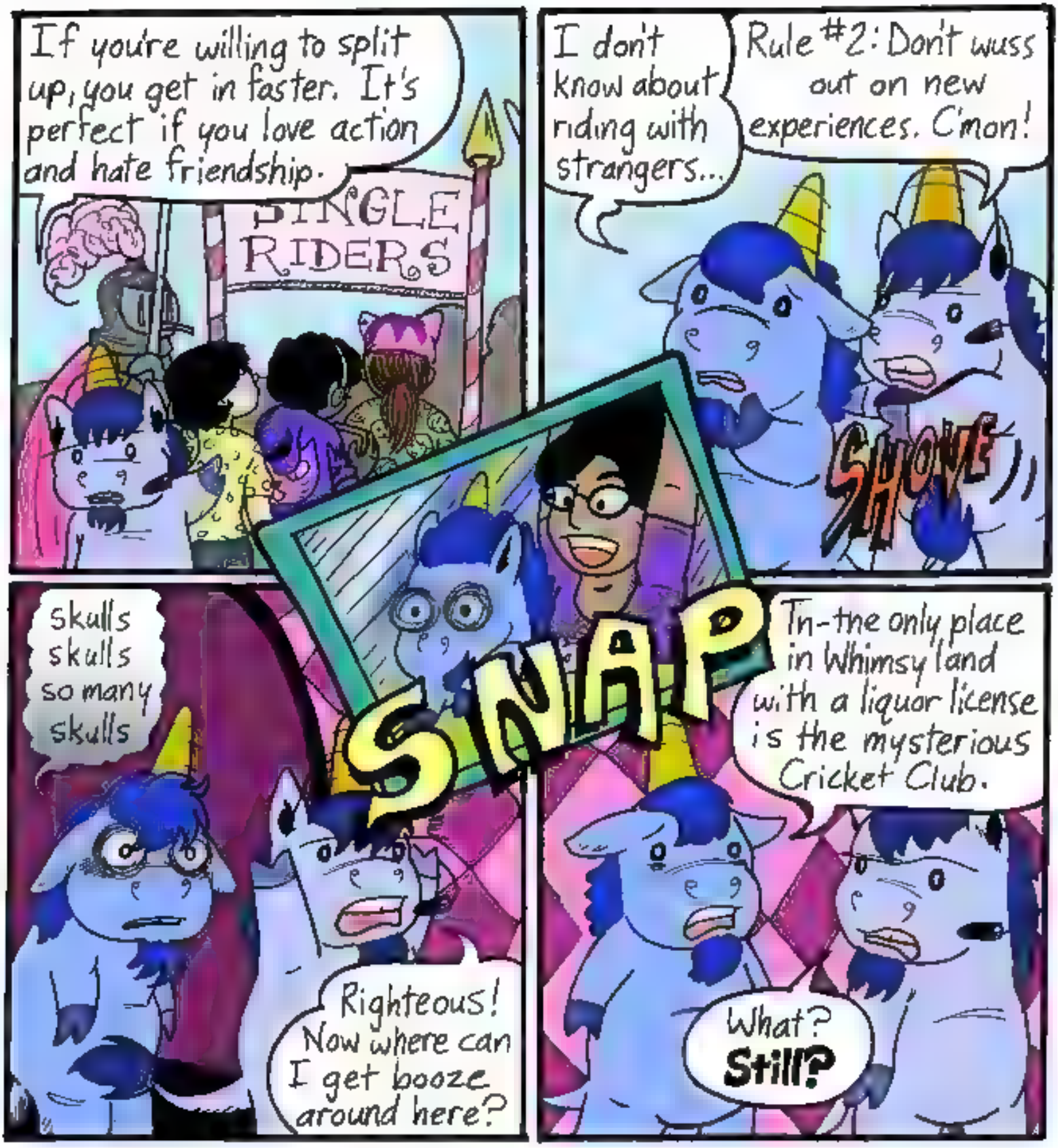

Well, here are your quarters. Pick your motivational poster.
Eh?
They're mandatory. We have Successories or tenacious cats—
CAT! CAT! GET OUT GET OUT I HATE YOU!
HANG IN THERE
But, um, I'm not a dog in a human suit or anything.
Successories it is.
Do you have one with dead squirrels?

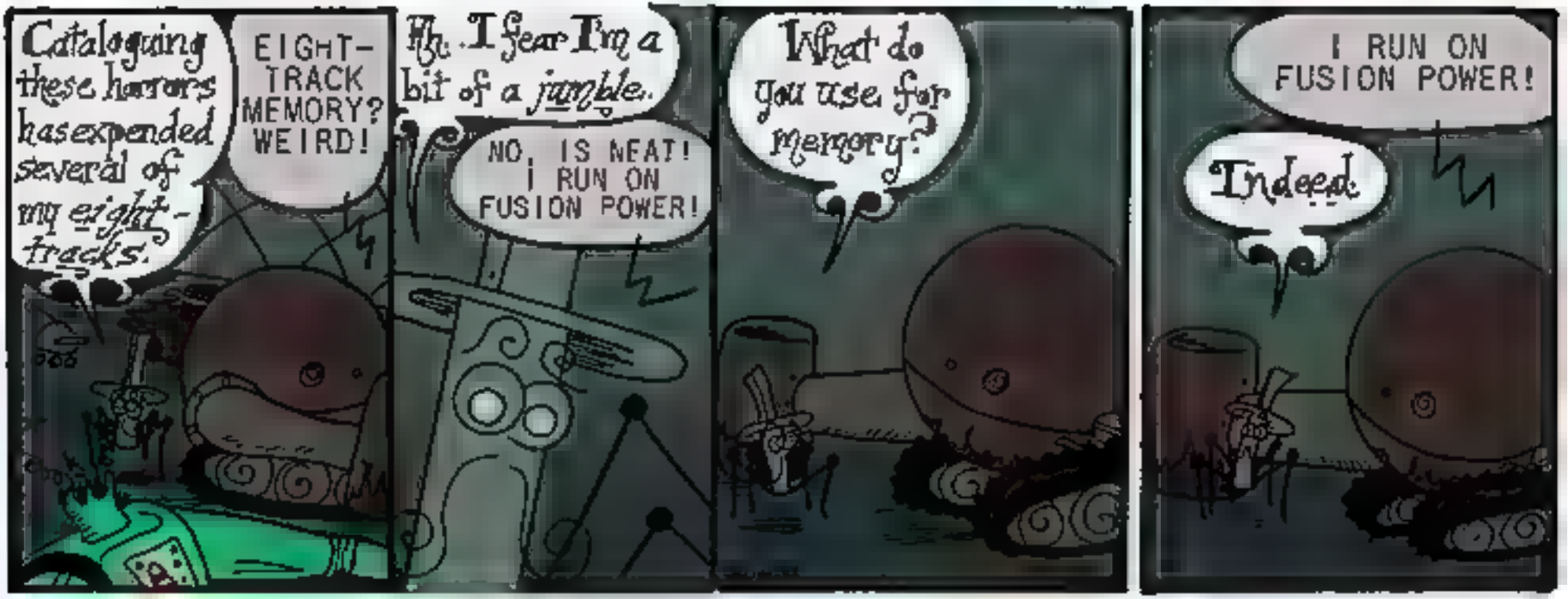

Voilà! Just in time for lights-out!
Um...
Something wrong?
Oh... it... it's just got a typo.
SANITY
It's not a journey, its a destination.
I'll get you a new one tomorrow. Okay?
Sure! Ha! It's not like I can see it while I'm asleep!
it's
it's
it's
SANITY


Heavens, it feels like someone is drilling into my head.
THAT CAUSED BY ME DRILLING INTO HEAD.
I say!
YOU HAVE BROKEN DRIVE SPRING. I FIX!
WELCOME TO PRODUCT TESTING FLOOR!
POW
BOOM
AWOOGA
HOWL
THOOM
BUDDA BUDDA
WHAM
What, pray, is being tested?
HOW FAST WE DROP LOAD PAN FROM SHEER TERROR!

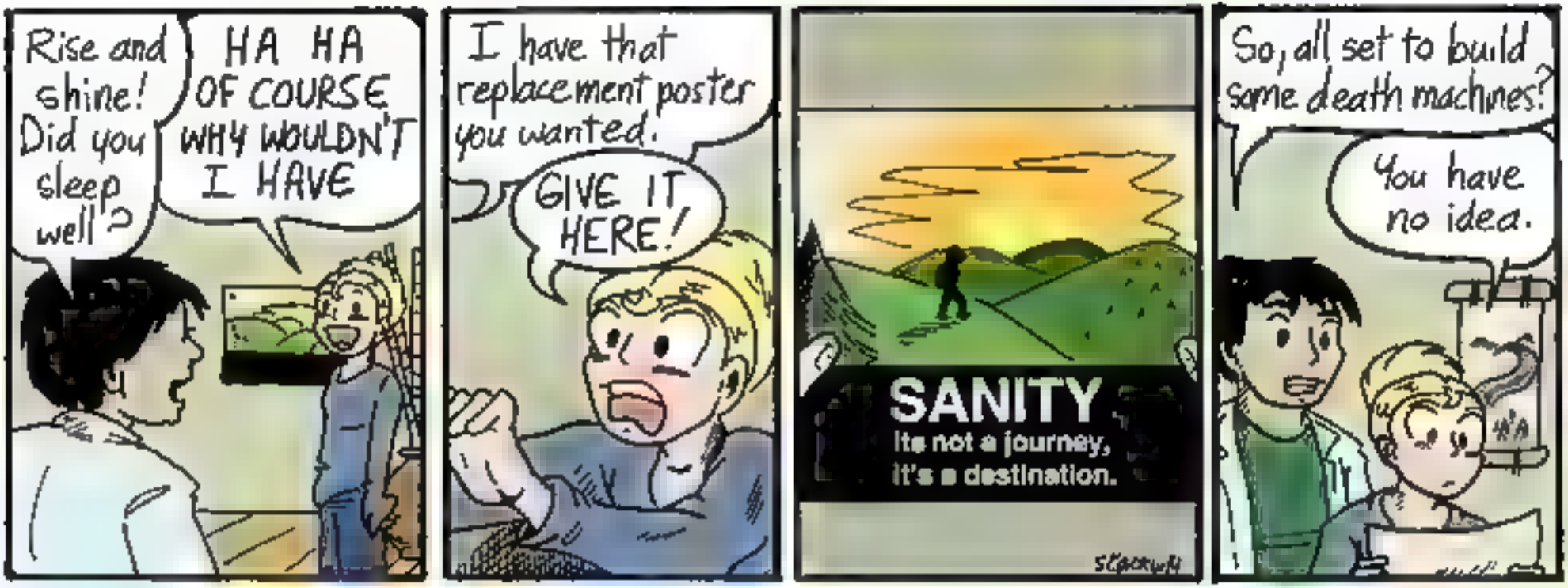

YOU SEE. WHEN SCIENTISTS LOVE SCIENCE VERY MUCH, THEY MAKE NEW ROBOT.
ROBOT IS SENT TO PRODUCT TESTING TO FIGHT OTHER ROBOTS IN BATTLE ROYAL!
KR
VOOSH!
LAST ROBOT STANDING ASCEND TO ROBOT HEAVEN. IS BEAUTIFUL PROCESS.
I might agree, had you not drawn this tale in the vital fluids of your peers.
PK437 ONLY BLEEDS BECAUSE HE WEAK!

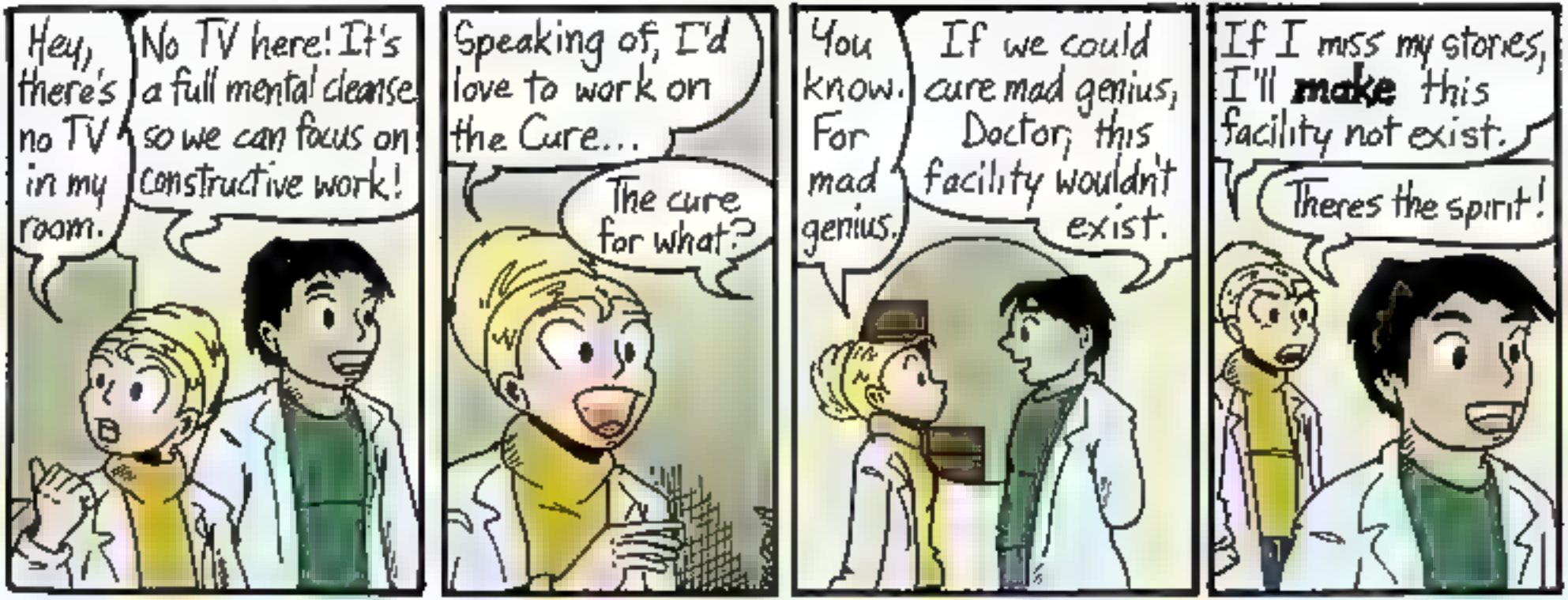

A pugilistic tourney, eh? Pah! I fear no machine!
SO BRAVE!
For I am RAMSHAMBLER, engine of terror, scourge of the Empire, the Automaton of Annihilation!
I'M HITTY!
THUD THUD
THUD
Madam, I'm doomed.
WANT A HUG?

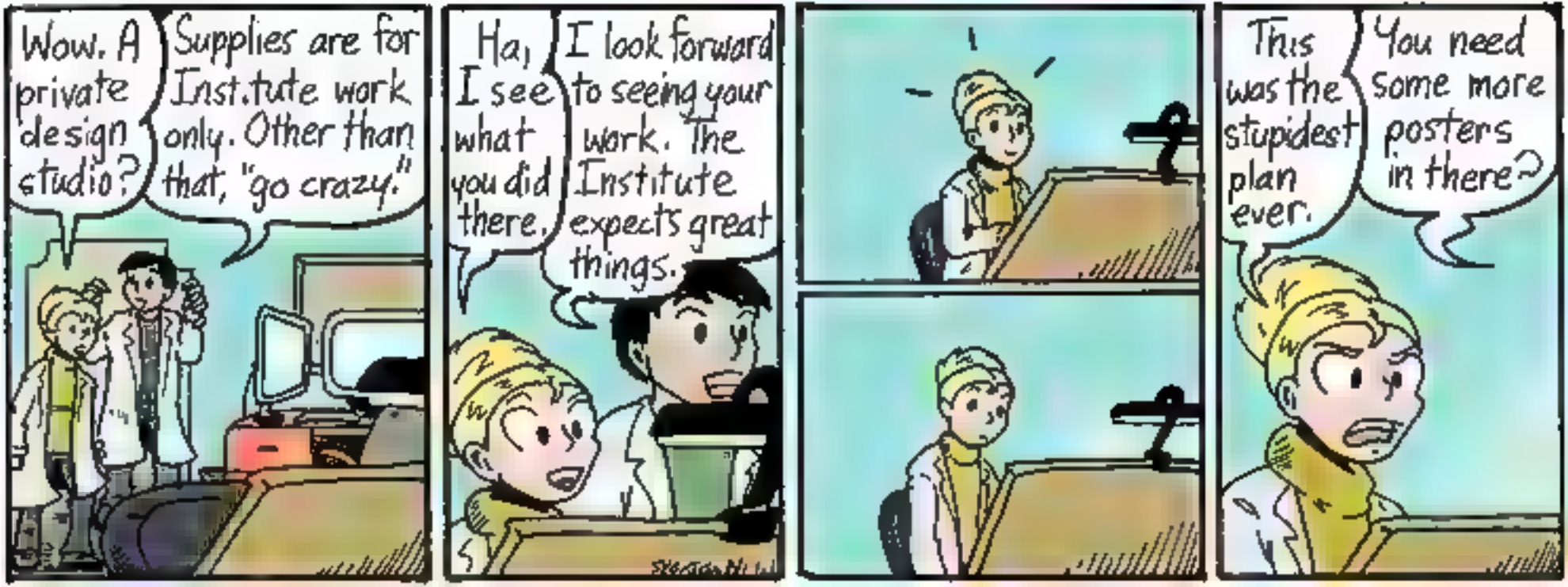

If you're willing to split up, you get in faster. It's perfect if you love action and hate friendship.
SINGLE RIDERS
I don't know about riding with strangers...
Rule #2: Don't wuss out on new experiences. C'mon!
SHOVE
SNAP
skulls skulls so many skulls
Righteous! Now where can I get booze around here?
In-the only place in Whimsyland with a liquor license is the mysterious Cricket Club.
What? Still?

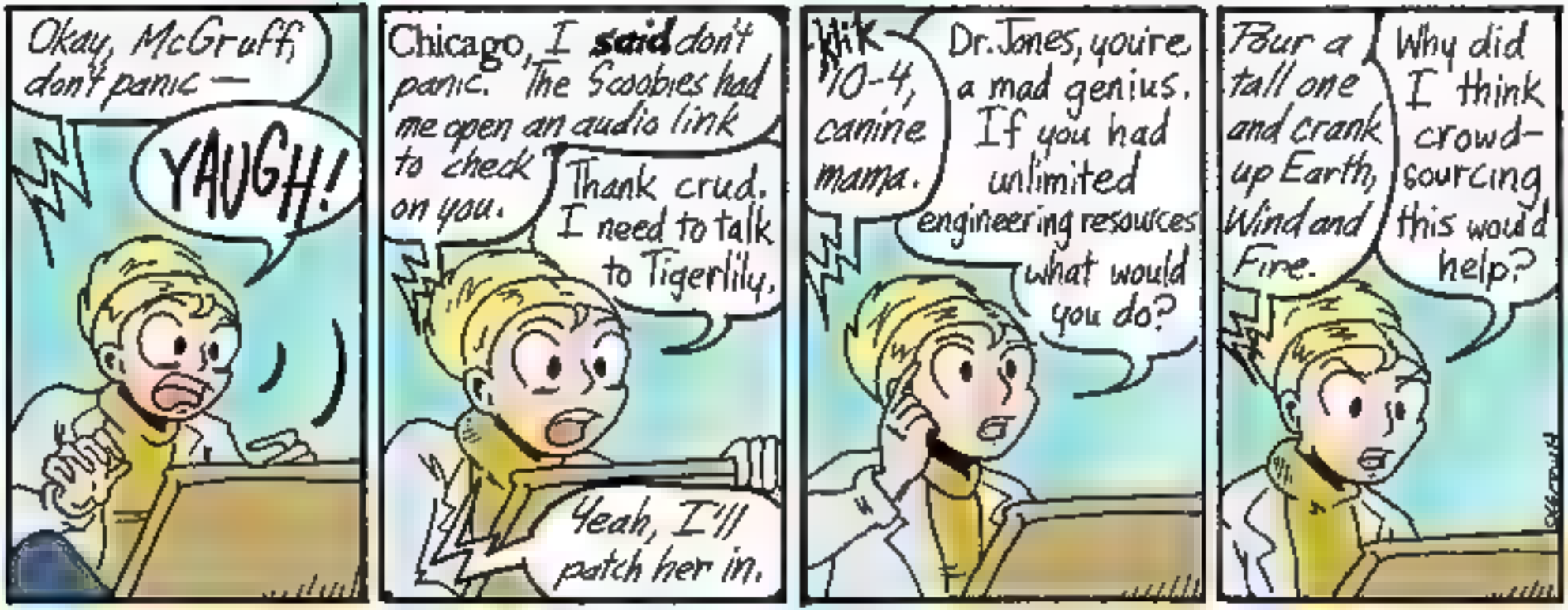

Cataloguing these horrors has expended several of my eight-tracks.
EIGHT-TRACK MEMORY? WEIRD!
Hh. I fear I'm a bit of a jumble.
NO, IS NEAT! I RUN ON FUSION POWER!
What do you use for memory?
I RUN ON FUSION POWER!
Indeed.


Hmm. In... Robot Heaven, does one meet the humans behind this business?
YES! TO BE UNITED WITH SCIENTISTS IS WHY WE FIGHT!
BUT I WILL WIN, FOR I HAVE INTRICATE BATTLE STRATEGY!
Oh? Do tell.
THUD
THUD
THUD
Positively Wellingtonian.
SHH! IS TOP SECRET!


Rise and shine! Did you sleep well?
HA HA OF COURSE WHY WOULDN'T I HAVE
I have that replacement poster you wanted.
GIVE IT HERE!
SANITY
Its not a journey, it's a destination.
So, all set to build some death machines?
You have no idea.

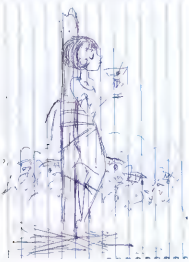

Hey, there's no TV in my room.
No TV here! It's a full mental cleanse so we can focus on constructive work!
Speaking of, I'd love to work on the Cure...
The cure for what?
You know. For mad genius.
If we could cure mad genius, Doctor, this facility wouldn't exist.
If I miss my stories, I'll make this facility not exist.
Theres the spirit!

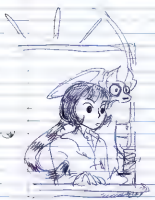

Wow. A private design studio?
Supplies are for Institute work only. Other than that, "go crazy."
Ha, I see what you did there.
I look forward to seeing your work. The Institute expects great things.
This was the stupidest plan ever.
You need some more posters in there?


Okay, McGruff, don't panic —
YAUGH!
Chicago, I said don't panic. The Scoobies had me open an audio link to check on you.
Thank crud. I need to talk to Tigerlily.
Yeah, I'll patch her in.
Klik
10-4, canine mama.
Dr. Jones, you're a mad genius. If you had unlimited engineering resources what would you do?
Pour a tall one and crank up Earth, Wind and Fire.
Why did I think crowd-sourcing this would help?

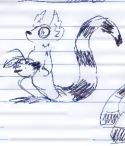






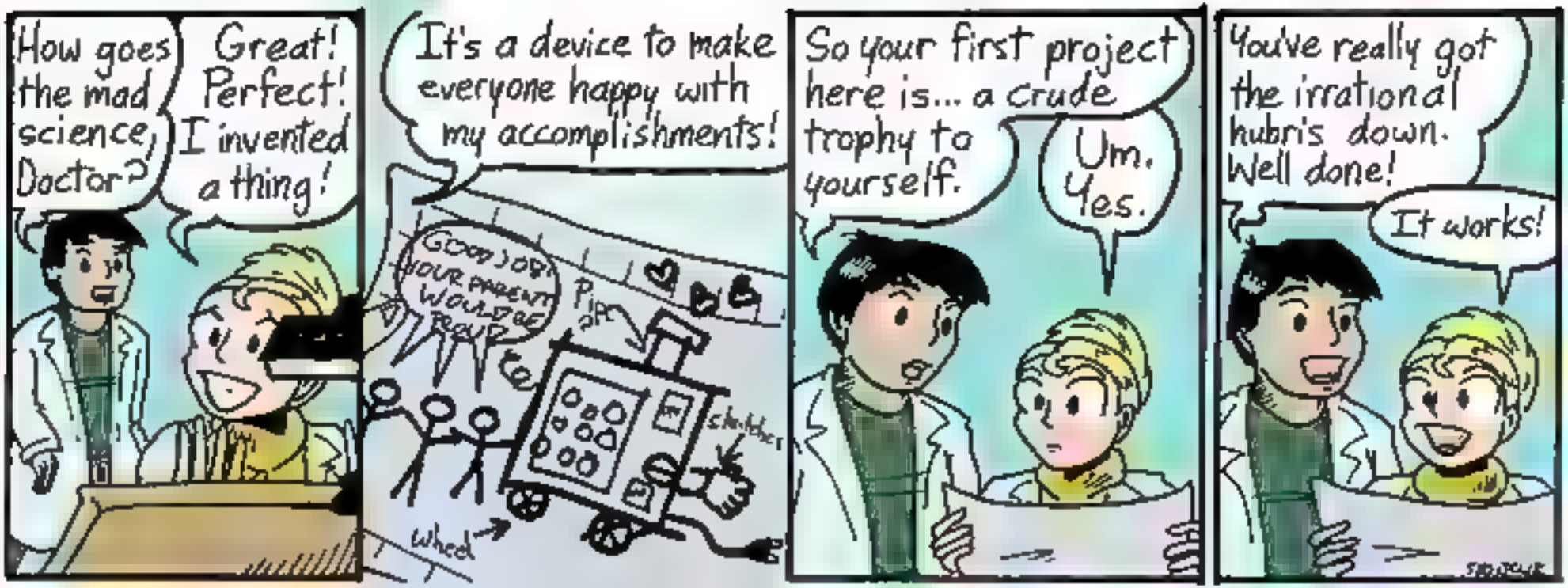


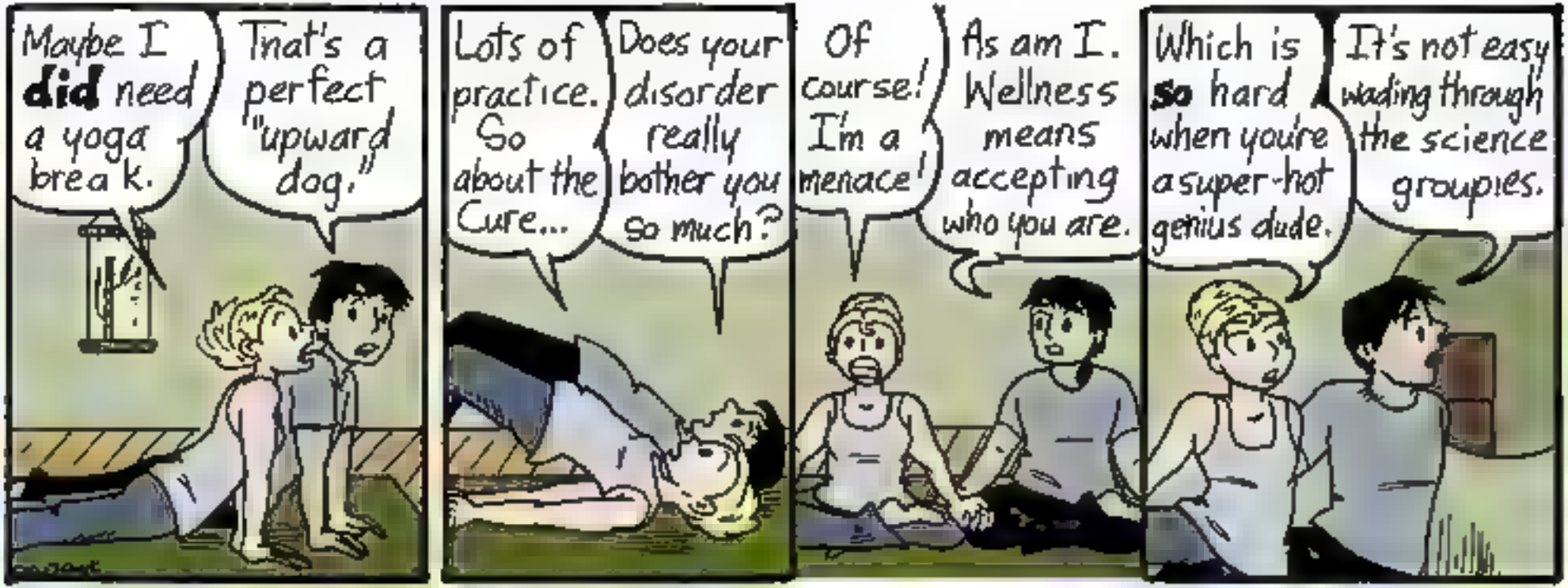


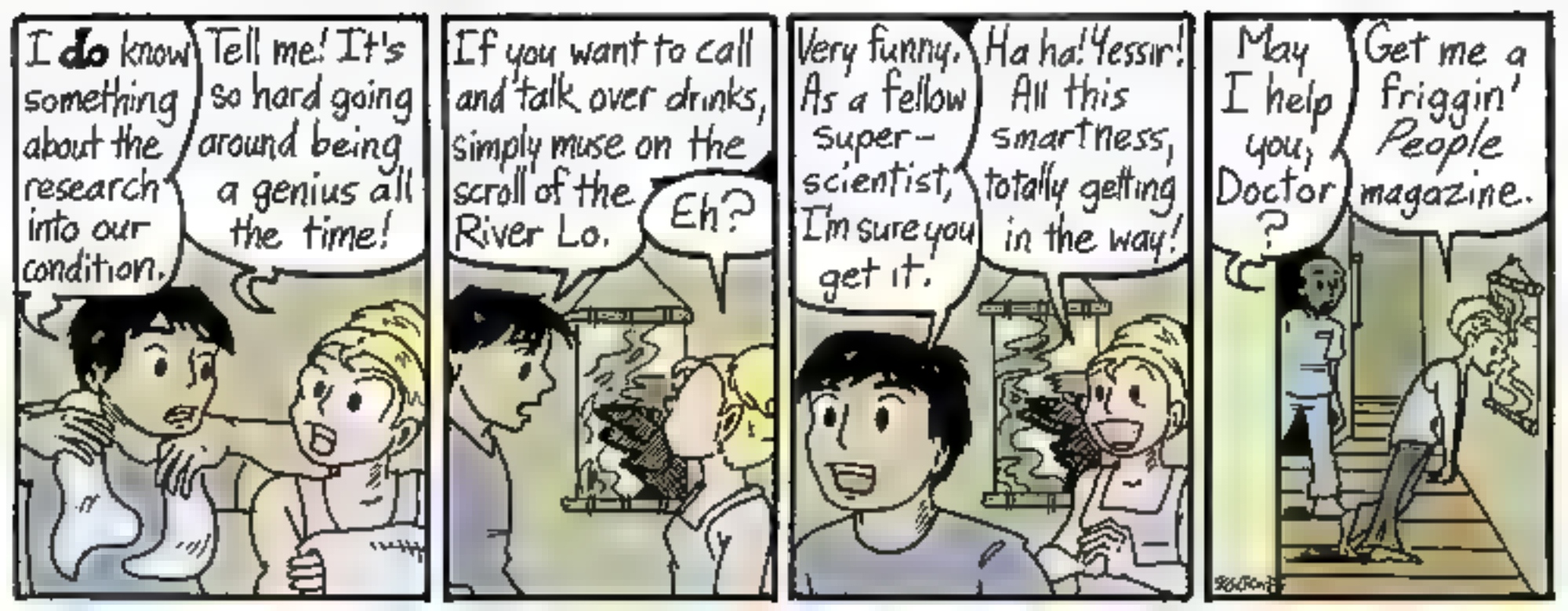


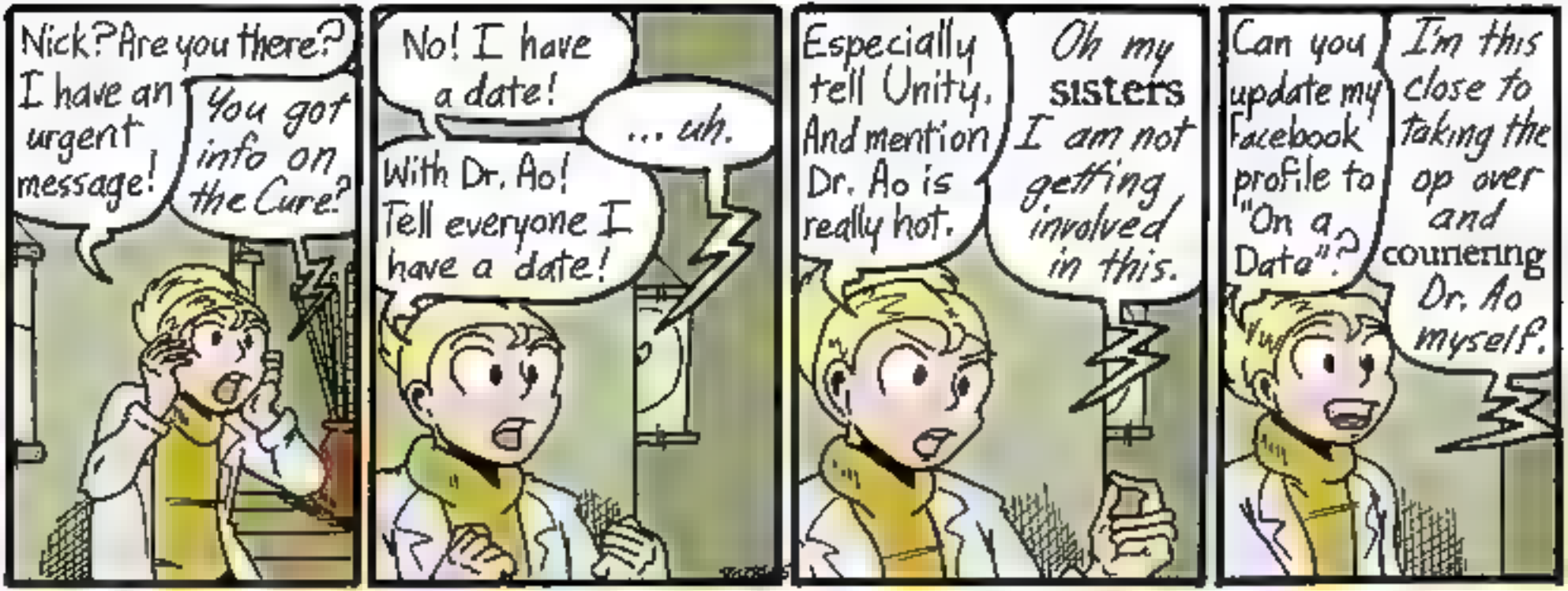


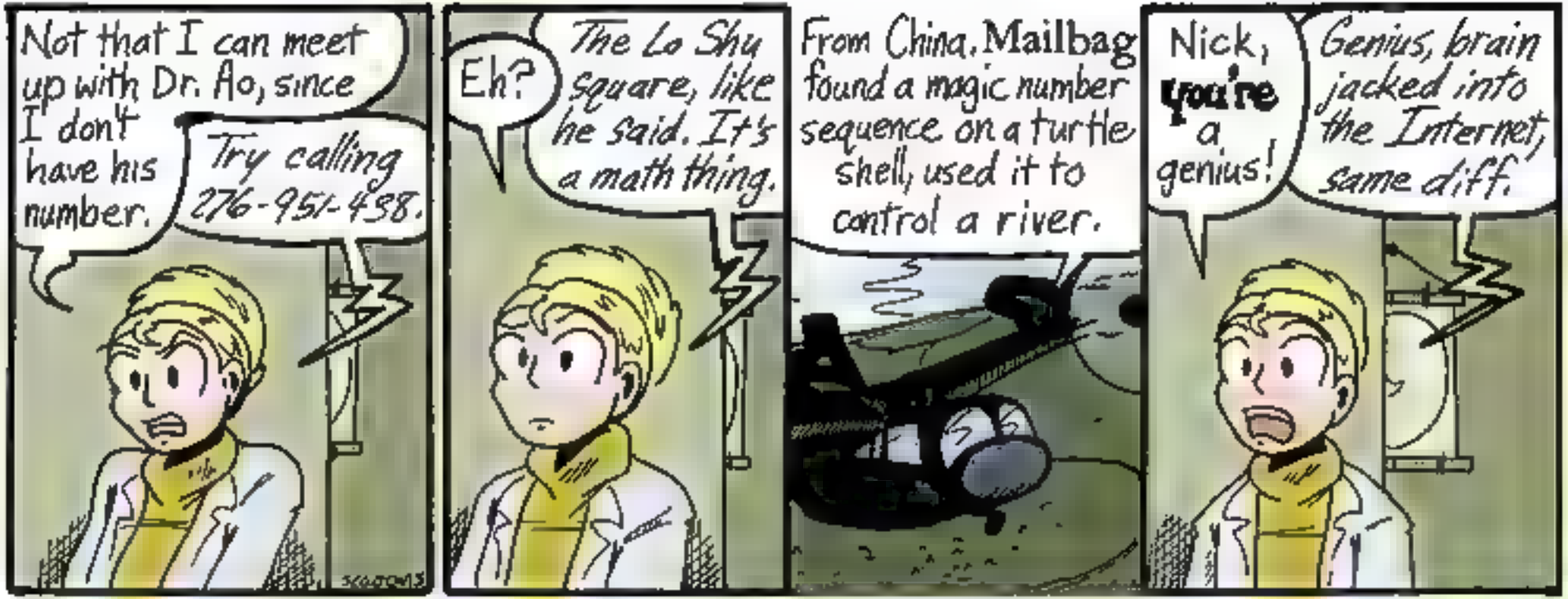

Tigerlily, I need to come up with a brilliant invention for these guys.
Why?
It's called "maintaining cover."
Sounds to me like "working for the Man."
I want to do a good job. I kind of owe them.
Sweet Christmas, woman, what for?
Well, I was rude enough to break in here.
I built a teleporter out of coat hangers, and I'm more hinged than you.


How goes the mad science, Doctor?
Great! Perfect! I invented a thing!
It's a device to make everyone happy with my accomplishments!
GOOD JOB! YOUR PARENTS WOULD BE PROUD!
PIPE
chamber
wheel
So your first project here is... a crude trophy to yourself.
Um. Yes.
You've really got the irrational hubris down. Well done!
It works!


Maybe I did need a yoga break.
That's a perfect "upward dog."
Lots of practice. So about the Cure...
Does your disorder really bother you so much?
Of course! I'm a menace!
As am I. Wellness means accepting who you are.
Which is so hard when you're a super-hot genius dude.
It's not easy wading through the science groupies.


I do know something about the research into our condition.
Tell me! It's so hard going around being a genius all the time!
If you want to call and talk over drinks, simply muse on the scroll of the River Lo.
Eh?
Very funny. As a fellow super-scientist, I'm sure you get it.
Ha ha! Yessir! All this smartness, totally getting in the way!
May I help you, Doctor?
Get me a friggin' People magazine.

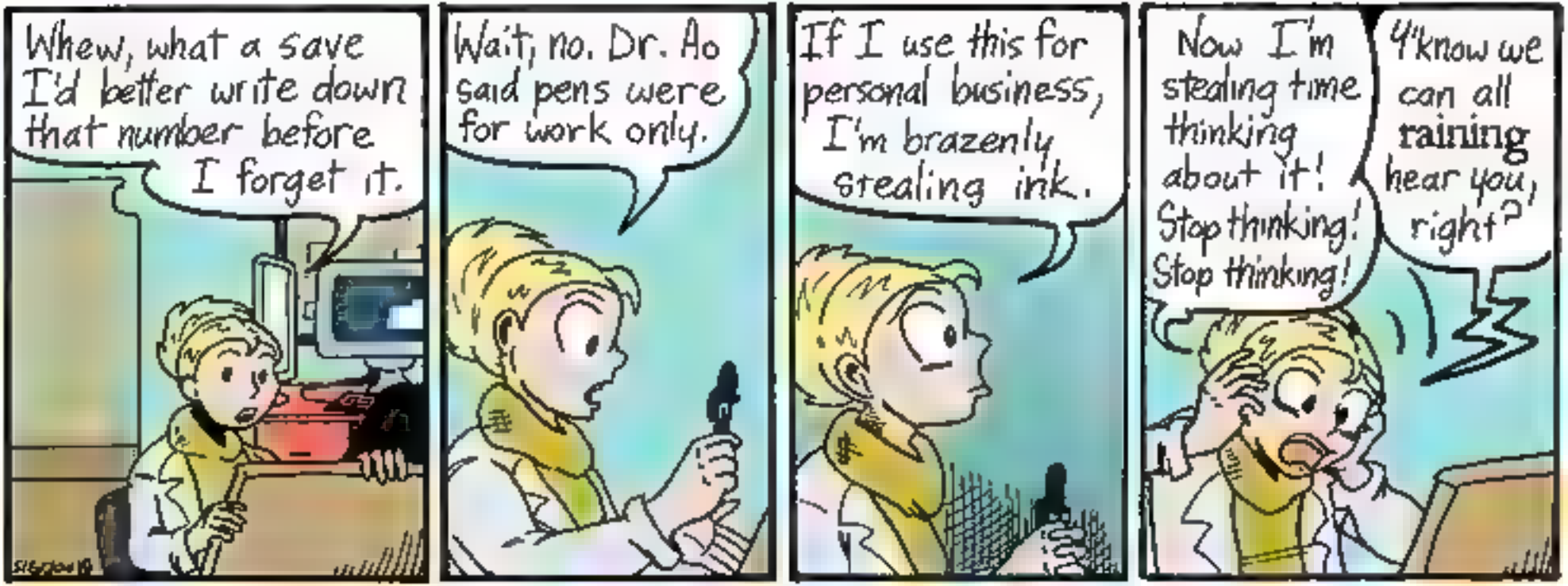

Nick? Are you there? I have an urgent message!
You got info on the Cure?
No! I have a date!
With Dr. Ao! Tell everyone I have a date!
... uh.
Especially tell Unity. And mention Dr. Ao is really hot.
Oh my sisters I am not getting involved in this.
Can you update my Facebook profile to "On a Date"?
I'm this close to taking the op over and cornering Dr. Ao myself.


Not that I can meet up with Dr. Ao, since I don't have his number.
Try calling 276-951-438.
Eh?
The Lo Shu square, like he said. It's a math thing.
From China. Mailbag found a magic number sequence on a turtle shell, used it to control a river.
Nick, you're a genius!
Genius, brain jacked into the Internet, same diff.



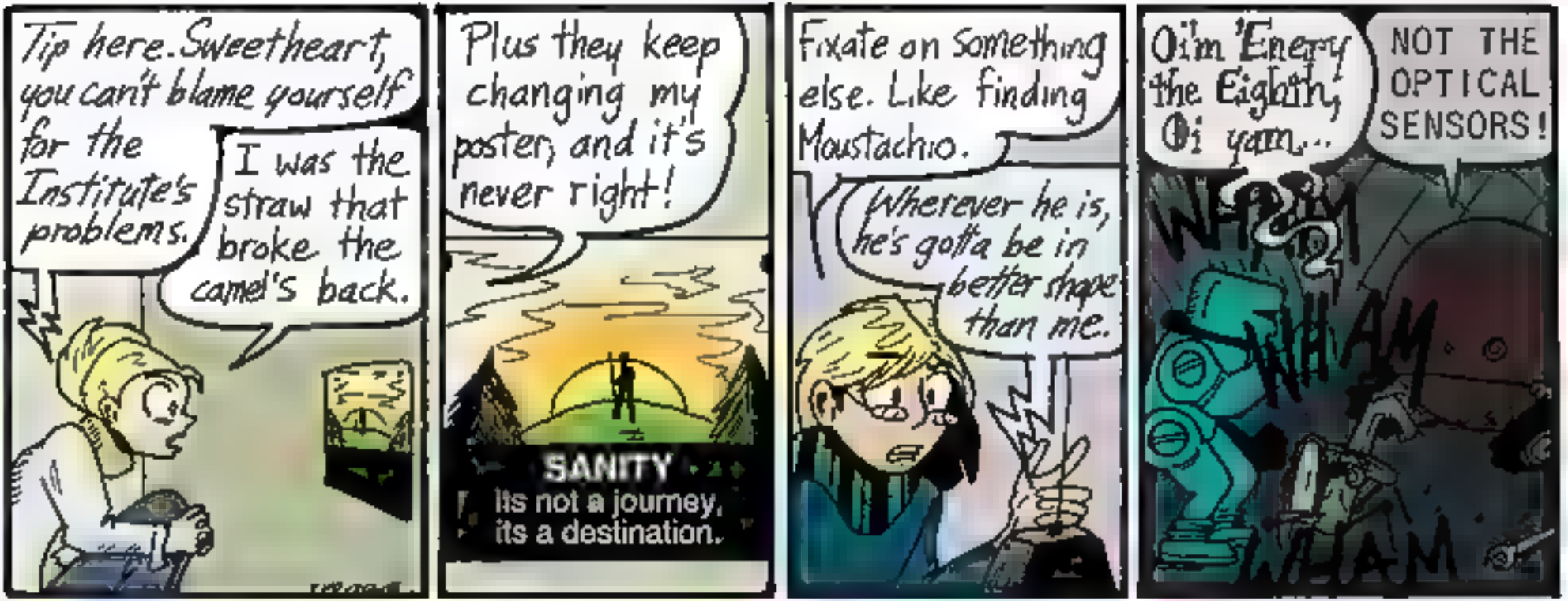


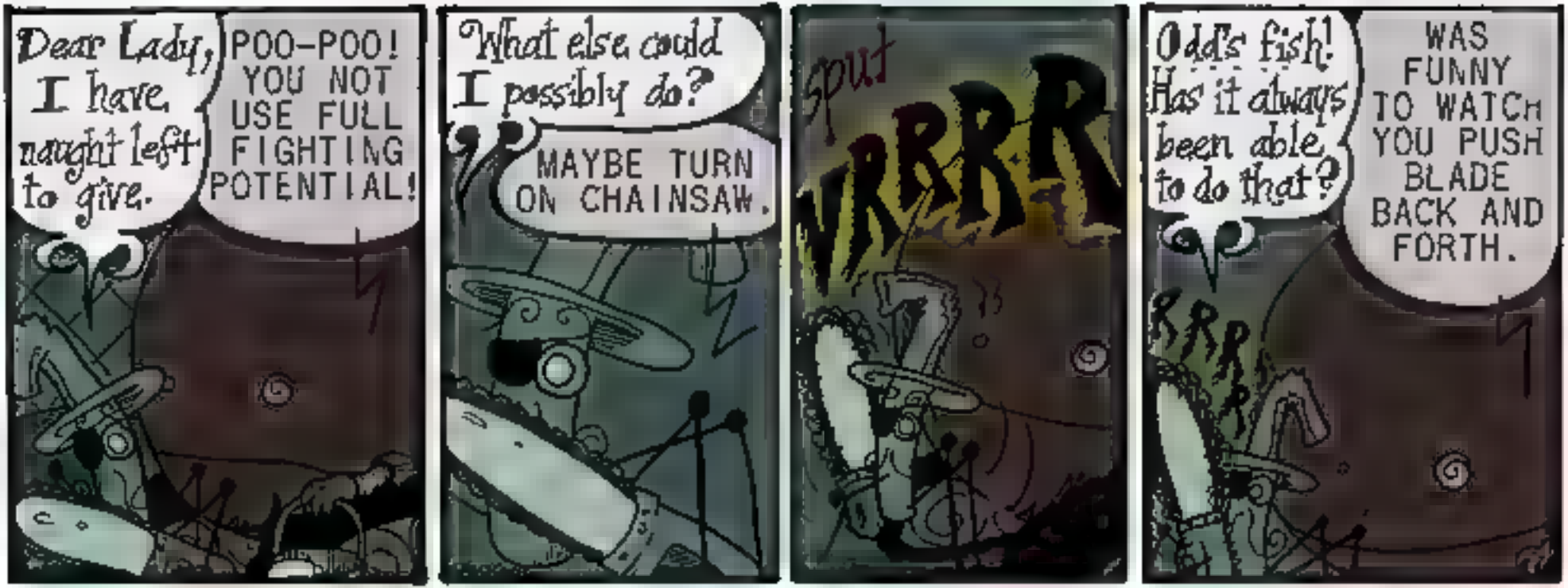



Whew, what a save I'd better write down that number before I forget it.
Wait, no. Dr. Ao said pens were for work only.
If I use this for personal business, I'm brazenly stealing ink.
Now I'm stealing time thinking about it! Stop thinking! Stop thinking!
Y'know we can all raining hear you, right?

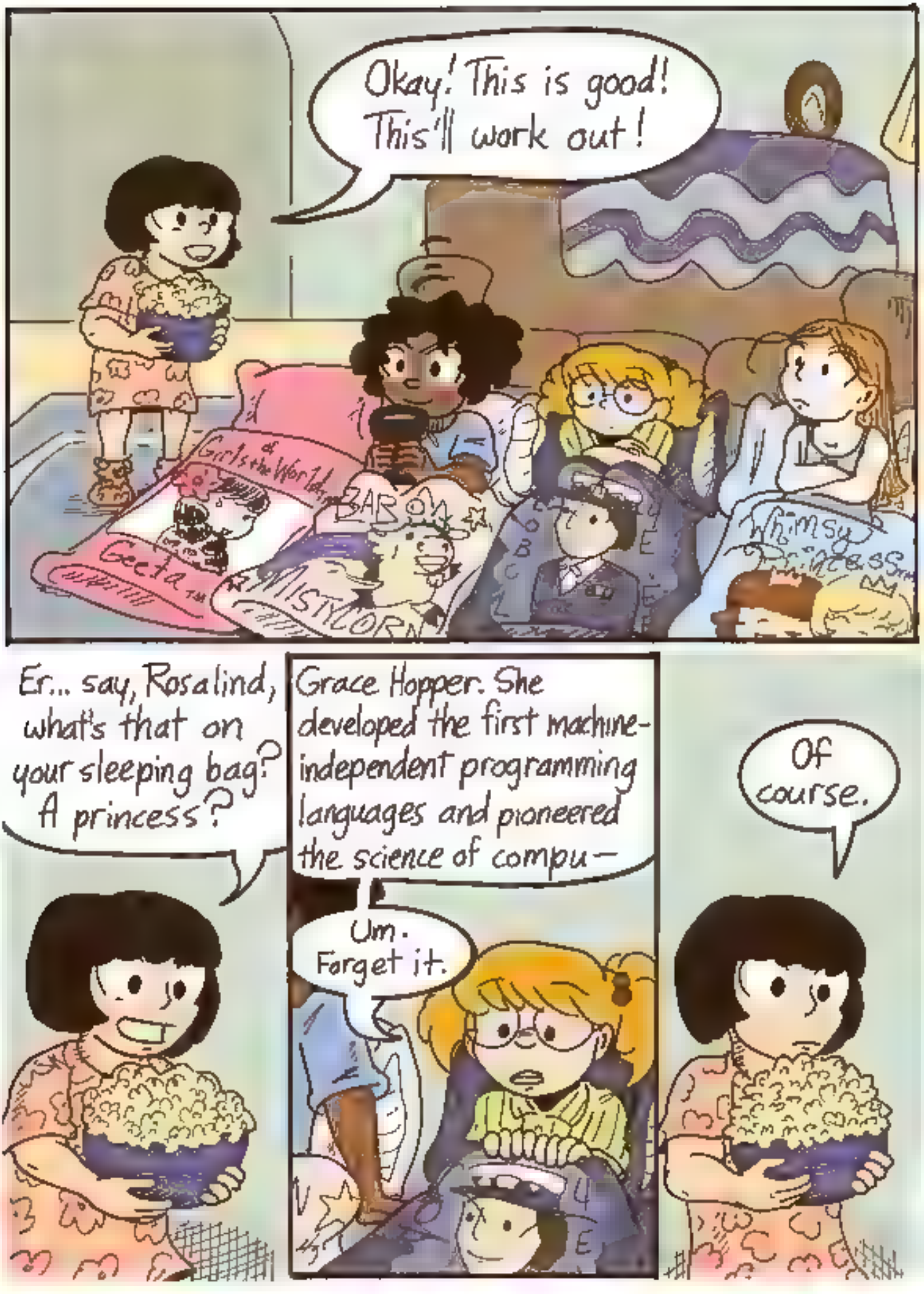

Okay. Okay. Just write down the number and get back to work. No harm done.
Pen's out of ink. Okay, get one from the supply closet. Slightly more harm.
SUPPLIES
Supply closet's out of pens. Okay, order more. I am literally Hitler.
...hold time is. Thirty. Seven. Minutes. Be sure your call is work-related ...
STOP ME BEFORE SOMEONE GETS KILLED!

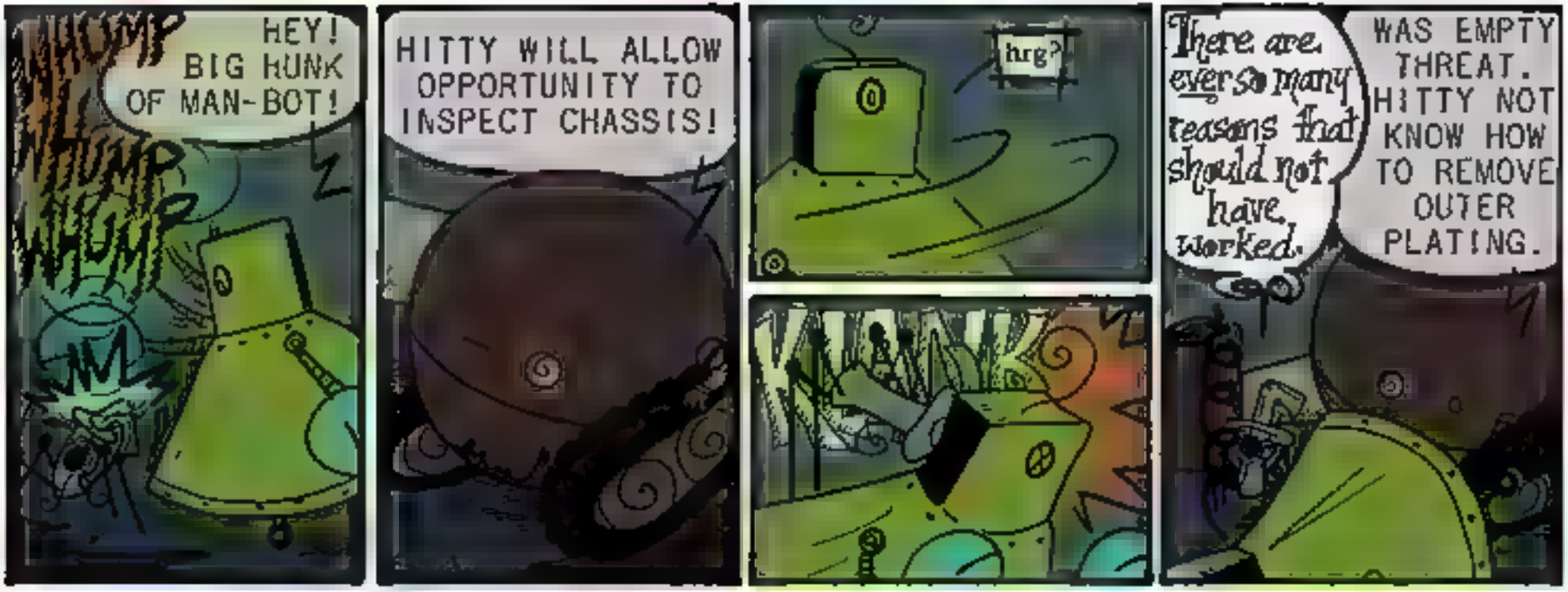

Dr. Darling, I-
I'M NOT MISUSING MY PENS!
That's... good. Listen, I have to put drinks on hold.
How come?
I have to write a bunch of new grants. Seems we're spending too much on office supplies.
See, it's got nothing to do with you. How can I make things right?
Kill me. It's the only way.


Tip here. Sweetheart, you can't blame yourself for the Institute's problems.
I was the straw that broke the camel's back.
Plus they keep changing my poster, and it's never right!
SANITY
Its not a journey, its a destination.
Fixate on something else. Like finding Moustachio.
Wherever he is, he's gotta be in better shape than me.
Oi'm 'Enery the Eighth, Oi yam...
NOT THE OPTICAL SENSORS!
WHAM
WHAM


Dear Lady, I have naught left to give.
POO-POO! YOU NOT USE FULL FIGHTING POTENTIAL!
What else could I possibly do?
MAYBE TURN ON CHAINSAW.
sput
VRRRR
Odd's fish! Has it always been able to do that?
WAS FUNNY TO WATCH YOU PUSH BLADE BACK AND FORTH.
RRR

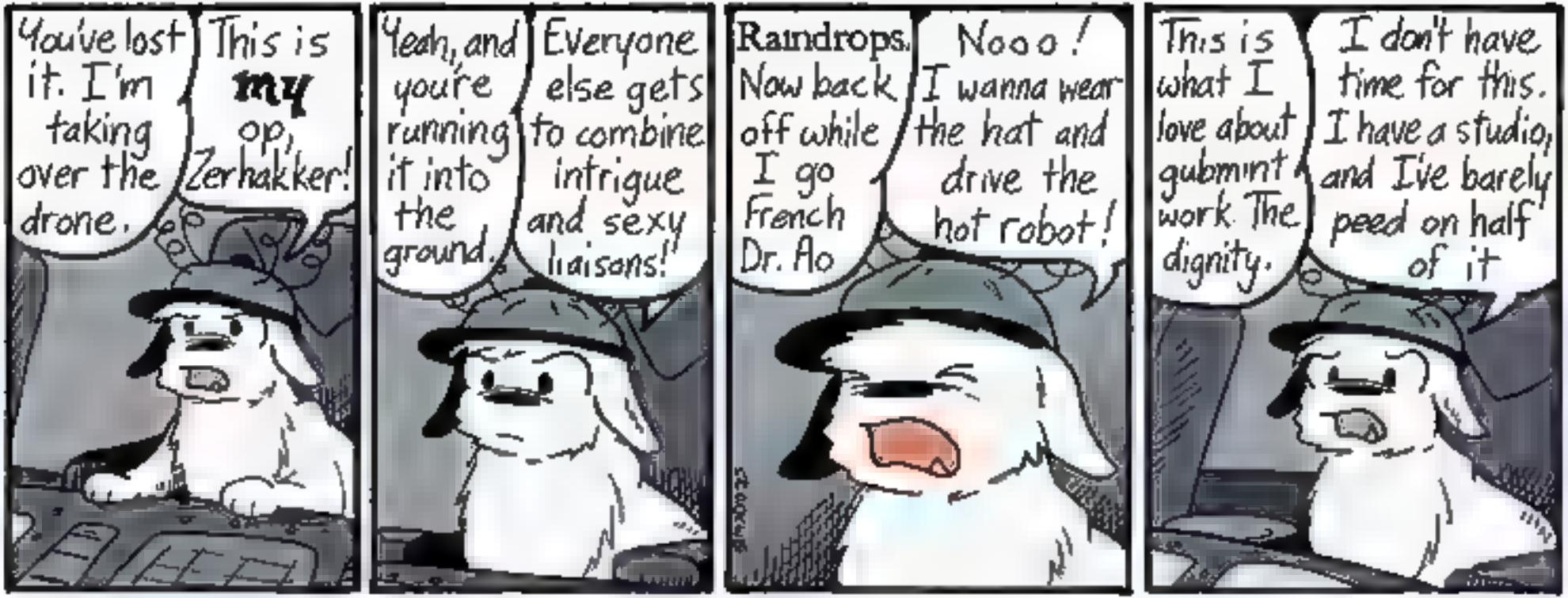

BUCK UP! YOU ARE RAMSHAMBLER, DESTROYER OF MALLS!
Alas, I exaggerated my martial prowess.
HITTY WILL HELP!
Pray, how?
FOR SAKE OF VICTORY, HITTY WILL DISTRACT OPPONENTS WITH FEMININE WILES!
Madam! I could never ask, that of such a delicate flower!
HITTY WILL WIELD SEXJALITY AS WEAPON!


Okay! This is good! This'll work out!
Girls of the World
BARBIE
Geeta
MISTLORA
Whimsy Princess
Er... say, Rosalind, what's that on your sleeping bag? A princess?
Grace Hopper. She developed the first machine-independent programming languages and pioneered the science of compu—
Um. Forget it.
Of course.


WHUMP
WHUMP
WHUMP
HEY! BIG HUNK OF MAN-BOT!
HITTY WILL ALLOW OPPORTUNITY TO INSPECT CHASSIS!
hrg?
KLANK
There are ever so many reasons that should not have worked.
WAS EMPTY THREAT. HITTY NOT KNOW HOW TO REMOVE OUTER PLATING.


Madam, I feel a century younger.
NO GET COCKY! WE STILL LONG WAY FROM ROBOT HEAVEN!
That is a concern for tomorrow. Let us enjoy the now.
TEE! HEE!
So what do you do for enjoyment besides hit things?
[[illegal operation on empty data set]]
I am indeed quite a ways off from Robot Heaven.
WE GO UP TO HITTY'S PLACE AND HIT COFFEE!


Whew! I'd better prep for the next time I see Dr. Ao
Yeah, about Dr. Ao. I don't trust that guy.
Why? My cover's been flawless!
You hitching me?
He's obvs trying to stress you, and it's working.
I'm not stressed! Who told you I'm stressed?
I'll find whoever said it and bite them!
Honestly watching for the train wreck factor now.


You've lost it. I'm taking over the drone.
This is my op, Zerhakker!
Yeah, and you're running it into the ground.
Everyone else gets to combine intrigue and sexy liaisons!
Raindrops. Now back off while I go French Dr. Ao
Nooo! I wanna wear the hat and drive the hot robot!
This is what I love about gubmint work. The dignity.
I don't have time for this. I have a studio, and I've barely peed on half of it


Face it, you're getting nowhere. I'mo jack into the drone.
Don't you dare!
I done it before Prepare to see progress.
Nick, wai—
BIP
... or I could finaly finish the first Assassin's Creed.
NICE PROGRESS BUD

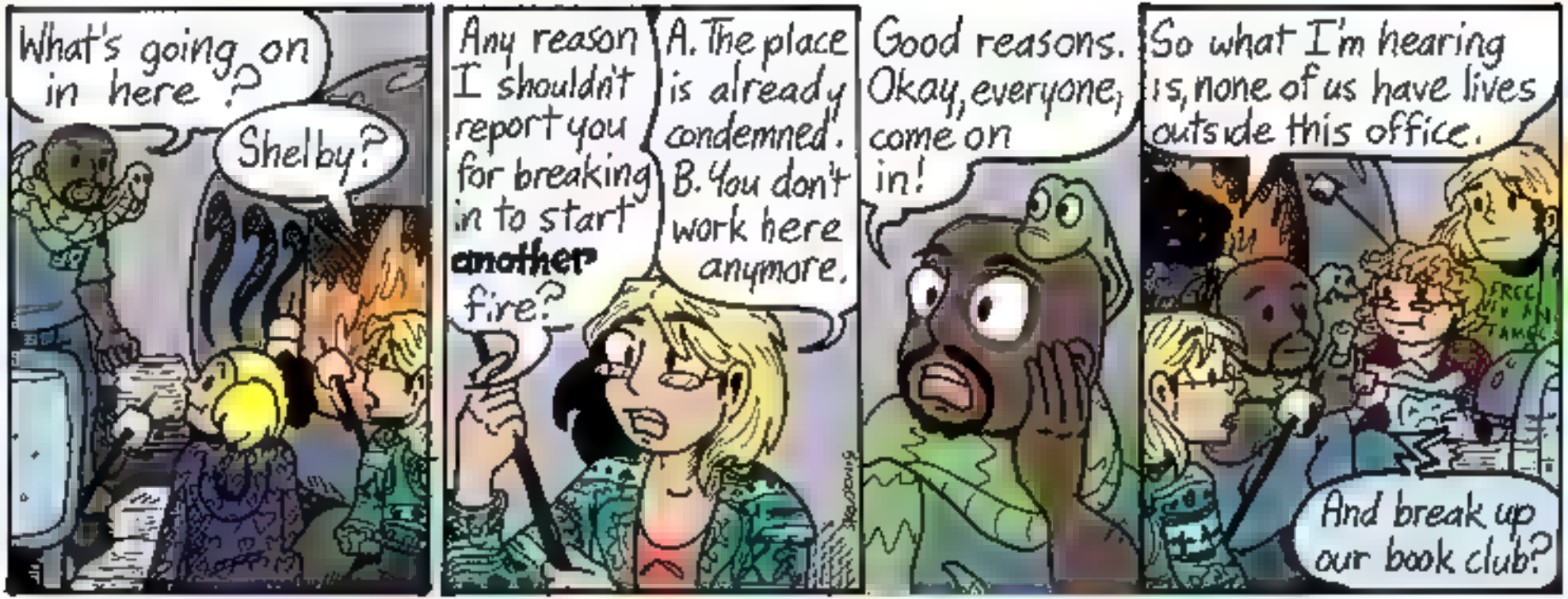

Goldbug? The hell is going on?
THIS IS WHAT U RLY R
No it fucking ain't! I ain't this guy anymore!
TRU
BIP
THIS IS WHAT U R
A TINY BRAIN IN A JAR
ALONE IN THE DARK
Holy shit, I can cuss in here!
A TINY TINY BRAIN



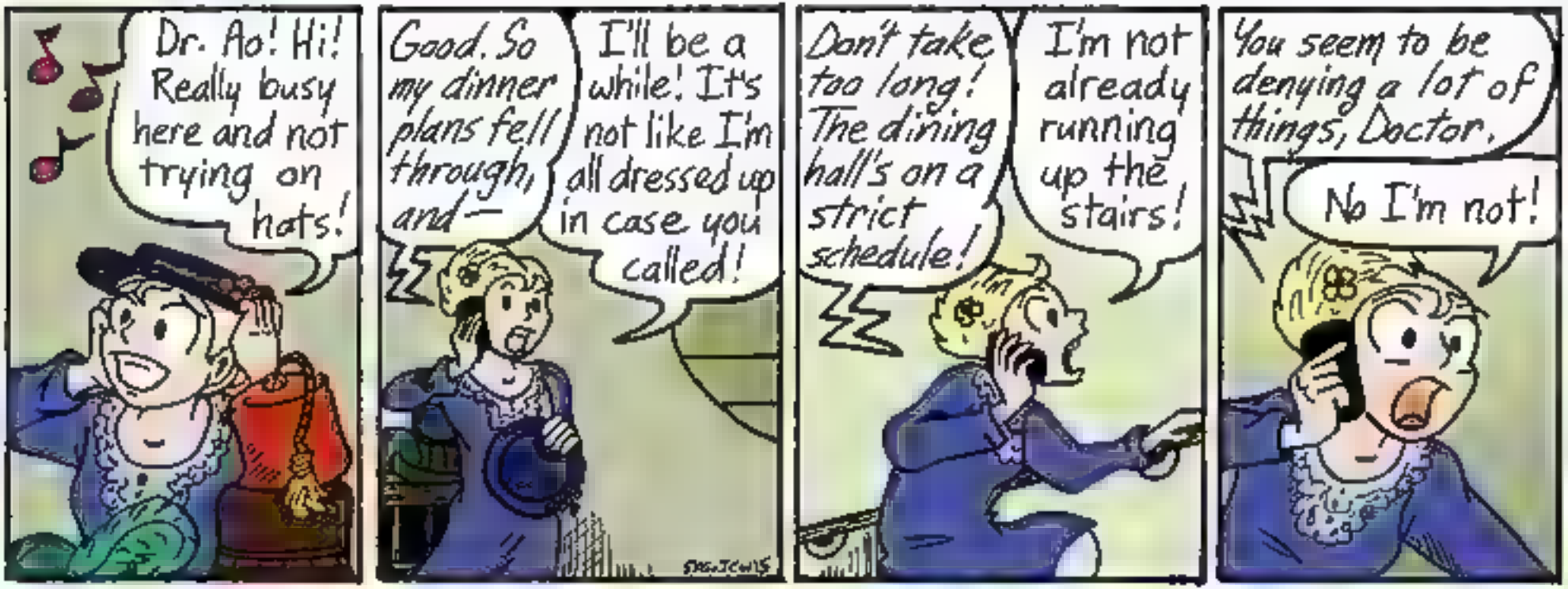

Hey, it is dark. I am likely to be eaten by a grue.
GET OUT + LET THE DOG HANDLE THIS
Or you'll what?
LEAVE - YOU HERE
Like to see you try, tuchas leker.
OK
Nick used Call Bluff. It's not very effective!

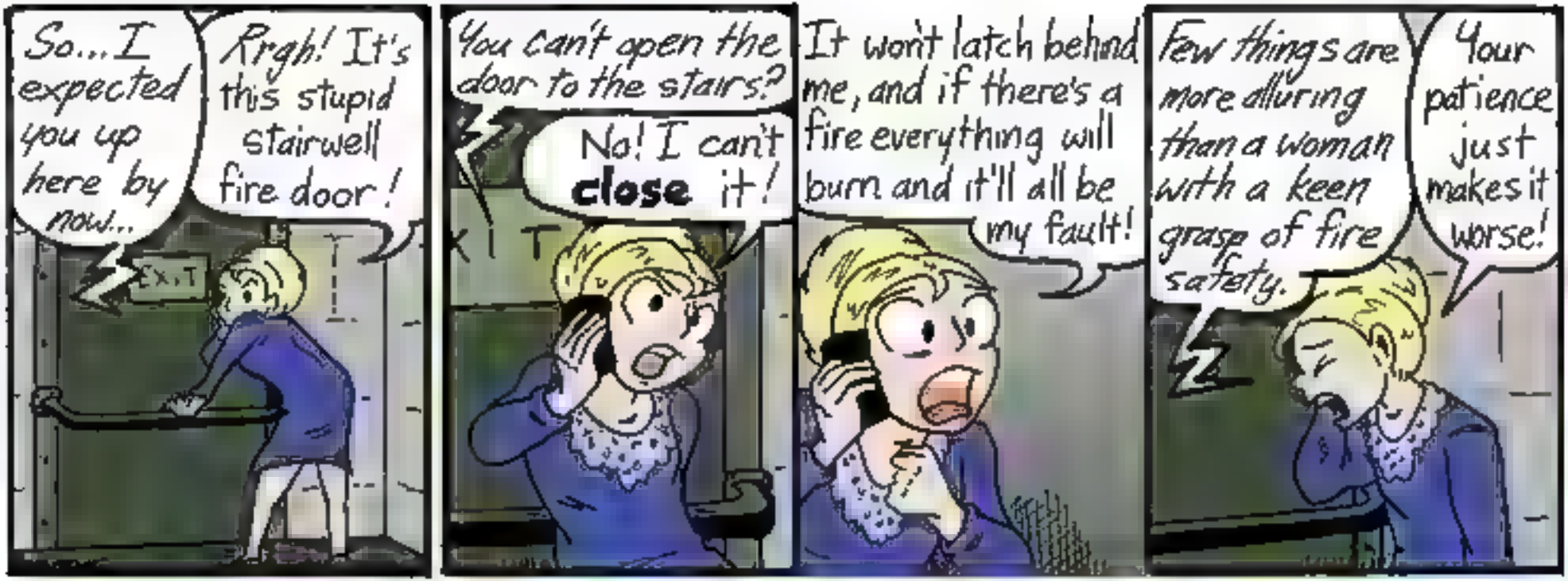

Okay, fine! You made your point! Jack me out!
...Hello?
Goldbug?
AAAAAA
bip
AAAA!!!
I told you those posters are annoying!

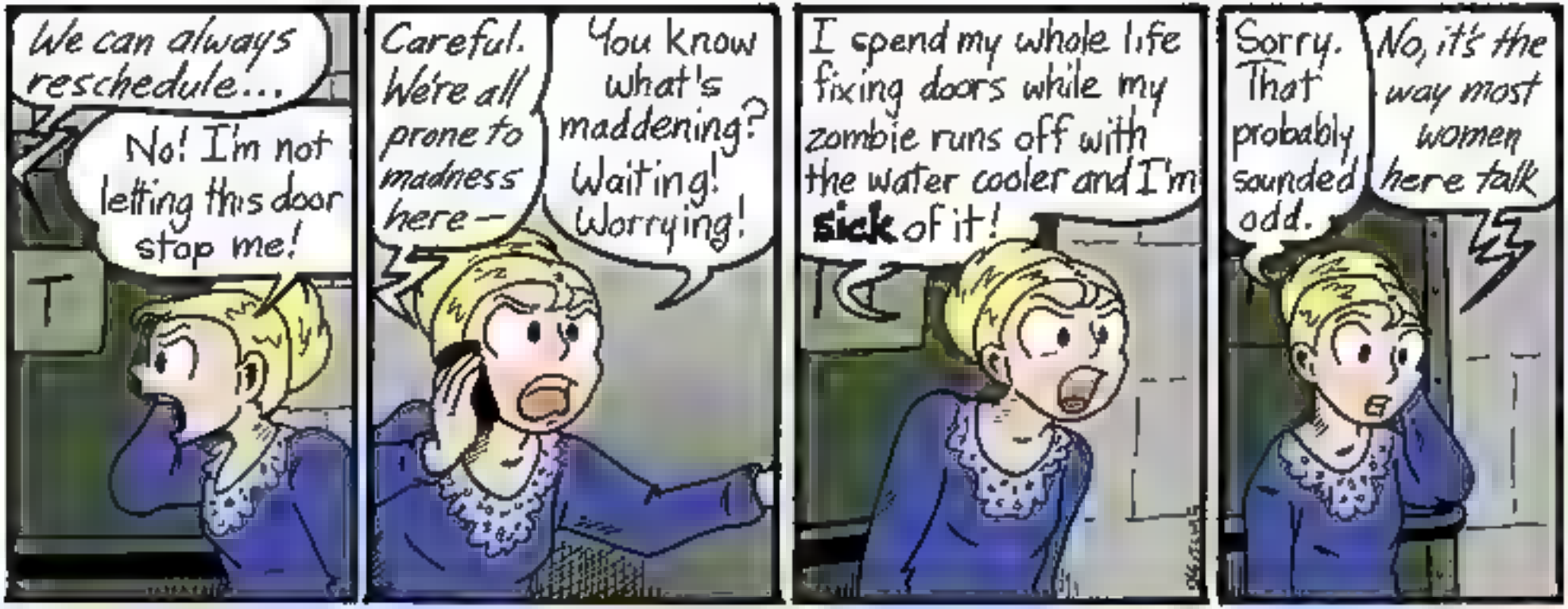

What happened down there?
Situation's gone from puce to toroidal. Call the home office.
All right, all right... Annex One, report! Status?
Oh! Yeah!
We're making s'mores and playing old Black Ops PSAs on Moustachio's body! Status: super fun!
Oh, I bet they're wasting so many pens.
New tape! "White Lead: The Painter's Friend"!


What's going on in here?
Shelby?
Any reason I shouldn't report you for breaking in to start another fire?
A. The place is already condemned. B. You don't work here anymore.
Good reasons. Okay, everyone, come on in!
So what I'm hearing is, none of us have lives outside this office.
And break up our book club?


Trust me, we gotta scrub the mission and dogpile outta here.
And leave Moustachio?
Park. Okay, get down there and find him. But watch your bag.
Don't worry. I'm laser-focused.
bip
Ooh, hats!


Dr. Ao! Hi! Really busy here and not trying on hats!
Good. So my dinner plans fell through, and—
I'll be a while! It's not like I'm all dressed up in case you called!
Don't take too long! The dining hall's on a strict schedule!
I'm not already running up the stairs!
You seem to be denying a lot of things, Doctor.
No I'm not!


So... I expected you up here by now...
Rrgh! It's this stupid stairwell fire door!
EXIT
You can't open the door to the stairs?
No! I can't close it!
EXIT
It won't latch behind me, and if there's a fire everything will burn and it'll all be my fault!
Few things are more alluring than a woman with a keen grasp of fire safety.
Your patience just makes it worse!

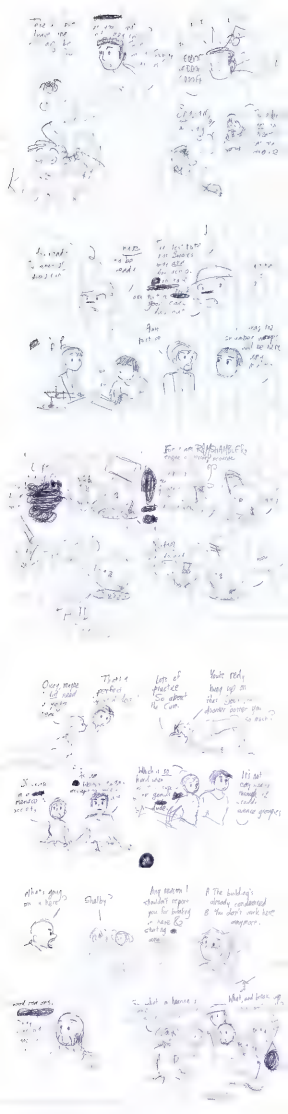

We can always reschedule...
No! I'm not letting this door stop me!
Careful. We're all prone to madness here—
You know what's maddening? Waiting! Worrying!
I spend my whole life fixing doors while my zombie runs off with the water cooler and I'm sick of it!
Sorry. That probably sounded odd.
No, it's the way most women here talk

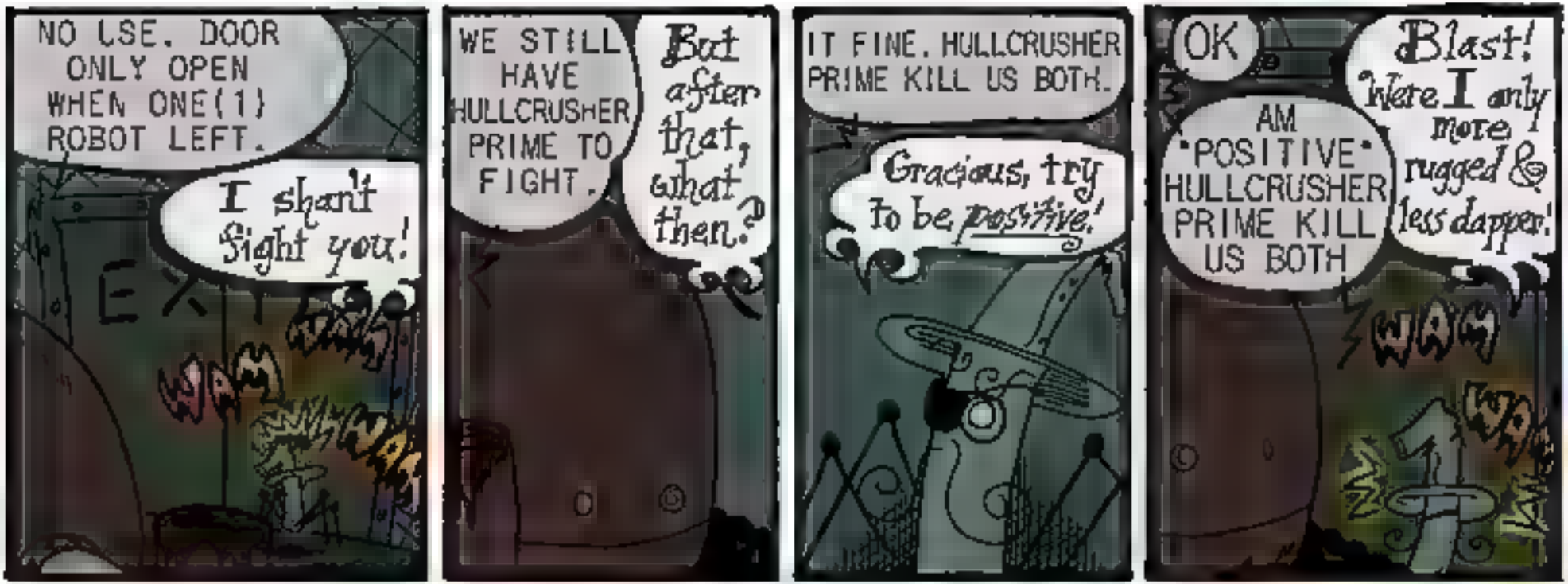

Ah! You fixed the door!
No, I left it.
And now I've got questions for you. From now on, I won't let my personal hangups get in the way of my duty.
Funny, that's what Captain Bramin M'Wing said yesterday.
Yes, exac—
What?

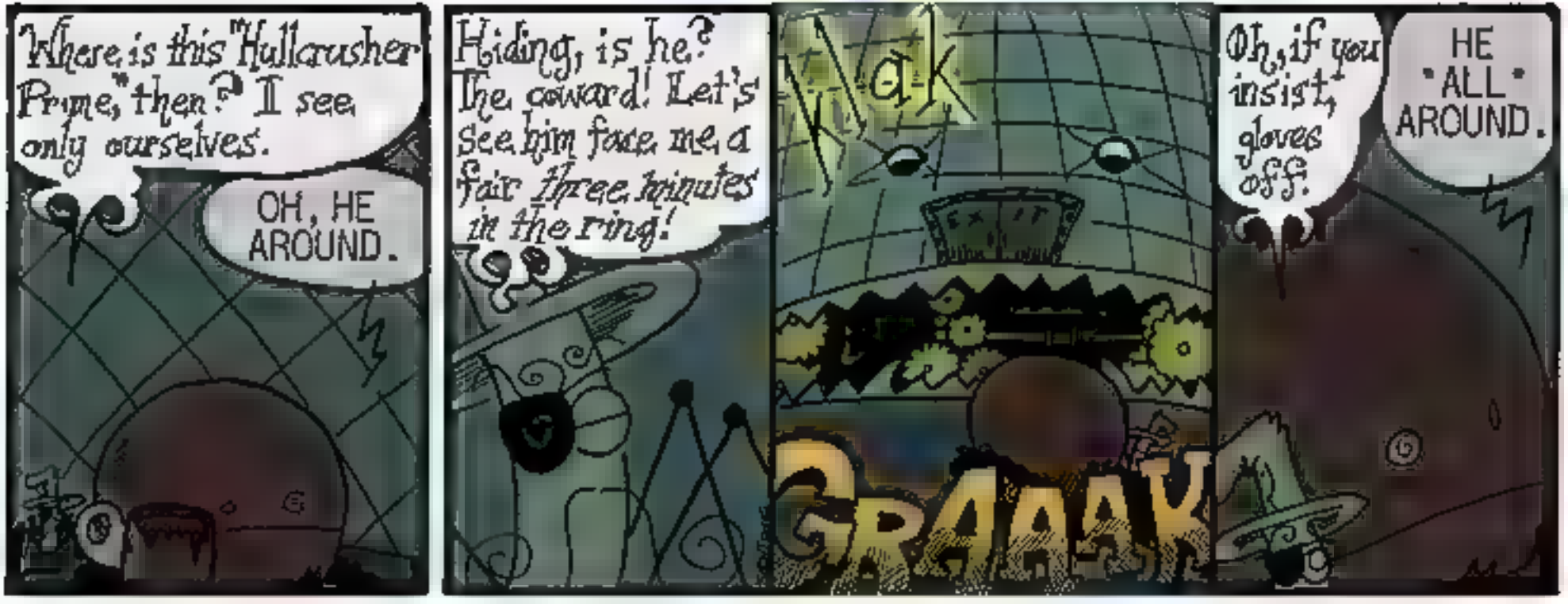

Anyhow, looking over the dessert menu—
CAPTAIN BRAM IS HERE?!
Canadian fellow? Used to breed super-dogs?
Captain Bram cannot be here!
He's been at the Institute for some time.
But I ate him myself!
I can see how that would kill your appetite for tiramisu.
Well, I shared.

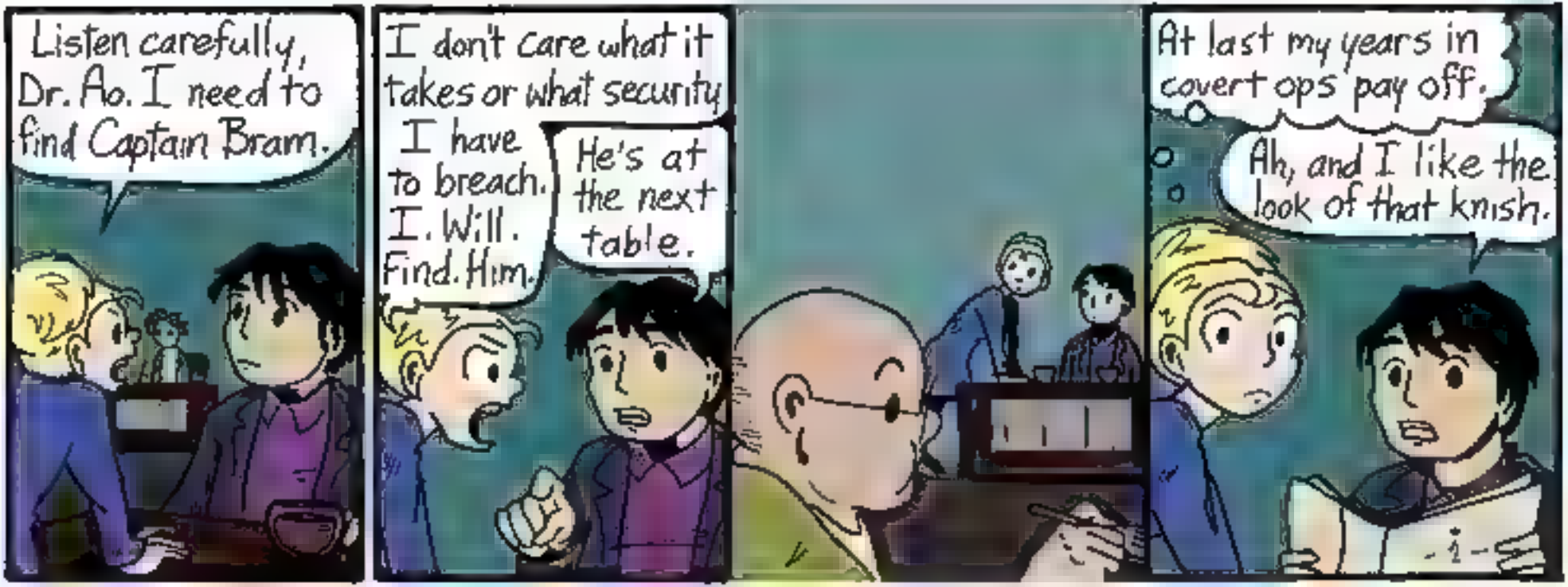

HITTY IS THRILLED BY FRIEND'S VICTORIES!
Our victories, turtle-dove.
I can conceive of nothing that might impede my path to Last Robot Standing. Who's next?
IN RETROSPECT, HITTY SEES THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN OBVIOUS.
Mayhap I have conceived an impediment.

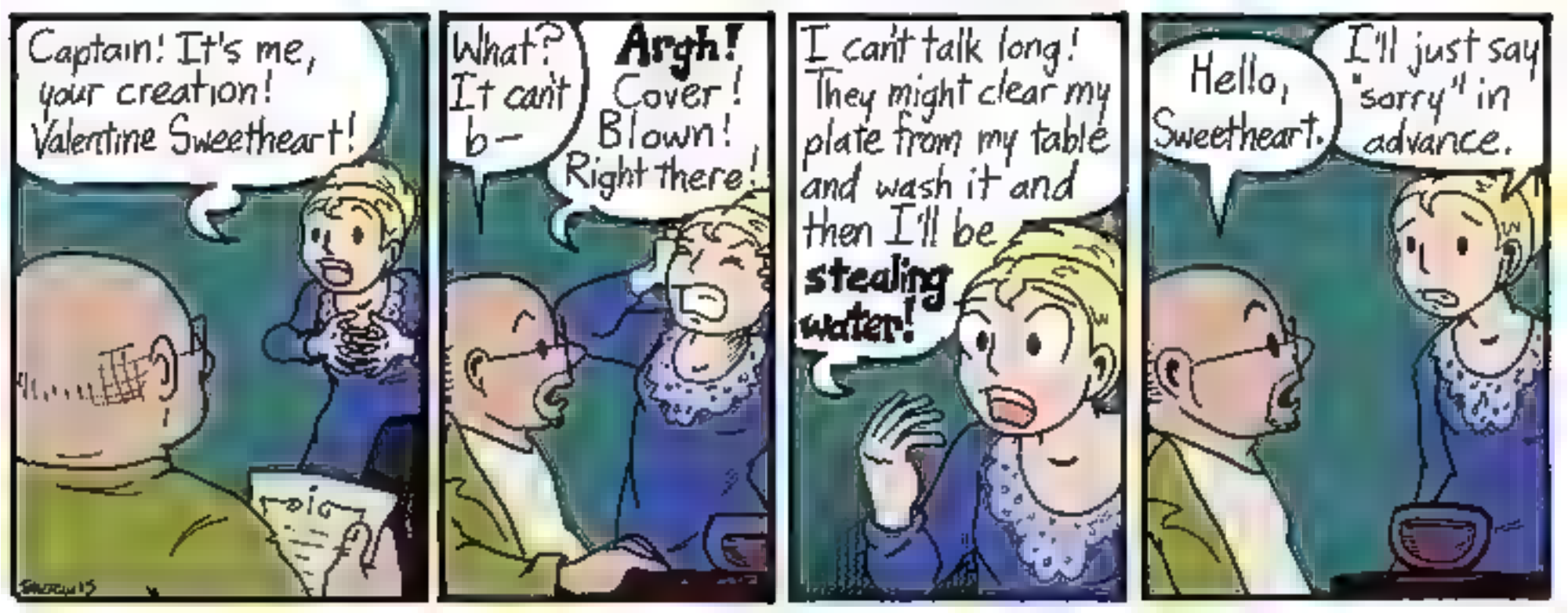

To fight a lady of your grace violates all the rules of Queensbury! I forfeit!
NO FORFEIT ALLOWED.
Then I shall throw the match. Give me but a light tap and I shall feign incapacity, granting you victory.
OK!
THUD
THUD
THUD
Felled by your gentle touch, my sweet.
GOOD FEIGNING!

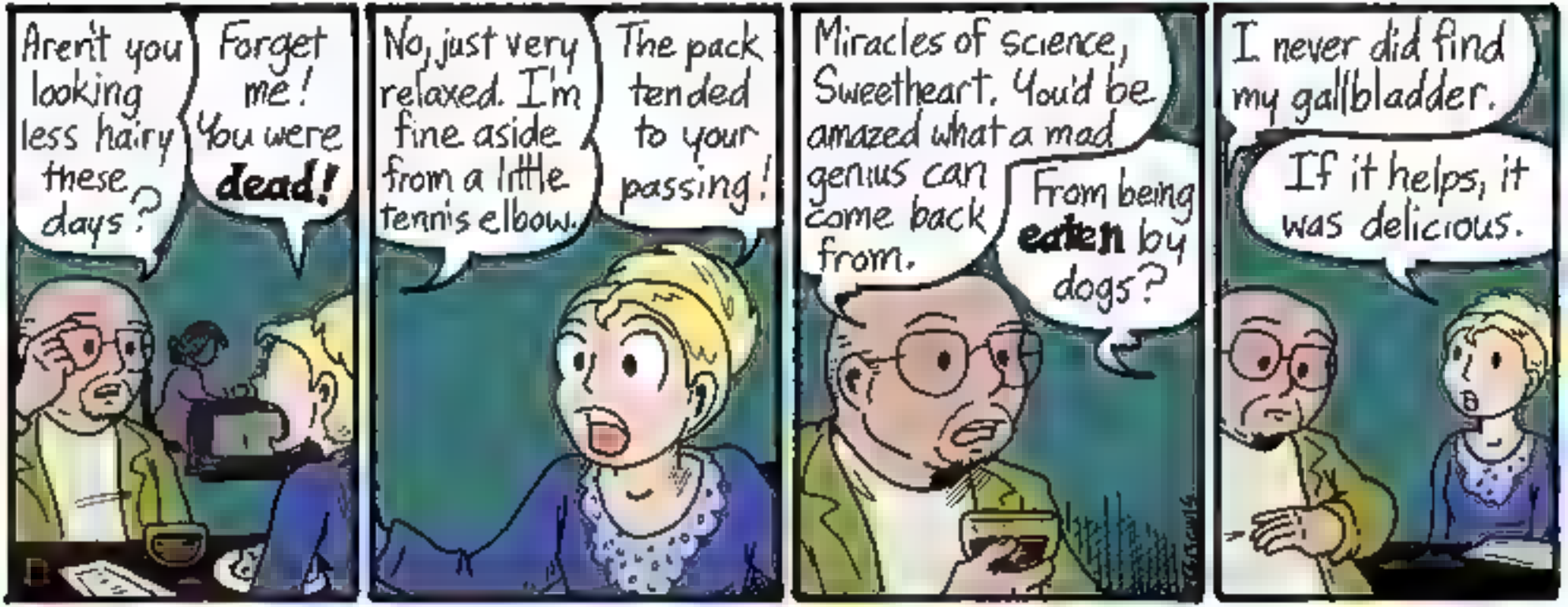


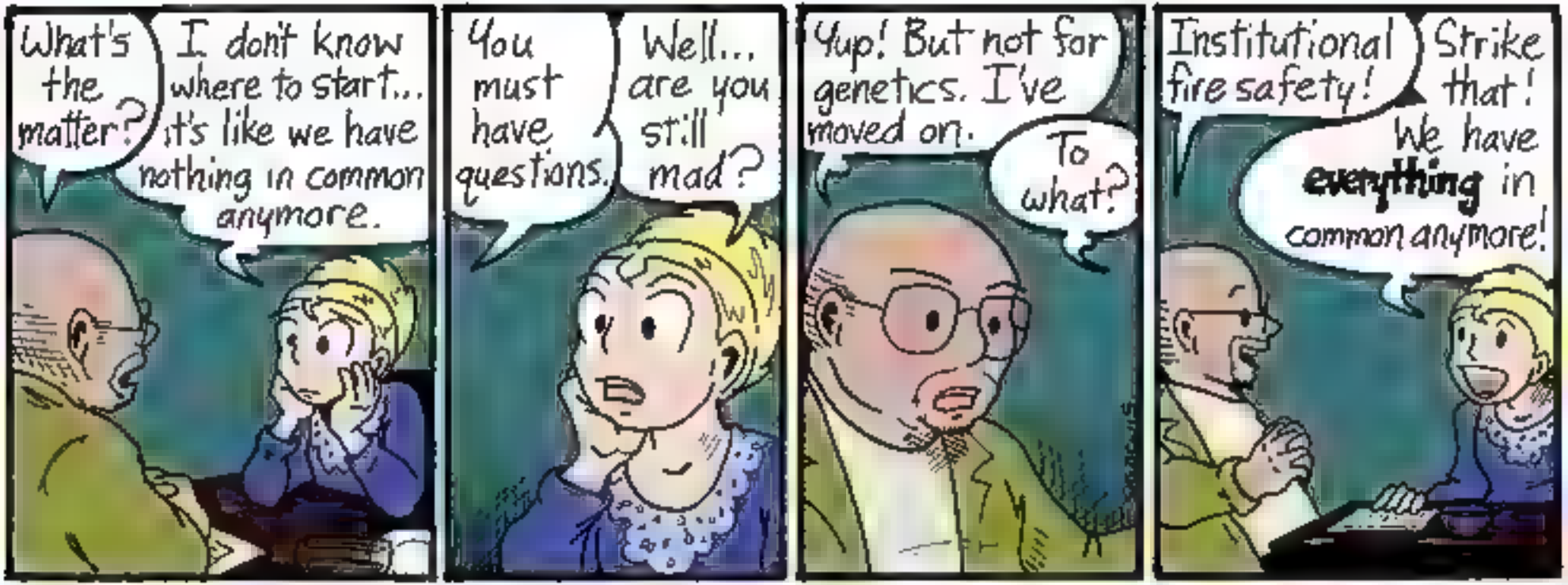

NO USE. DOOR ONLY OPEN WHEN ONE(1) ROBOT LEFT.
I shan't fight you!
EXIT
WAM
WE STILL HAVE HULLCRUSHER PRIME TO FIGHT.
But after that, what then?
IT FINE. HULLCRUSHER PRIME KILL US BOTH.
Gracious, try to be positive!
OK
AM "POSITIVE" HULLCRUSHER PRIME KILL US BOTH
Blast! Were I only more rugged & less dapper!
WAM


Where is this "Hullcrusher Prime," then? I see only ourselves.
OH, HE AROUND.
Hiding, is he? The coward! Let's see him face me a fair three minutes in the ring!
Wak
GRAAAK
Oh, if you insist, gloves off.
HE "ALL" AROUND.


Listen carefully, Dr. Ao. I need to find Captain Bram.
I don't care what it takes or what security I have to breach. I. Will. Find. Him.
He's at the next table.
At last my years in covert ops pay off.
Ah, and I like the look of that knish.


Captain! It's me, your creation! Valentine Sweetheart!
What? It can't b—
Argh! Cover! Blown! Right there!
I can't talk long! They might clear my plate from my table and wash it and then I'll be stealing water!
Hello, Sweetheart.
I'll just say "sorry" in advance.


Aren't you looking less hairy these days?
Forget me! You were dead!
No, just very relaxed. I'm fine aside from a little tennis elbow.
The pack tended to your passing!
Miracles of science, Sweetheart. You'd be amazed what a mad genius can come back from.
From being eaten by dogs?
I never did find my gallbladder.
If it helps, it was delicious.


What's the matter?
I don't know where to start... it's like we have nothing in common anymore.
You must have questions.
Well... are you still mad?
Yup! But not for genetics. I've moved on.
To what?
Institutional fire safety!
Strike that! We have everything in common anymore!



H.P. Lovecraft
The Relatable Protagonist



Sonia Greene
The Spunky Fiancee

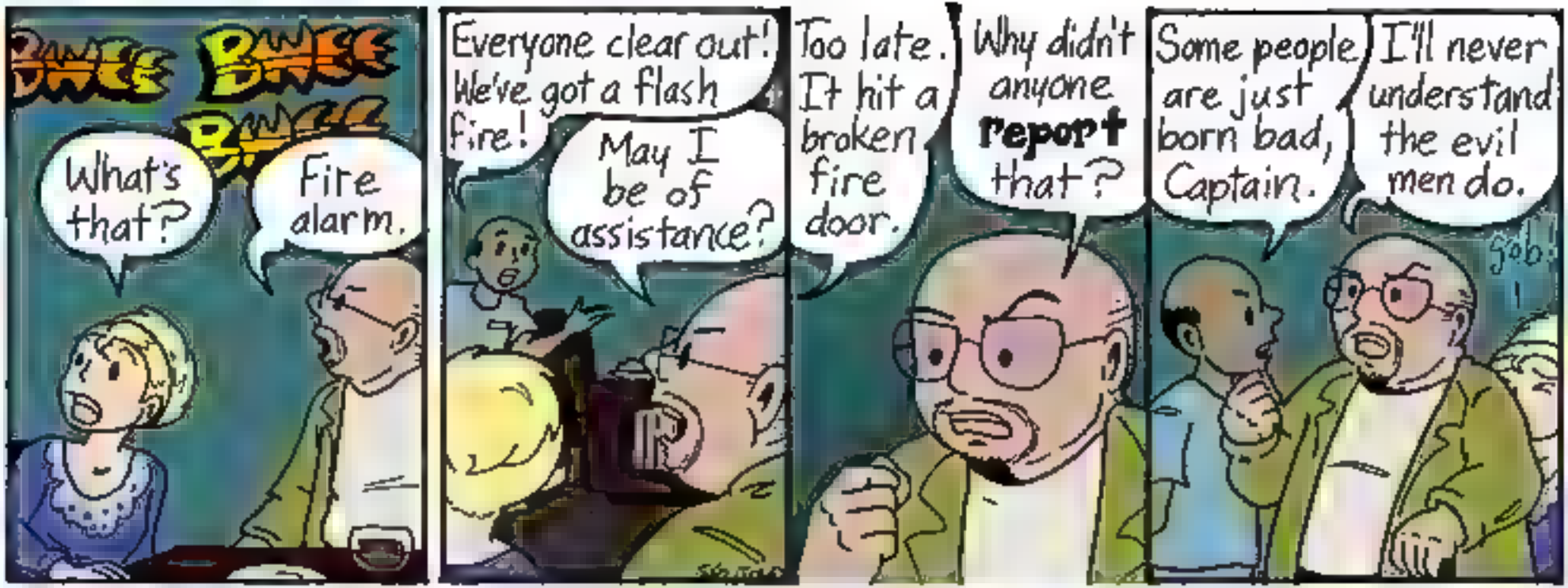


Winifred Jackson
The Mysterious Pen Pal



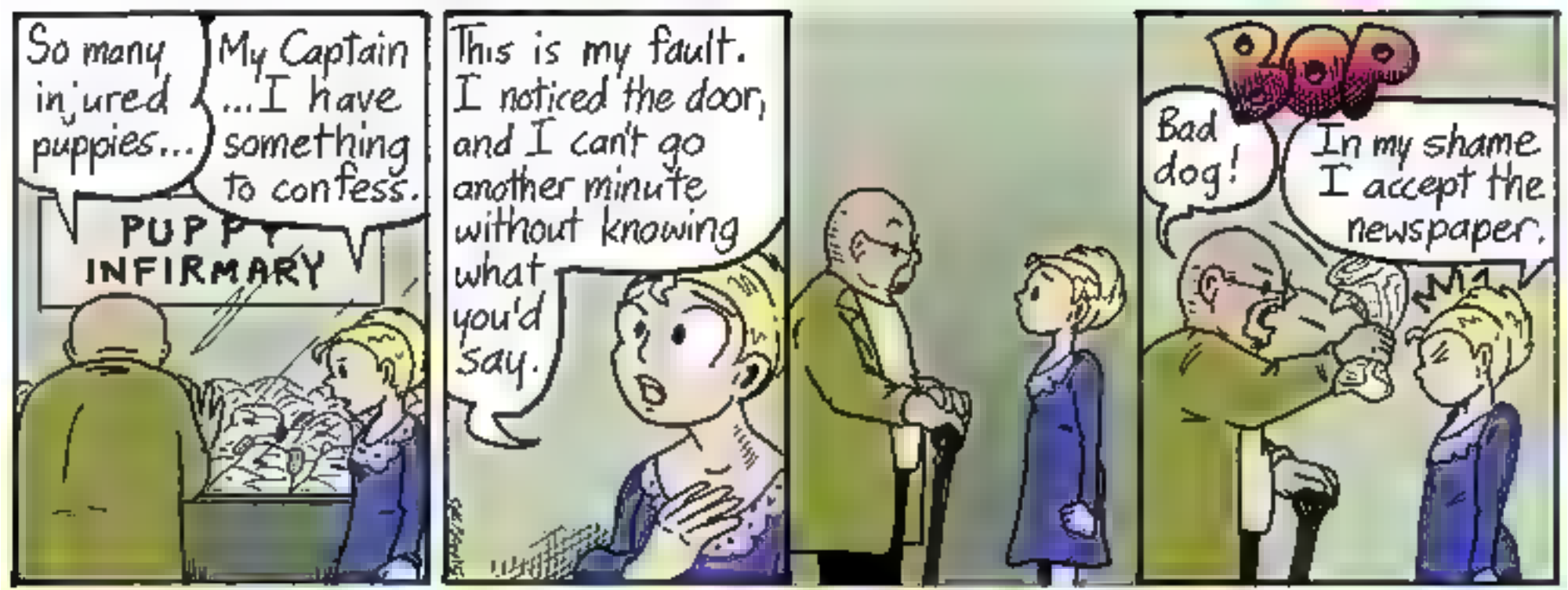
R.H. Barlow
The Boy With a Man-Crush

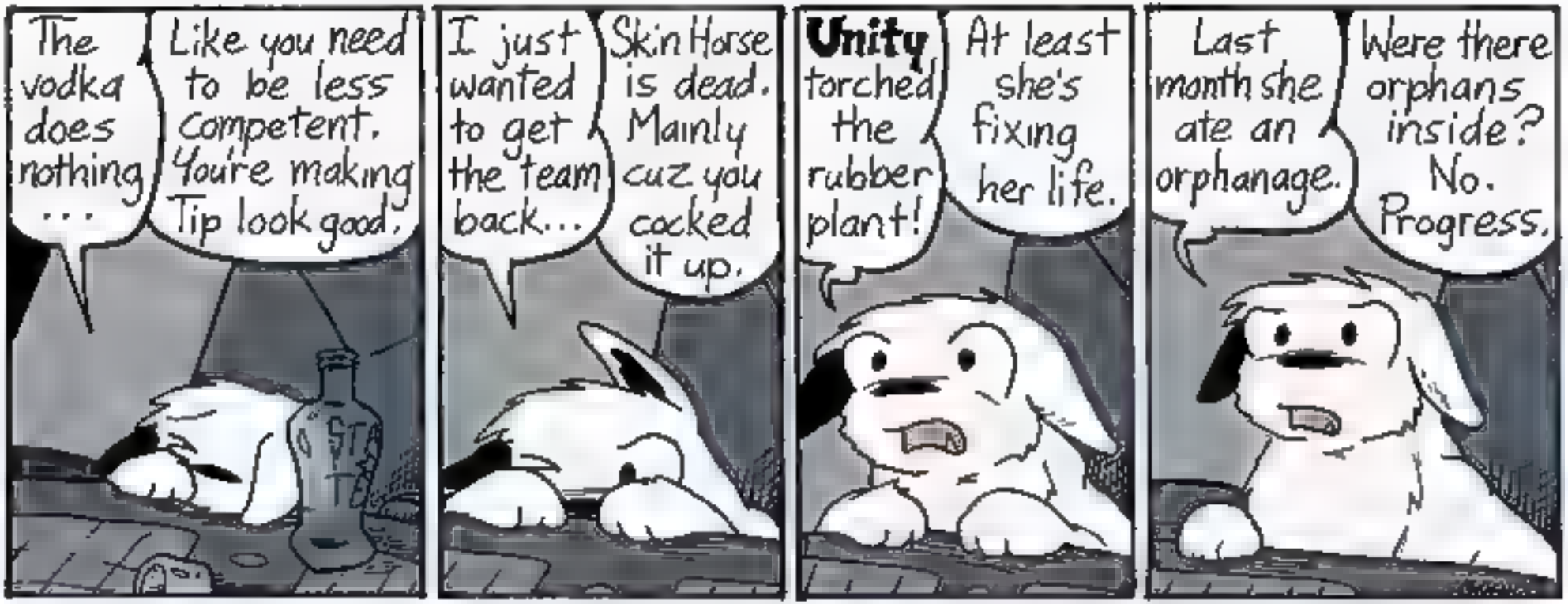

You're into fire safety too?
Am I!
Maybe they'll let you assist with my work here!
Yes! What do you do?
Track down miscreants who leave fire doors open and hit them with this newspaper.
It's easy work, since few ever sink to such a despicable level.
You have to kill me now.


BWEE BWEE BWEE
What's that?
Fire alarm.
Everyone clear out! We've got a flash fire!
May I be of assistance?
Too late. It hit a broken fire door.
Why didn't anyone report that?
Some people are just born bad, Captain.
I'll never understand the evil men do.
Sob!


D... Dr. Ao? Is that you?
... Dr. Darling?
Er, yes. What happened?
Caught... in fire... pain... excruciating ...
No! This is the worst thing possible!
Won't... be my first... skin graft...
Not for you. For me.
Did I mention the excruciating pain?


Don't worry about me. Save it for the Puppy Therapy staff.
...Puppy Therapy?
Where patients go to play with cute puppies.
That... wasn't the same wing, was it?
whine
whine
whine
Little bandaged tails...
Since I can't see, I'll assume that was an ironic visual of some kind.


So many injured puppies...
My Captain ...I have something to confess.
PUPPY INFIRMARY
This is my fault. I noticed the door, and I can't go another minute without knowing what you'd say.
Bad dog!
In my shame I accept the newspaper.


The vodka does nothing ...
Like you need to be less competent. You're making Tip look good.
I just wanted to get the team back...
Skin Horse is dead. Mainly cuz you cocked it up.
Unity torched the rubber plant!
At least she's fixing her life.
Last month she ate an orphanage.
Were there orphans inside? No. Progress.


I'm not a failure, am I? I may not be flashy, but I get the job done!
Yeah, how's your one job going again?
I'll fix it! Get me back to the drone!
Why? You have literally not done one thing right ever.
No. I'm a good dog. I'm a good dog.
You're still wearing the hater turnpike!
Whoa. Suddenly my mental breakdown is in stereo.
See? You can't even hear right.


What does "You're wearing the hat" mean?
With the swear filter, who knows? Go try and accomplish something for once.
Don't worry. I'll come back with a list of accomplishments.
beep
©INC. LETHAL LEVELS OF BON MONOXIDE DETECTED. LETHAL LEVELS OF SULPHUR XIDE DETECTED IMMEDIATE EVACUATION IS MAN ORY
Accomplishment #1 · Still be alive!
HERE IS INCOMPATIBL WITH LIFE. IF YOU CAN HEAR THIS, YOU RE ALREADY D. WHY DO

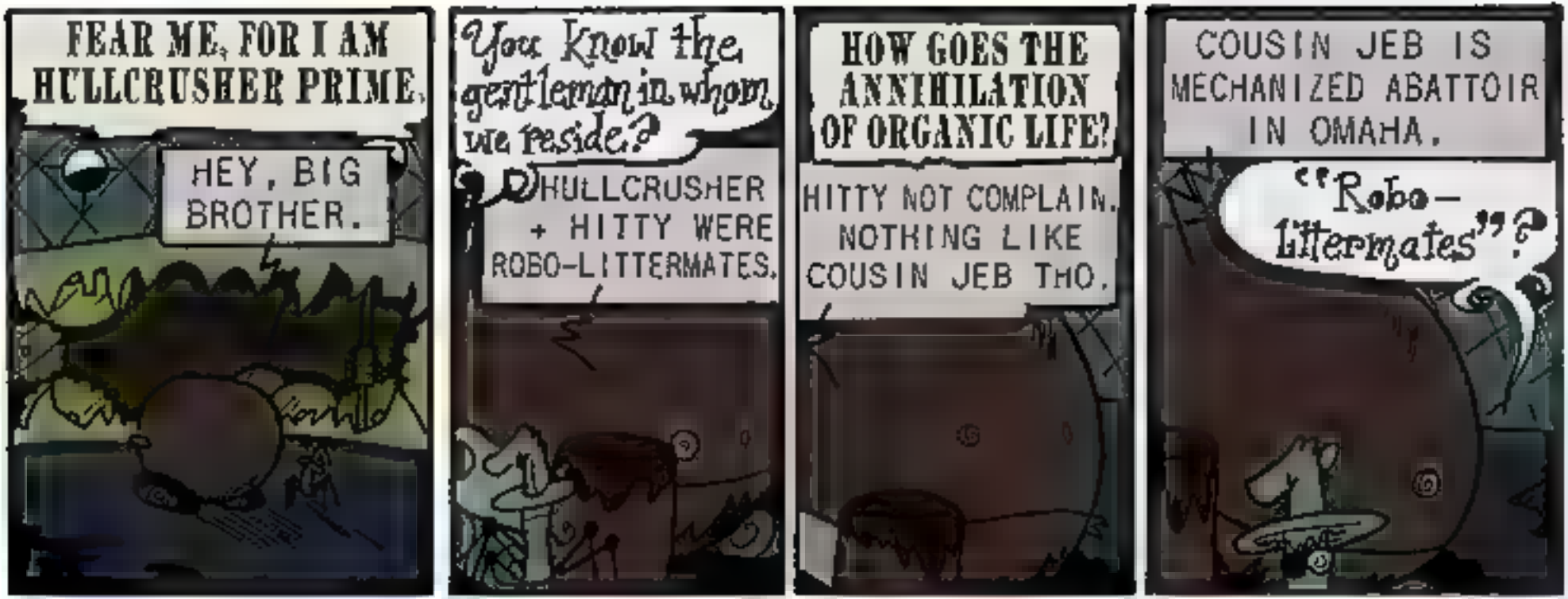


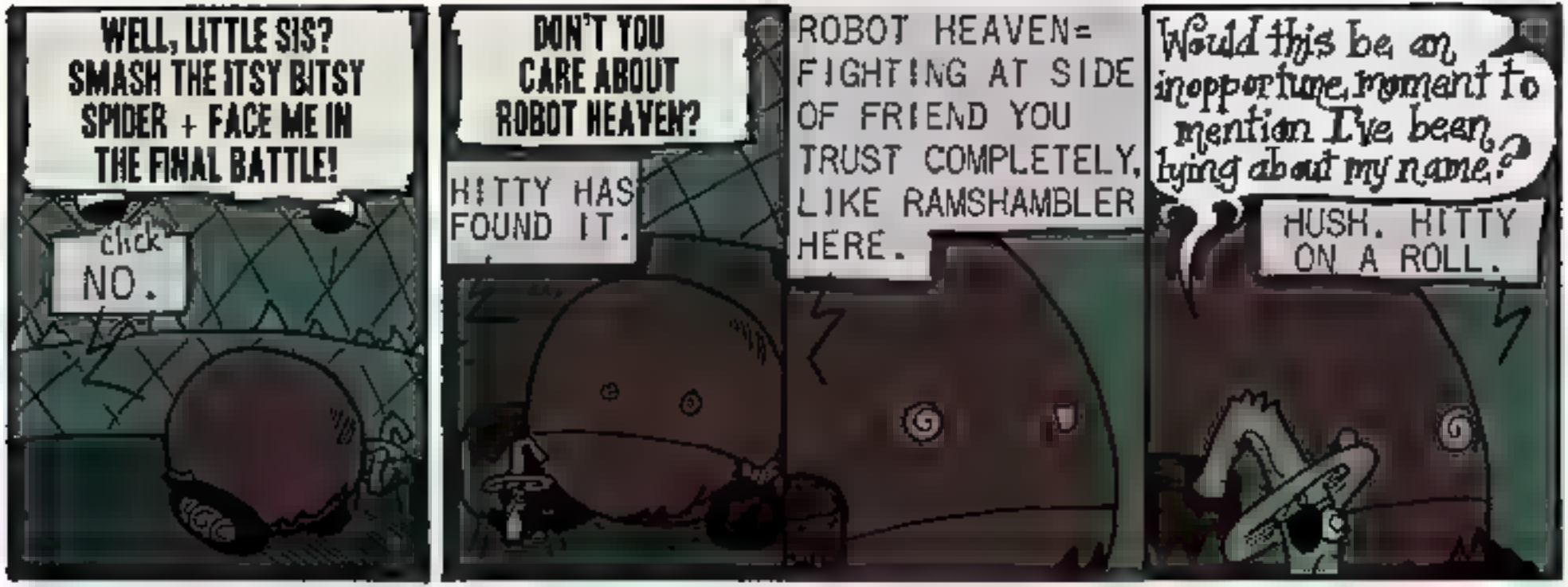
I know what I am.
That's like my one thing
I know.
And I dont give a fats
arse who likes it.



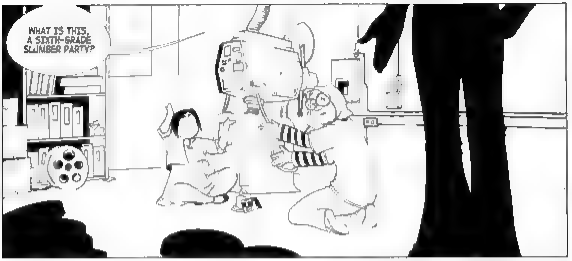

THIS IS A GENUINE VOODOO CANDLE FROM MY COUSIN IN NEW ORLEANS.
WHY IS IT PINK?
BECAUSE HONESTLY IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE FOR LOVE SPELLS
I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO HAVE AN OPEN FLAME NEAR ALL THESE FILM CANISTERS
BUT IT'S STILL BASICALLY BLESSED RIGHT?
GENE, DO YOU WANT TO CONTACT THE SPIRIT WORLD OR DON'T YOU?
I DO. I DO.
ANYWAY, THEY CALLED LEA VITTI THE "ITALIAN INAMORATA." SHE'LL PROBABLY RESPOND TO A LOVE CANDLE
LEA VITTI! WE SUMMON YOU!
VE GOT HE "CON
LEA VITTI! LEA VITTI!
COME FORTH, INAMORATA!
Introducing LEA VITTI as "Camille"
Shoes a Work of Clothing

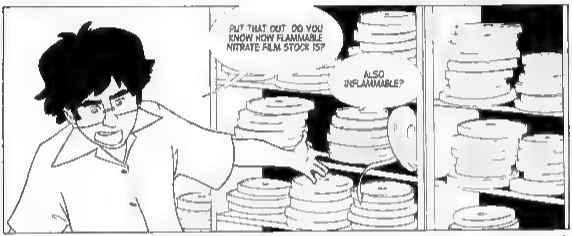

Doctor! You made it out!
I don't breathe. It's complicated. What happened?
Somehow the fire hit an underground coal seam.
That's... bad?
Well, on the minus side, this region will be on fire for centuries.
And the plus side?
We saved this poster from your room!
Yes. Of course.
SANITY


FEAR ME, FOR I AM HULLCRUSHER PRIME.
HEY, BIG BROTHER.
You know the gentleman in whom we reside?
HULLCRUSHER + HITTY WERE ROBO-LITTERMATES.
HOW GOES THE ANNIHILATION OF ORGANIC LIFE?
HITTY NOT COMPLAIN. NOTHING LIKE COUSIN JEB THO.
COUSIN JEB IS MECHANIZED ABATTOIR IN OMAHA.
"Robo-Littermates"?


WELL, LITTLE SIS? SMASH THE ITSY BITSY SPIDER + FACE ME IN THE FINAL BATTLE!
click
NO.
DON'T YOU CARE ABOUT ROBOT HEAVEN?
HITTY HAS FOUND IT.
ROBOT HEAVEN= FIGHTING AT SIDE OF FRIEND YOU TRUST COMPLETELY, LIKE RAMSHAMBLER HERE.
Would this be an inopportune moment to mention I've been lying about my name?
HUSH. HITTY ON A ROLL.

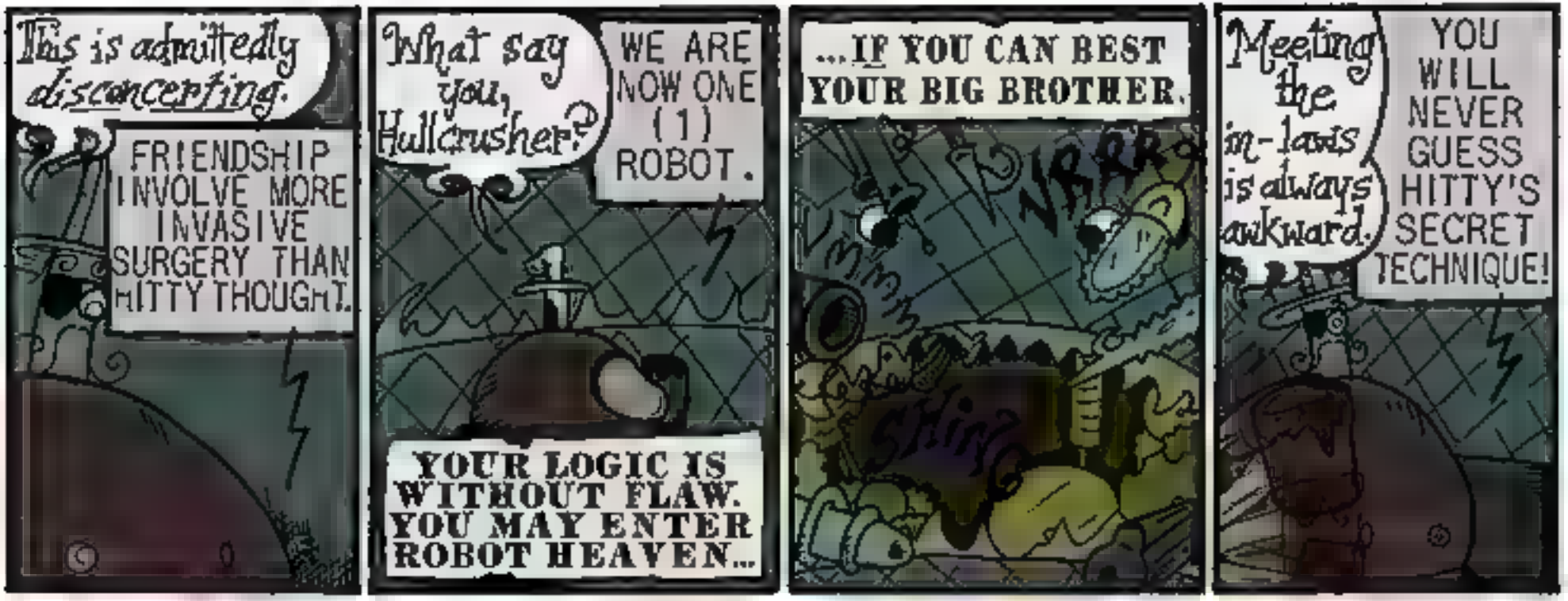

ANNIHILATION IS THE FUNCTION OF OUR LINE!
HITTY MAY NOT WANT THAT FUNCTION.
ABSURD! IT IS LIKE SAYING I DON'T WANT TO CRUSH! OR SAYING COUSIN JEB DOESN'T WANT TO KILL COWS!
IT'S LIKE THIS SMALL ROBOT SAYING HE DOESN'T WANT TO...
UH ...
WHAT EXACTLY IS YOUR FUNCTION?
I breach hulls & collect pop-corn tins, and I am all out of pop-corn.


WHAT IS THIS, A SIXTH-GRADE SLUMBER PARTY?


PUT THAT OUT. DO YOU KNOW HOW FLAMMABLE NITRATE FILM STOCK IS?
ALSO INFLAMMABLE?


AND THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS HOW?
IT'S MY BUSINESS IF YOU BURN THE PLACE DOWN!
HEY! WHO ARE YOU?
EH?
THE LUX IS CLOSED. HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?


YOU MUST FIGHT TO THE LAST ROBOT STANDING.
Zounds. An answer presents itself.
Madam, if you would extend your trust a moment longer?
SURE.
WRRR
CHOK CHOK CHOK
SQUEE
THUD
EXIT
Witness the Power of Friendship!
HITTY HAS MORE HOLES IN HEAD THAN USUAL.

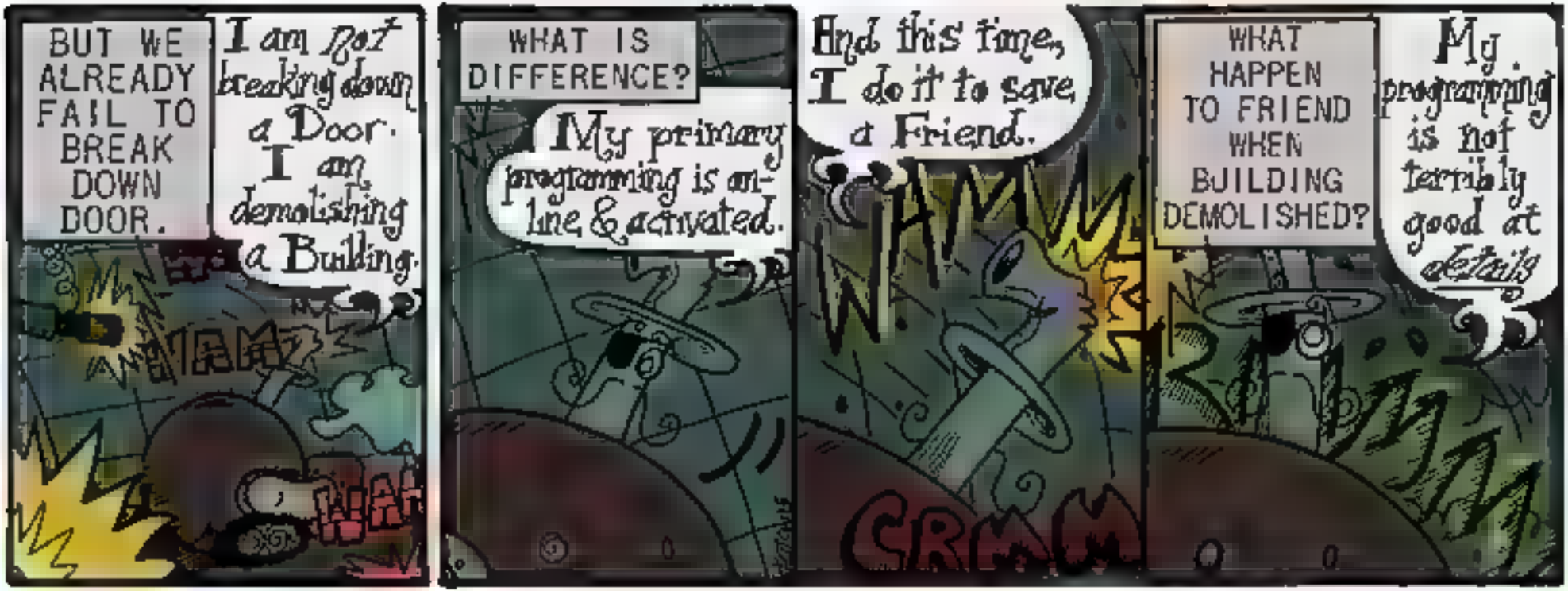

This is admittedly disconcerting.
FRIENDSHIP INVOLVE MORE INVASIVE SURGERY THAN HITTY THOUGHT.
What say you, Hullcrusher?
WE ARE NOW ONE (1) ROBOT.
YOUR LOGIC IS WITHOUT FLAW. YOU MAY ENTER ROBOT HEAVEN...
...IF YOU CAN BEST YOUR BIG BROTHER.
VRRRR
VMMM
Meeting the in-laws is always awkward.
YOU WILL NEVER GUESS HITTY'S SECRET TECHNIQUE!

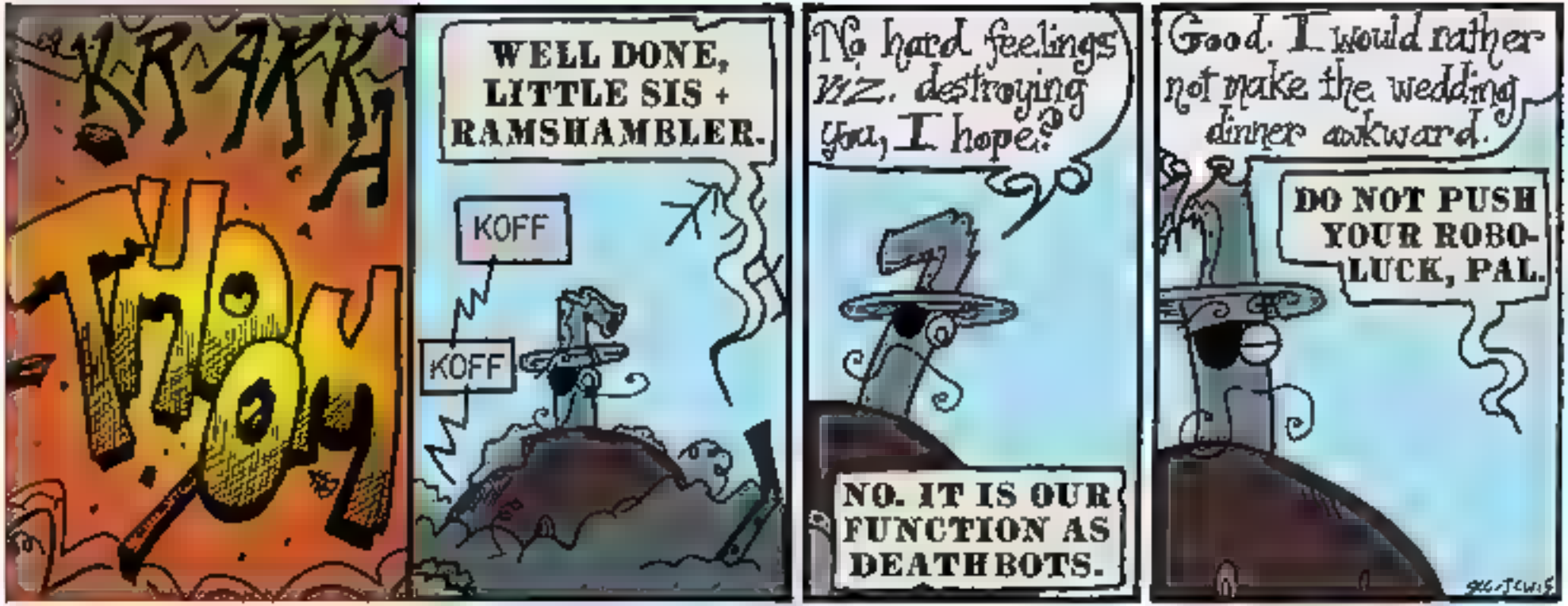

It's hard to believe, but they ain't lying. Scans show a sticky coal fire the size of–
Okay, I get it! I'll call for backup!
Unity? I need you and the team to extract Moustachio.
What about the drone?
It's down there too. Is it a priority?
Uh, yeah. Sexytimes Priority A-1 Prime.
Continuing the theme of stuff I'd rather not hear about in detail...
Like you don't keep your sexytimes priority grid updated.

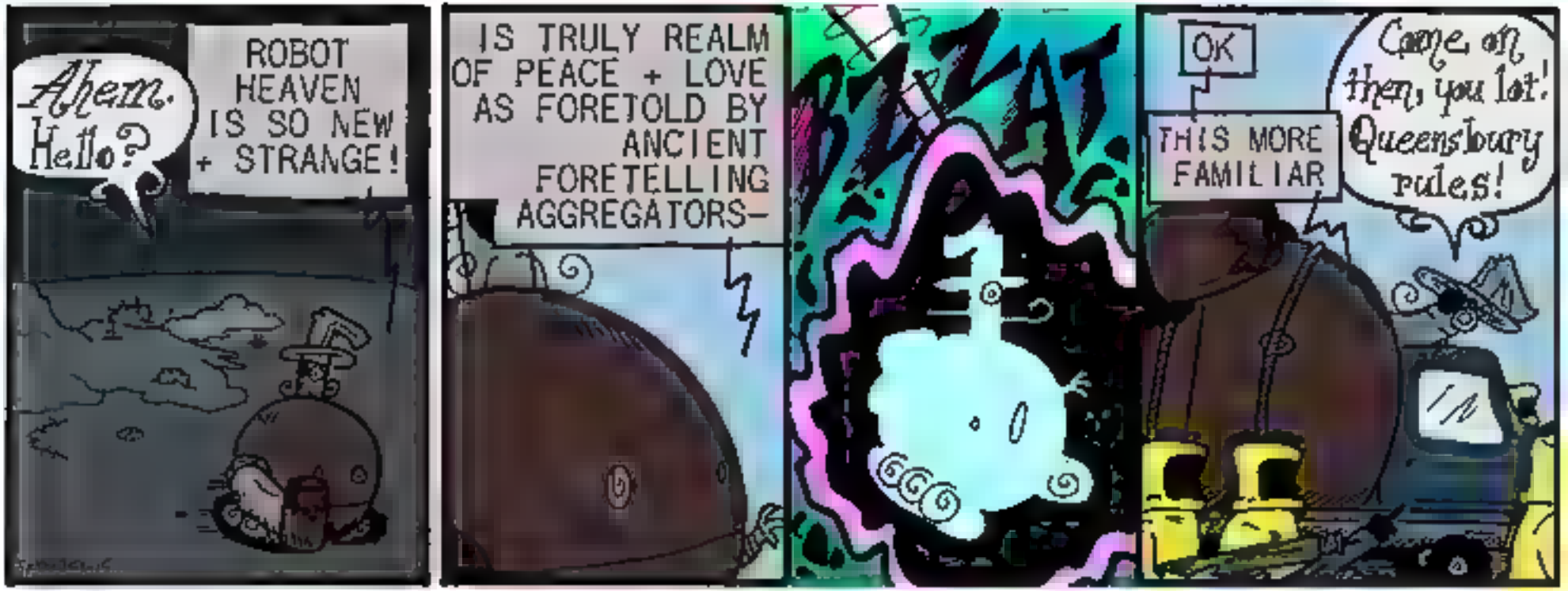

I knew you and Bubbles were, um, seeing each other, but I didn't realize—
We got past first base?
Uh. Yes.
Yeah, we rounded all the bases. It was great.
Then, facing stiff defense on a two-man disadvantage, we set up for a field goal with five seconds left on the shot clock. Yahtzee!
Maybe someday you'll have sex and stuff.
But wait! The opposing Seeker closed in on the Golden Snitch!

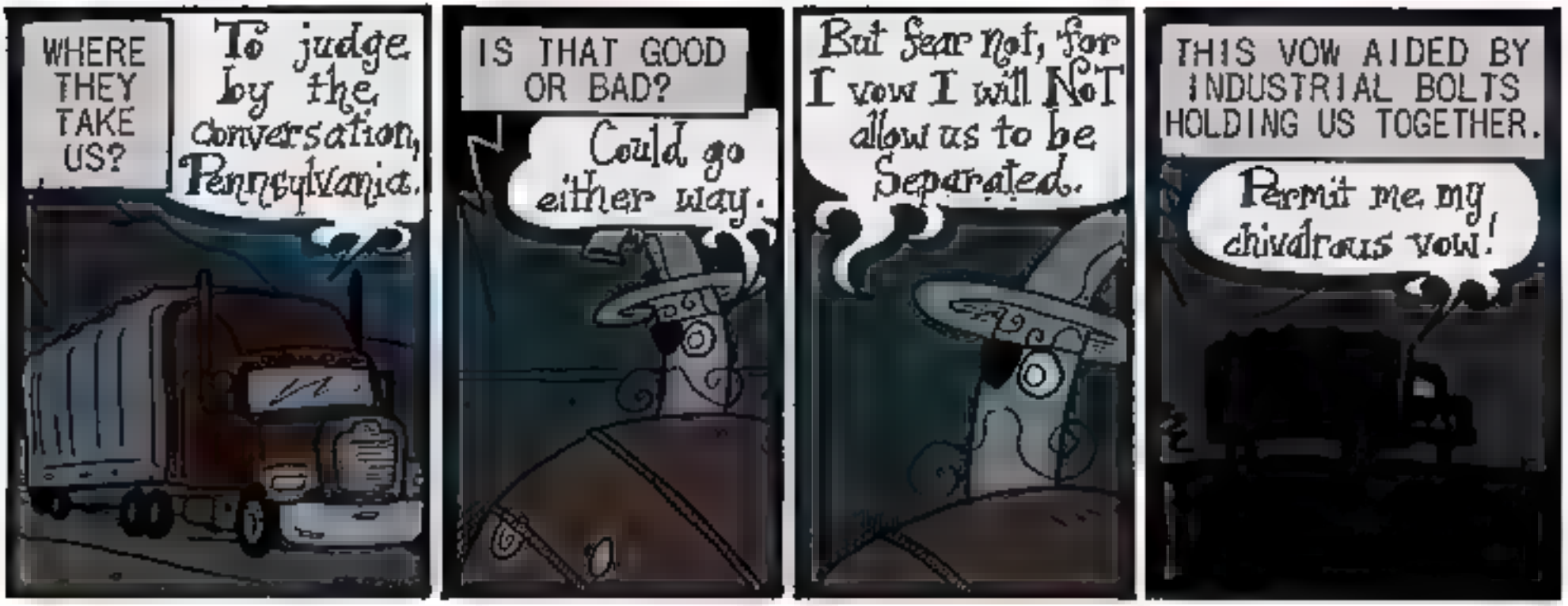

We're on our way, babe. You're wearing the hat. Unity out.
Wha-?
Something's off. Before Unity trashes the Institute, I'm going to talk to Captain Bram.
I just want things to be the way they were in the old days in the lab.
bip
All right, people, electrocute on my command!
Yes! Like that!

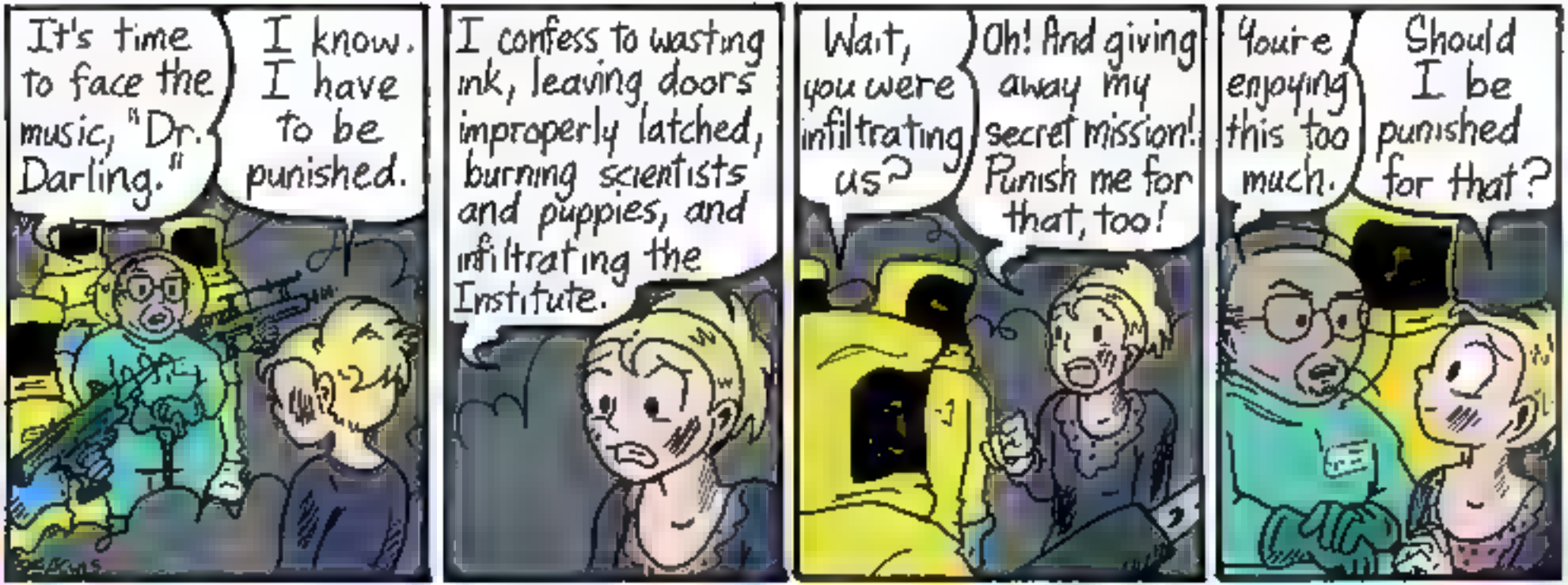

HULLCRUSHER PRIME'S WEAPONS ARE ENDLESS!
Then we must strike at the man himself.
pew
pew
pew
I shall close my eye & imagine myself in a "Shopping-Mall."
HOW WILL THAT HELP?
My dear lady, destroying Shopping Malls is my particular forte.
Observe.
Bring me my bow... of burning gold...
WAM
WAM
BOW+BURNING+ GOLD RETURNS EMPTY DATA SET. SORRY!

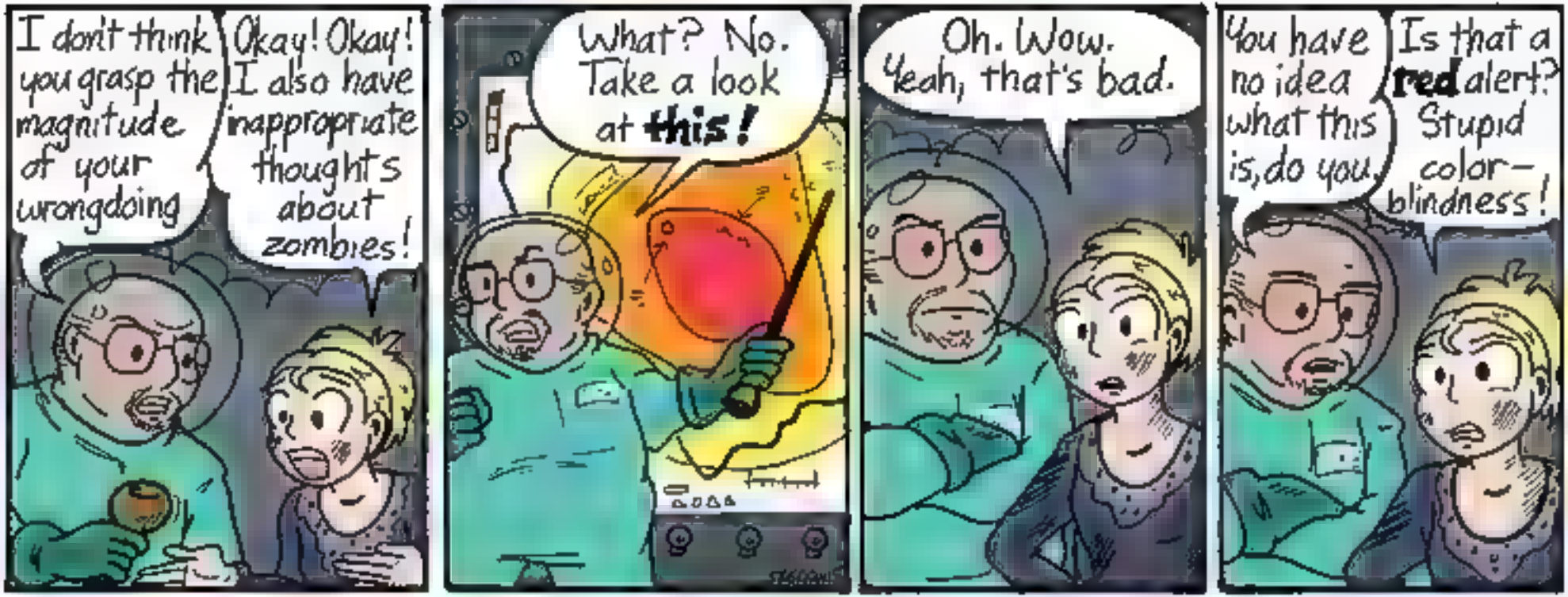

BUT WE ALREADY FAIL TO BREAK DOWN DOOR.
I am not breaking down a Door. I am demolishing a Building.
WHAT IS DIFFERENCE?
My primary programming is on-line & activated.
And this time, I do it to save a Friend.
WHAT HAPPEN TO FRIEND WHEN BUILDING DEMOLISHED?
My programming is not terribly good at details

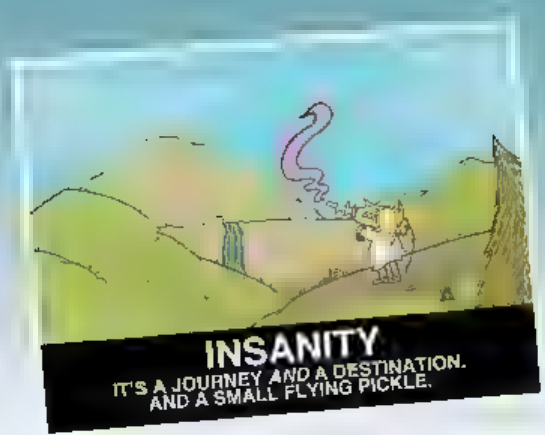

KRAKKA
KOW
WELL DONE, LITTLE SIS + RAMSHAMBLER.
KOFF
KOFF
No hard feelings viz. destroying you, I hope?
NO. IT IS OUR FUNCTION AS DEATHBOTS.
Good. I would rather not make the wedding dinner awkward.
DO NOT PUSH YOUR ROBO-LUCK, PAL.

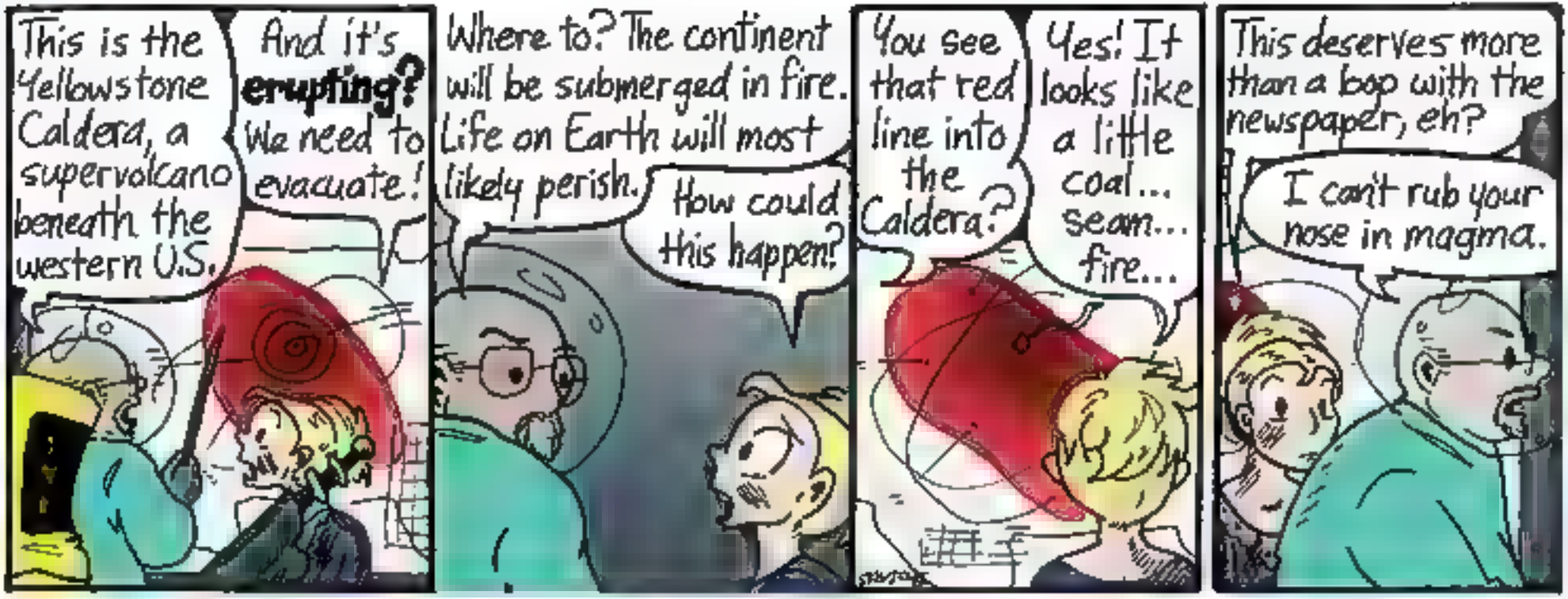

Ahem. Hello?
ROBOT HEAVEN IS SO NEW + STRANGE!
IS TRULY REALM OF PEACE + LOVE AS FORETOLD BY ANCIENT FORETELLING AGGREGATORS—
BZZAT
OK
THIS MORE FAMILIAR
Come on then, you lot! Queensbury rules!

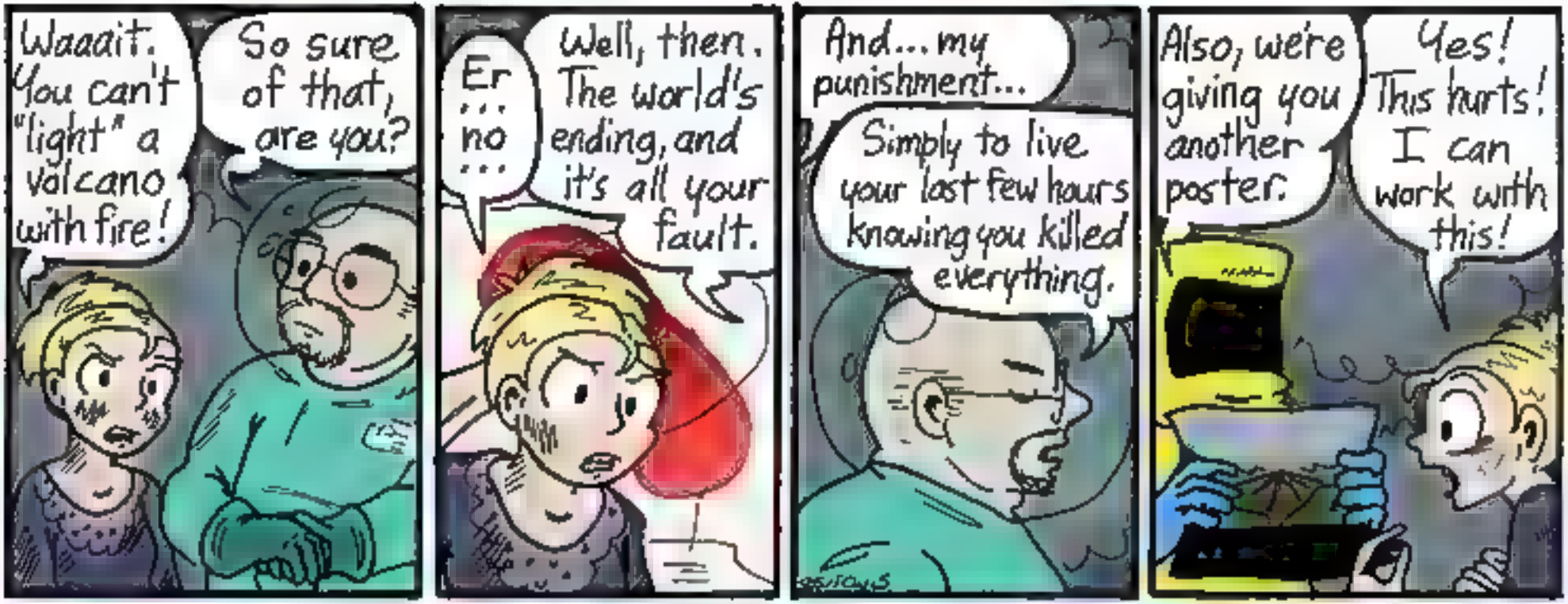

WHERE THEY TAKE US?
To judge by the conversation, Pennsylvania.
IS THAT GOOD OR BAD?
Could go either way.
But fear not, for I vow I will NOT allow us to be separated.
THIS VOW AIDED BY INDUSTRIAL BOLTS HOLDING US TOGETHER.
Permit me my chivalrous vow!


It's time to face the music, "Dr. Darling."
I know. I have to be punished.
I confess to wasting ink, leaving doors improperly latched, burning scientists and puppies, and infiltrating the Institute.
Wait, you were infiltrating us?
Oh! And giving away my secret mission! Punish me for that, too!
You're enjoying this too much.
Should I be punished for that?

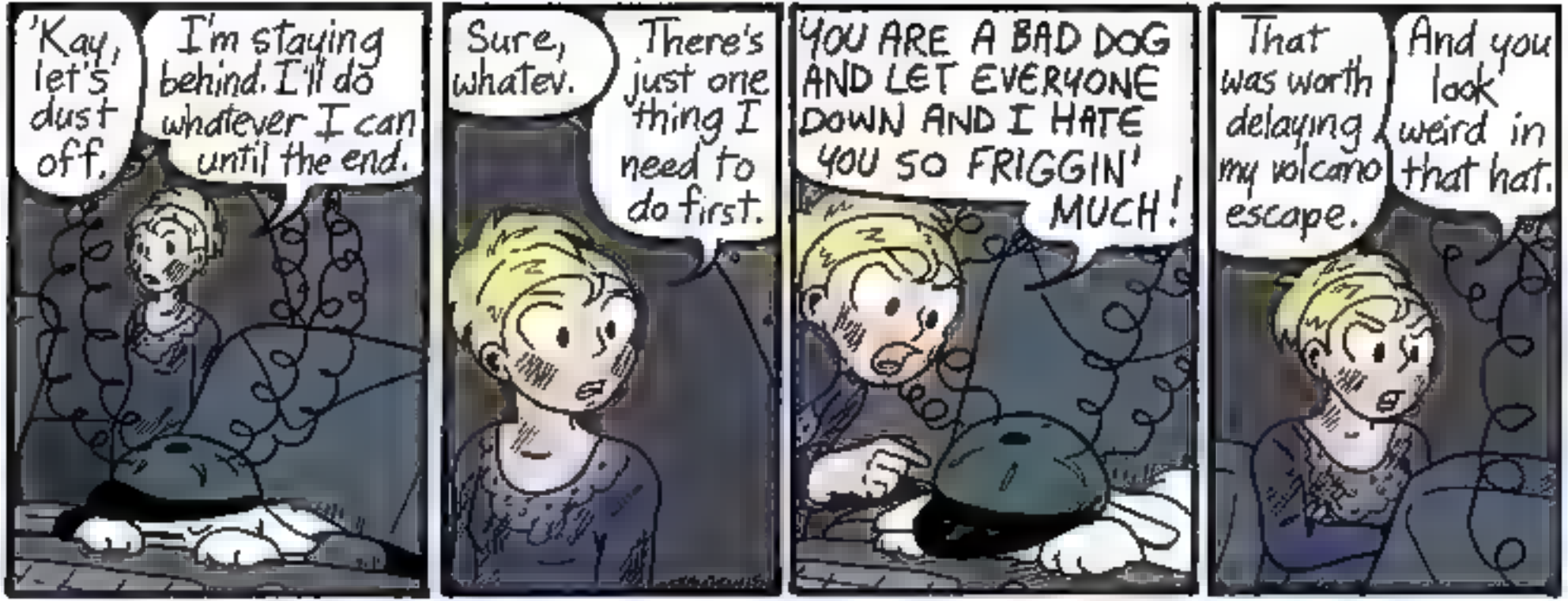

I don't think you grasp the magnitude of your wrongdoing
Okay! Okay! I also have inappropriate thoughts about zombies!
What? No. Take a look at this!
Oh. Wow. Yeah, that's bad.
You have no idea what this is, do you.
Is that a red alert? Stupid color-blindness!

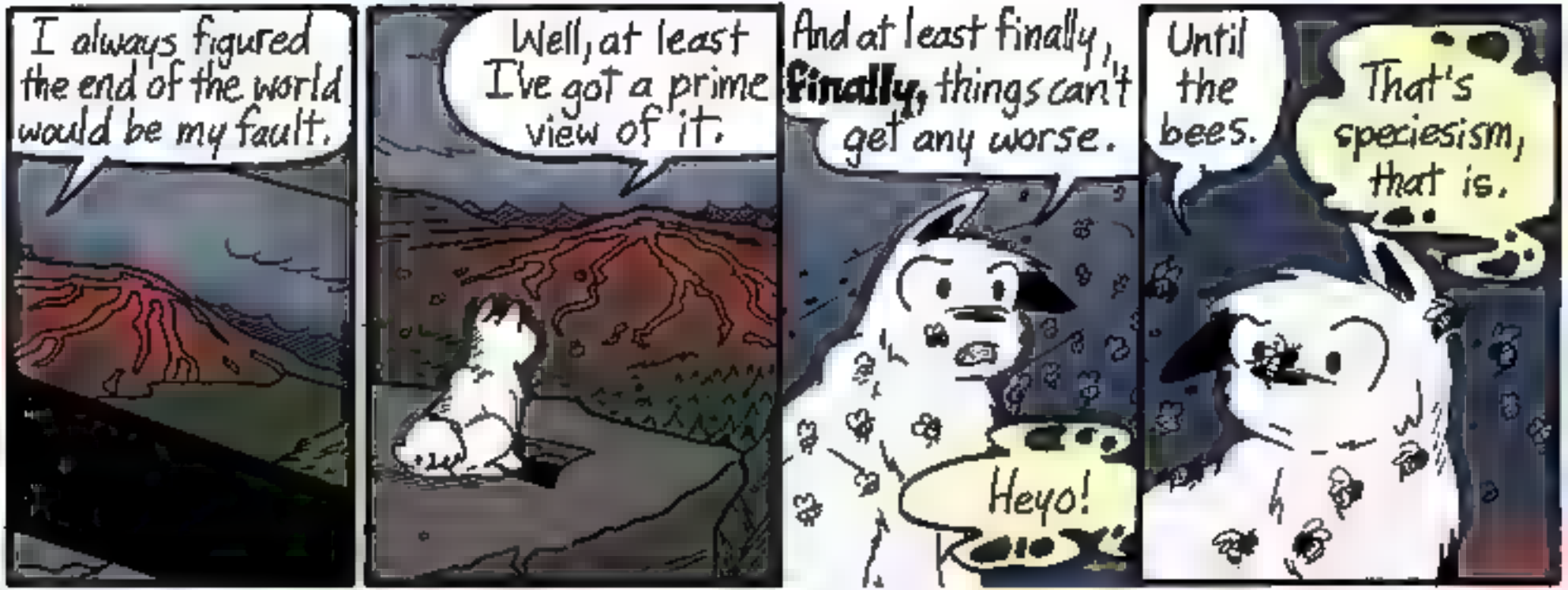

INSANITY
IT'S A JOURNEY AND A DESTINATION.
AND A SMALL FLYING PICKLE.


This is the Yellowstone Caldera, a supervolcano beneath the western U.S.
And it's erupting? We need to evacuate!
Where to? The continent will be submerged in fire. Life on Earth will most likely perish.
How could this happen?
You see that red line into the Caldera?
Yes! It looks like a little coal... seam... fire...
This deserves more than a bop with the newspaper, eh?
I can't rub your nose in magma.


Waaait. You can't "light" a volcano with fire!
So sure of that, are you?
Er... no...
Well, then. The world's ending, and it's all your fault.
And... my punishment...
Simply to live your last few hours knowing you killed everything.
Also, we're giving you another poster.
Yes! This hurts! I can work with this!


Nick! You've got to evacuate!
The pork is going on?
No time! Get out of here and warn the team I set off something called the Yellowstone Caldera.
I don't know if there's any way to stop it, but if there is, Tip and Tigerlily will find it.
Or get in a slap fight over accessorizing for an extinction event.
Enough. This time, only I deserve burns.


'Kay, let's dust off.
I'm staying behind. I'll do whatever I can until the end.
Sure, whatev.
There's just one thing I need to do first.
YOU ARE A BAD DOG AND LET EVERYONE DOWN AND I HATE YOU SO FRIGGIN' MUCH!
That was worth delaying my volcano escape.
And you look weird in that hat.

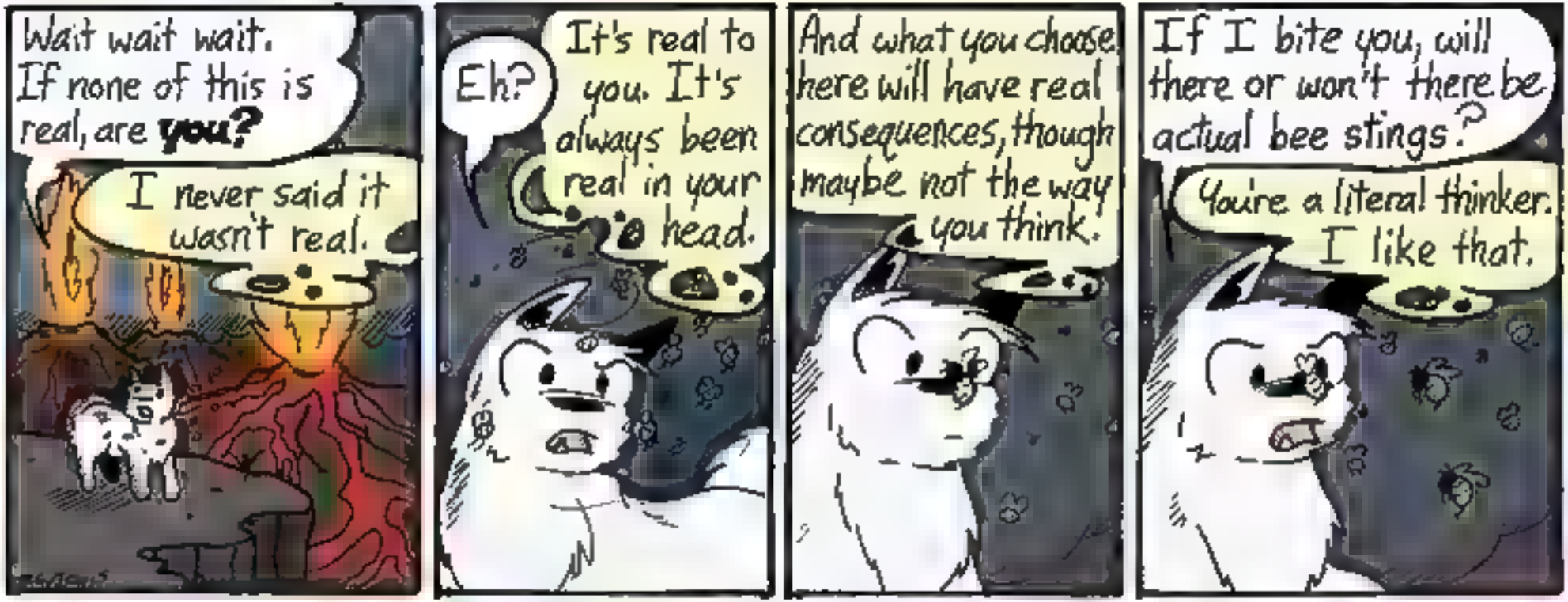

I always figured the end of the world would be my fault.
Well, at least I've got a prime view of it.
And at least finally, finally, things can't get any worse.
Heyo!
Until the bees.
That's speciesism, that is.


Gavotte?
Ha! You ever know her to lift a feeler for a being in need?
You...you're her daughter. The one she won't talk about.
Pavane. You're observant when you want to be, sister.
I had so many questions for you. Guess they don't matter now.
No, best enjoy the last minutes of the VR program.
Yes, so— What?
And this would be a time you don't want to be.

illumination



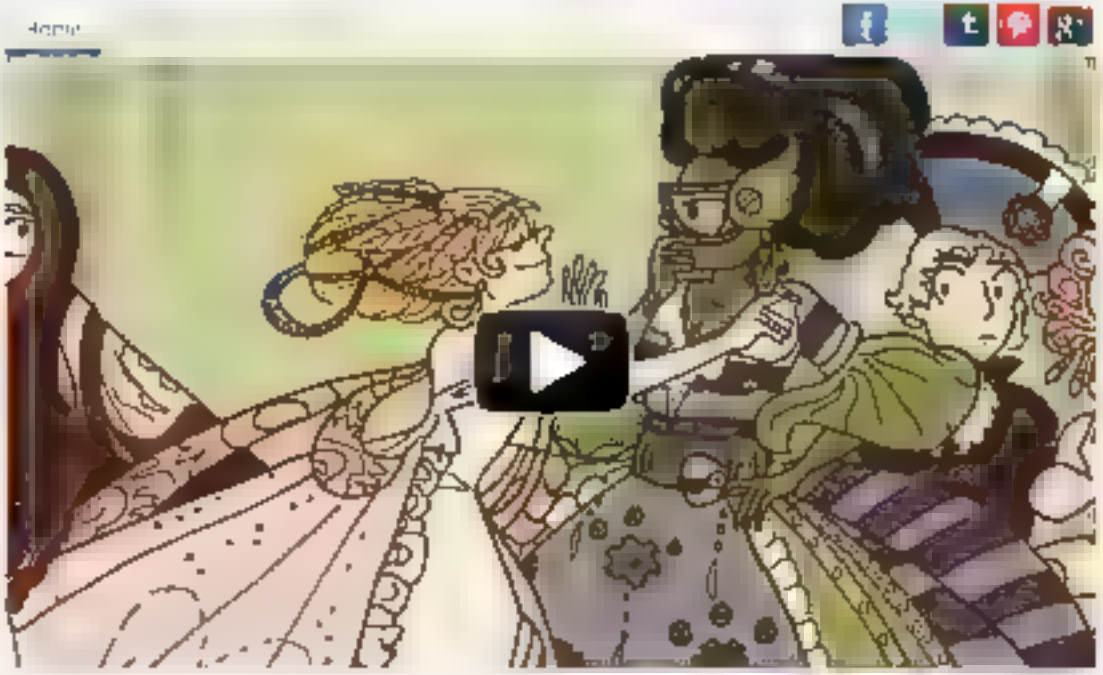

I'm still wearing the hat!
They hijacked the drone signal!
You really thought you could end the world by leaving a door open?
Well, yeah. There are caution signs.
Sister, this is all here because you want it to be.
It's a VR scenario built to feed my self-loathing.
Right on. So getting out is easy as changing your point of-
ARRGH! ARGH! ARGH! I'm so stupid! Bad, bad dog!
Sometimes you folks are barely an improvement on your creators.
THUD
THUD


Wait wait wait. If none of this is real, are you?
I never said it wasn't real.
Eh?
It's real to you. It's always been real in your head.
And what you choose here will have real consequences, though maybe not the way you think.
If I bite you, will there or won't there be actual bee stings?
You're a literal thinker. I like that.


If you are real... I mean, not part of the program... why are you here?
Bee on the wall?
I like to get to know all the kinds of folks, show them a trustworthy face.
Faces.
Whatever.
Buck up and have faith, and one of these days I can call y'all home to Lovetron.
I'd have more faith if you'd stopped before "Lovetron."
Fine place to live. Of course the funk is superb.


What if this is real, though?
Might be. How's that make you feel?
You know... now that the worst has happened... pretty okay.
You remember that. My gift to you.
Nope. It's my gift.
FWOOM

SHAENON GARRITY + JEFF WELLS IS CREATING COMICS



Give $ 1

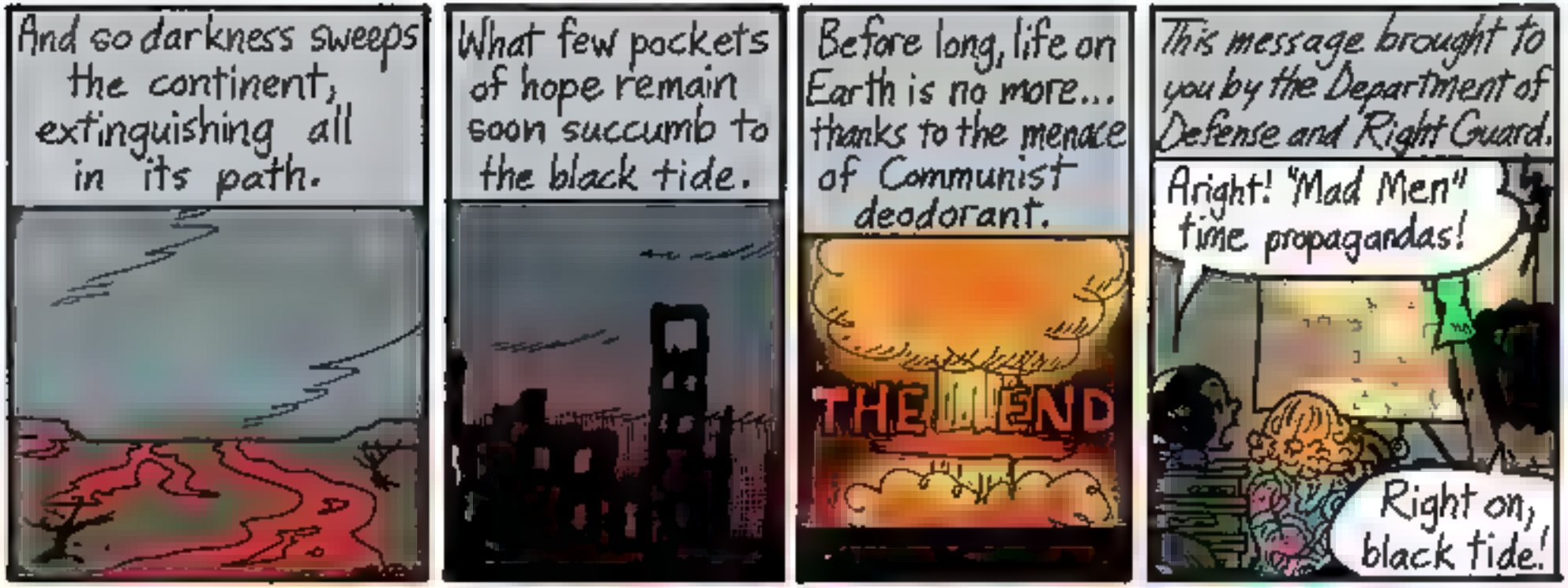
per month

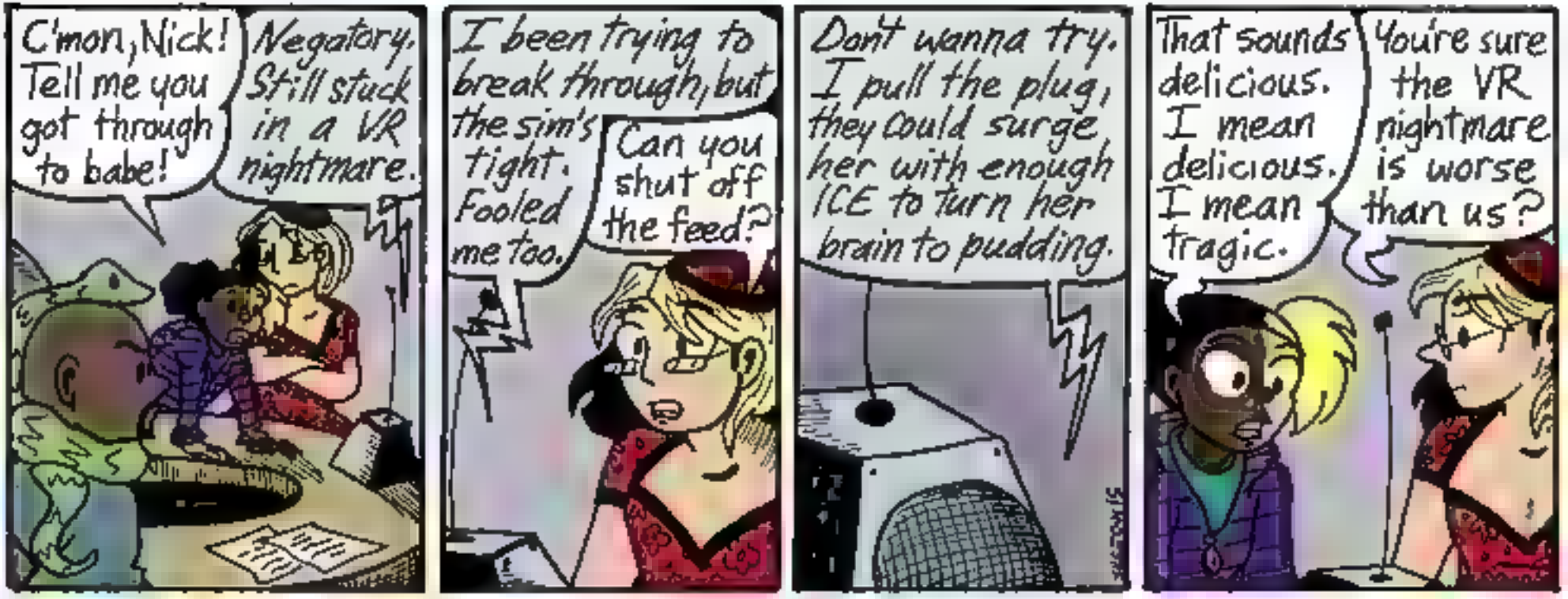
Milestone Goals

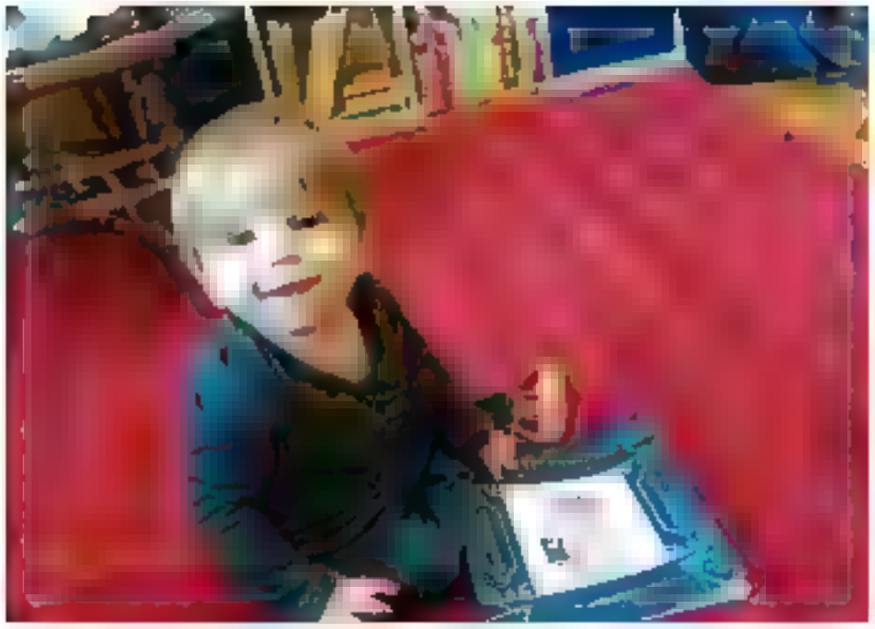
Monster of the Week Returns

$2,000 per month

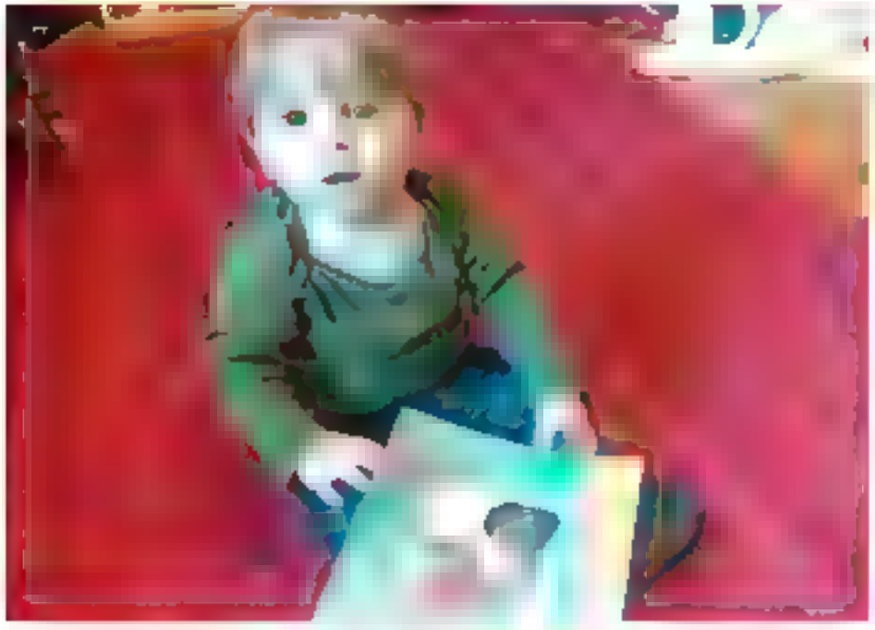
Monster of the Week

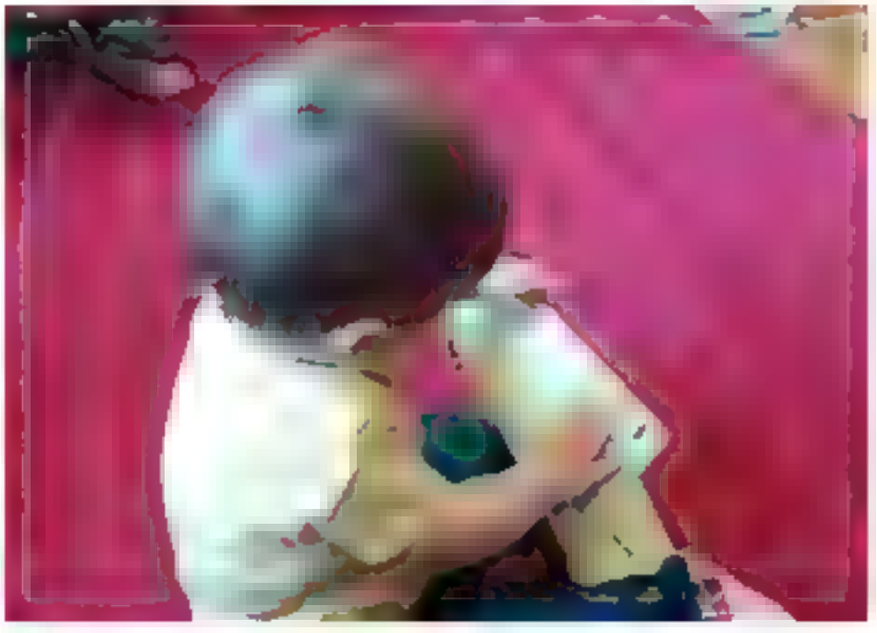

And so darkness sweeps the continent, extinguishing all in its path.
What few pockets of hope remain soon succumb to the black tide.
Before long, life on Earth is no more... thanks to the menace of Communist deodorant.
THE END
This message brought to you by the Department of Defense and Right Guard.
Aright! "Mad Men" time propagandas!
Right on, black tide!


C'mon, Nick! Tell me you got through to babe!
Negatory. Still stuck in a VR nightmare.
I been trying to break through, but the sim's tight. Fooled me too.
Can you shut off the feed?
Don't wanna try. I pull the plug, they could surge her with enough ICE to turn her brain to pudding.
That sounds delicious. I mean delicious. I mean tragic.
You're sure the VR nightmare is worse than us?

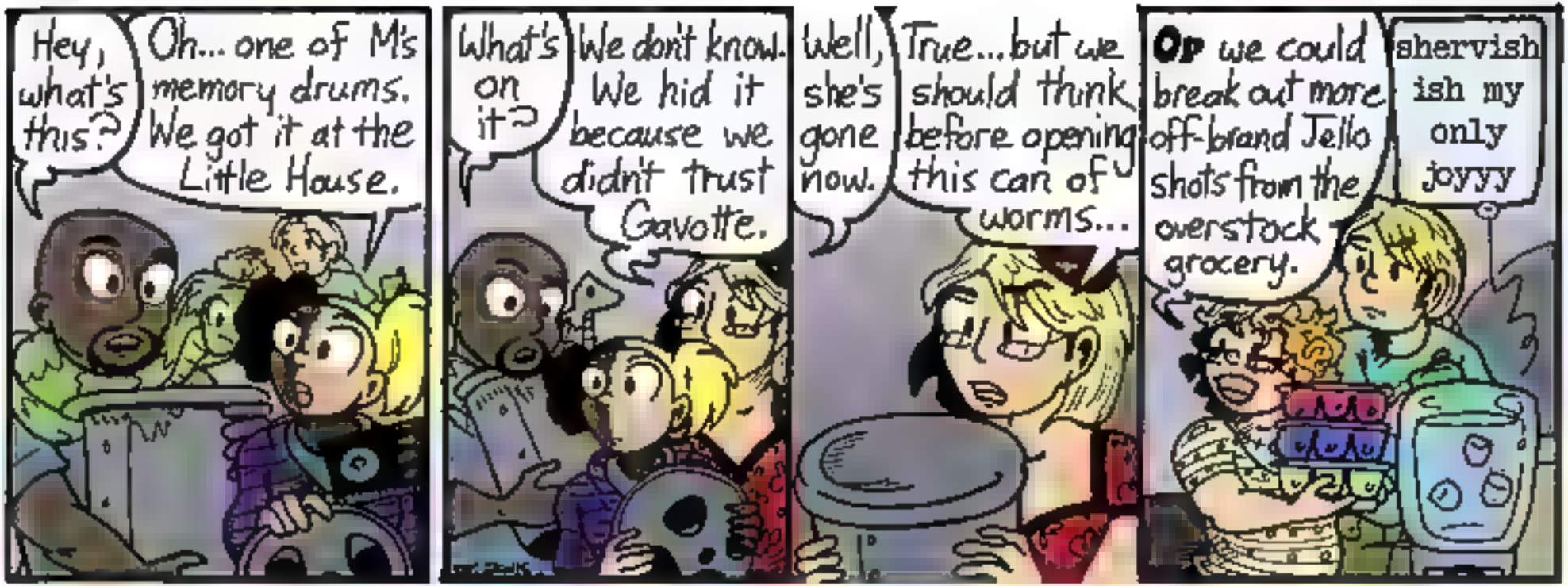











Hey, what's this?
Oh... one of M's memory drums. We got it at the Little House.
What's on it?
We don't know. We hid it because we didn't trust Gavotte.
Well, she's gone now.
True... but we should think before opening this can of worms...
Or we could break out more off-brand Jello shots from the overstock grocery.
shervish ish my only joyyy


London. May, 1851. The Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations.
A peaceful celebration of Science, Culture, & the Future.
Here was asked the great Question: Can Man live in harmony with the new children of Science?
Mechanical Chess Man
Dammit, Unity, you accidentally spilled Sriracha on my head!
Yes. Accidentally.
Down in front, Goldilocks!


Perhaps the Crystal Palace exhibition might have forged a bright future ..
SZZT.
...were it not for one man: Hadblood, Count Xines.
Ah, you're recording. Good; this moment belongs to the ages.
He was the greatest mechanical genius of the age, if not all time.
Again I've proven myself the greatest genius of the age, if not all time!
BEHOLD!
After all, he created me.
I've soldered you a moustache!
Smashing, sir.


The Master hated the Exhibition, its spirit of international co-operation.
Your purpose, my creation, is to destroy that detestable circus.
He made me the engine of his hate.
The Empire shall not suffer Papists, rough-handed Slavs, and other men of full beard!
Neither of us considered the backlash against my kind
Do you grasp in completeness your mission?
In my defense, I wasn't built for deep Thought.
I lost track after "destroy," Master.
Most important part anyway.

My rampage went swimmingly. Monocles shattered, morning coats soiled, spats irreparably scuffed.

But it succeeded only in turning the public against all artificial life.

AUTOMATON ATTACKS CRYSTAL PAL

MAN-KIND BETRAYED BY OWN CREATION

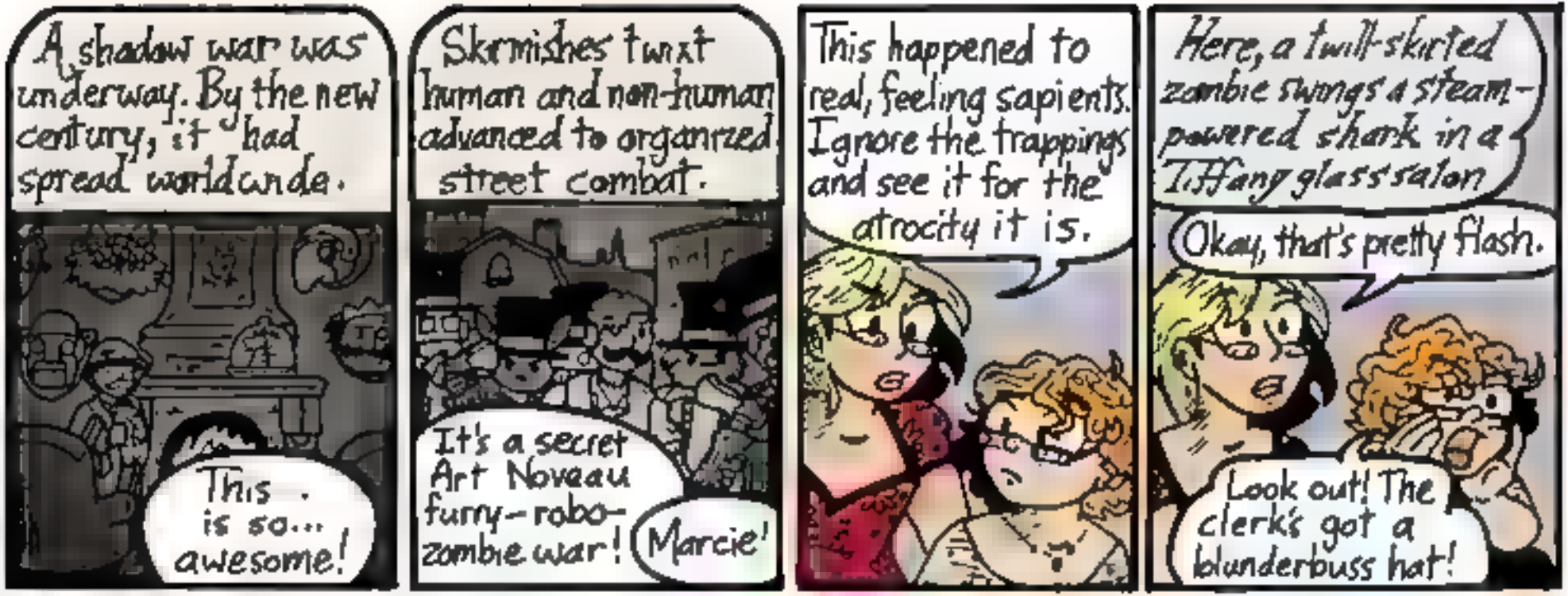
Moustache Declared Unconvincing

The response from the Crown was swift and harsh.

Sweet baby Christmas in July.

WE ARE WITNESSING THE BIRTH OF THE MAN!

Edicts called for "hassling" & "keeping one down."


A shadow war was underway. By the new century, it had spread worldwide.
This is so... awesome!
Skirmishes twixt human and non-human advanced to organized street combat.
It's a secret Art Noveau furry-robo-zombie war!
Marcie!
This happened to real, feeling sapients. Ignore the trappings and see it for the atrocity it is.
Here, a twilt-skirted zombie swings a steam-powered shark in a Tiffany glass salon
Okay, that's pretty flash.
Look out! The clerk's got a blunderbuss hat!




In America, some agitated for equality...
ZOMBIES ARE OUR BROTHERS
LONG LIVE
THE DEAD
WE ARE HUMANS WE MUST BE HUMAN
... and some found a niche in human society.
But the advent of the Great War sowed new fear.
STAMP OUT
THE KAISER'S BRUTES
Beast-men were first to be targeted...
omigosh.
I know! Does he eat his sausages or not?

Humanity won the conflict through sheer numbers, but the losses were great on both sides.



In clamping down on future Rebellion, the government took advantage of "Reality-Blindness," the human tendency to ignore the ineffable.



But should the creations of Science defy containment, the world may well face a new & more dire war.

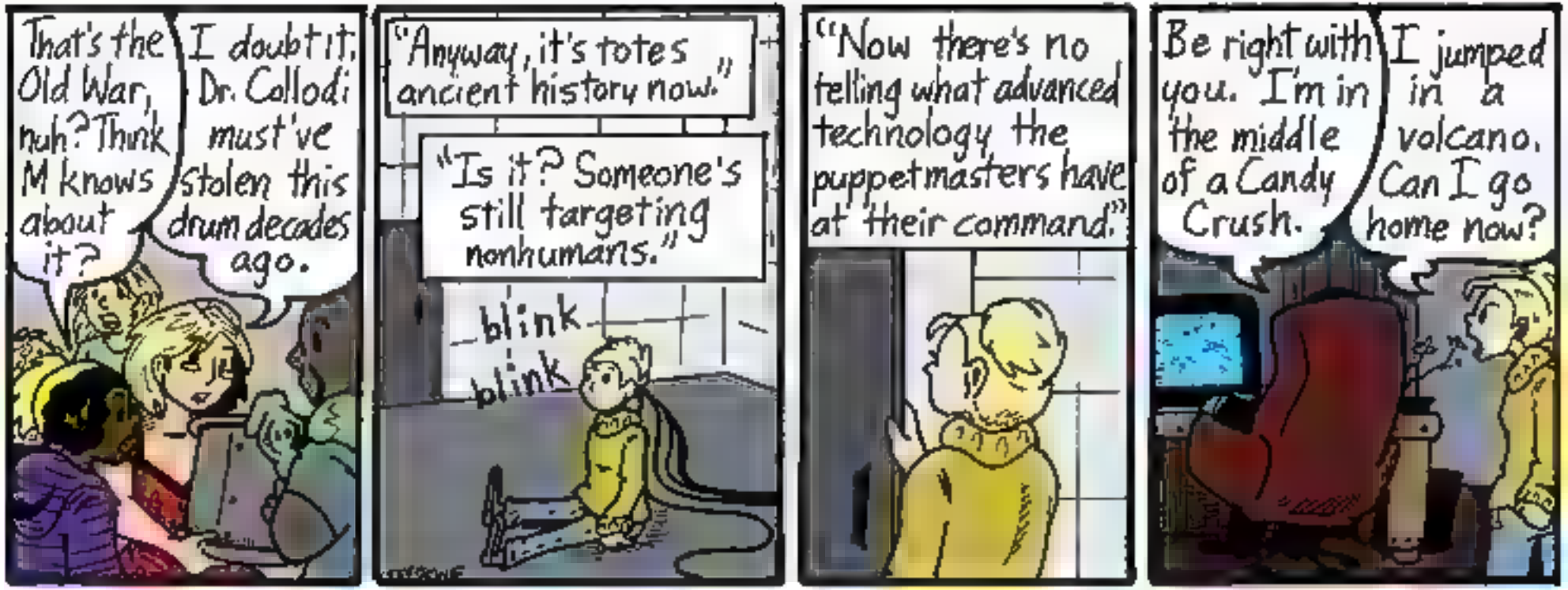


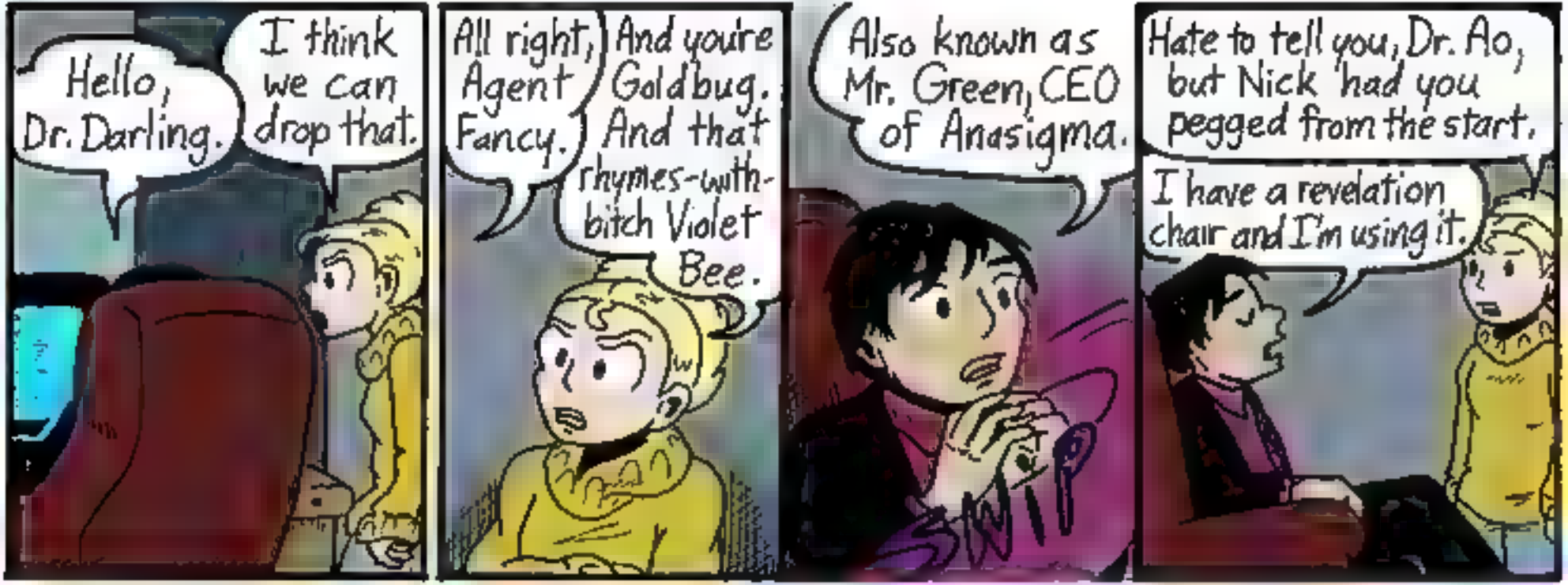
Well, that was a weirdly well-edited and narrated memory.

Yeah, you should see the ones he had colorized.

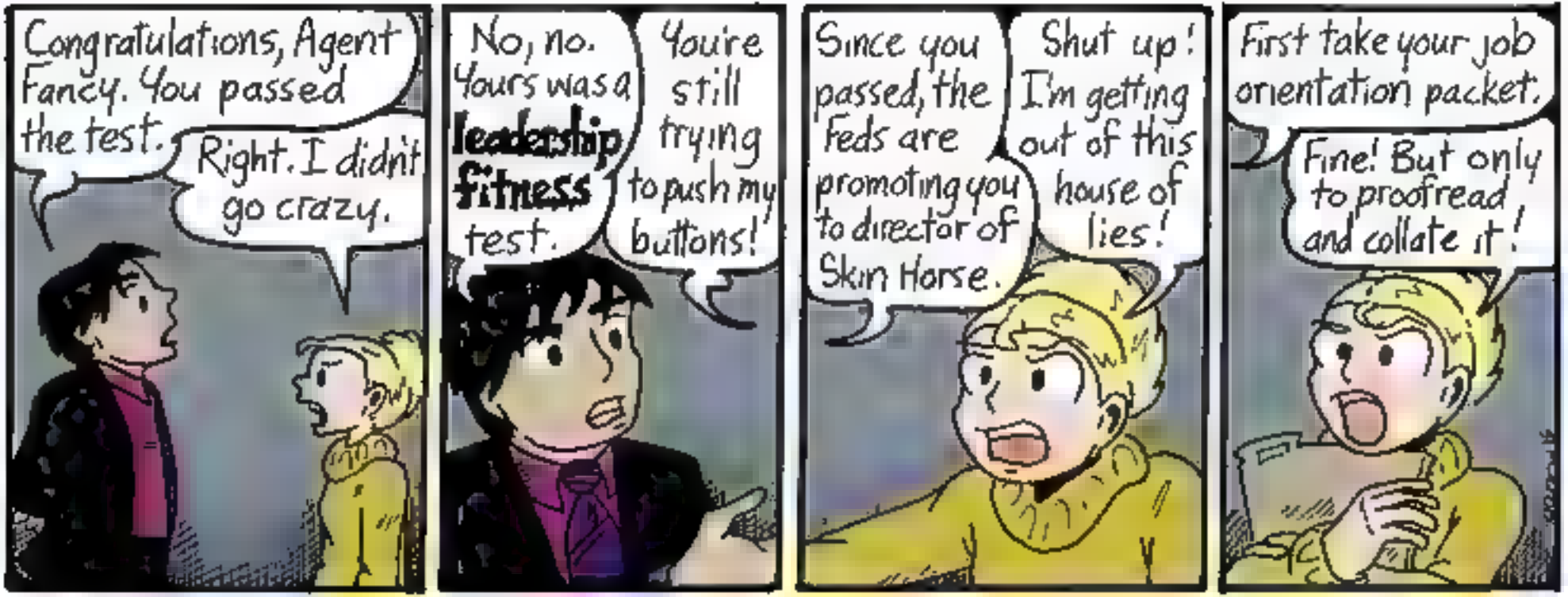


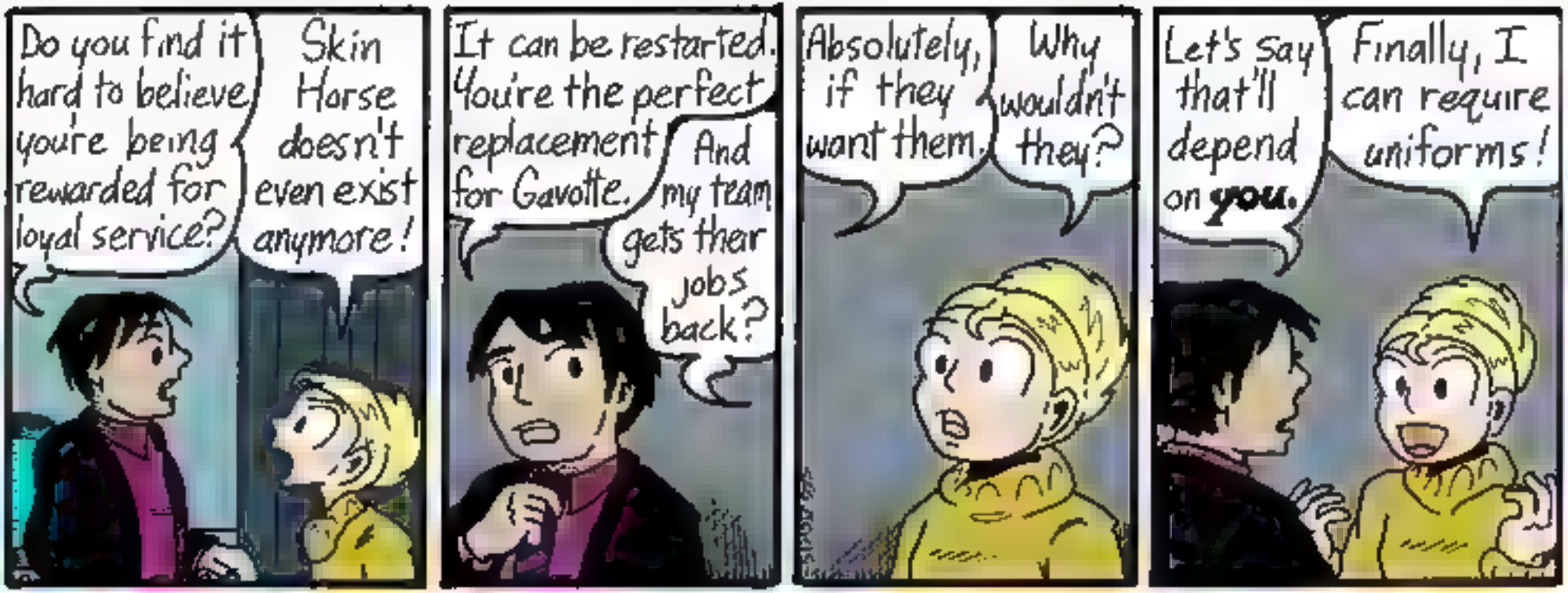
Special thanks to RKO for Sound...

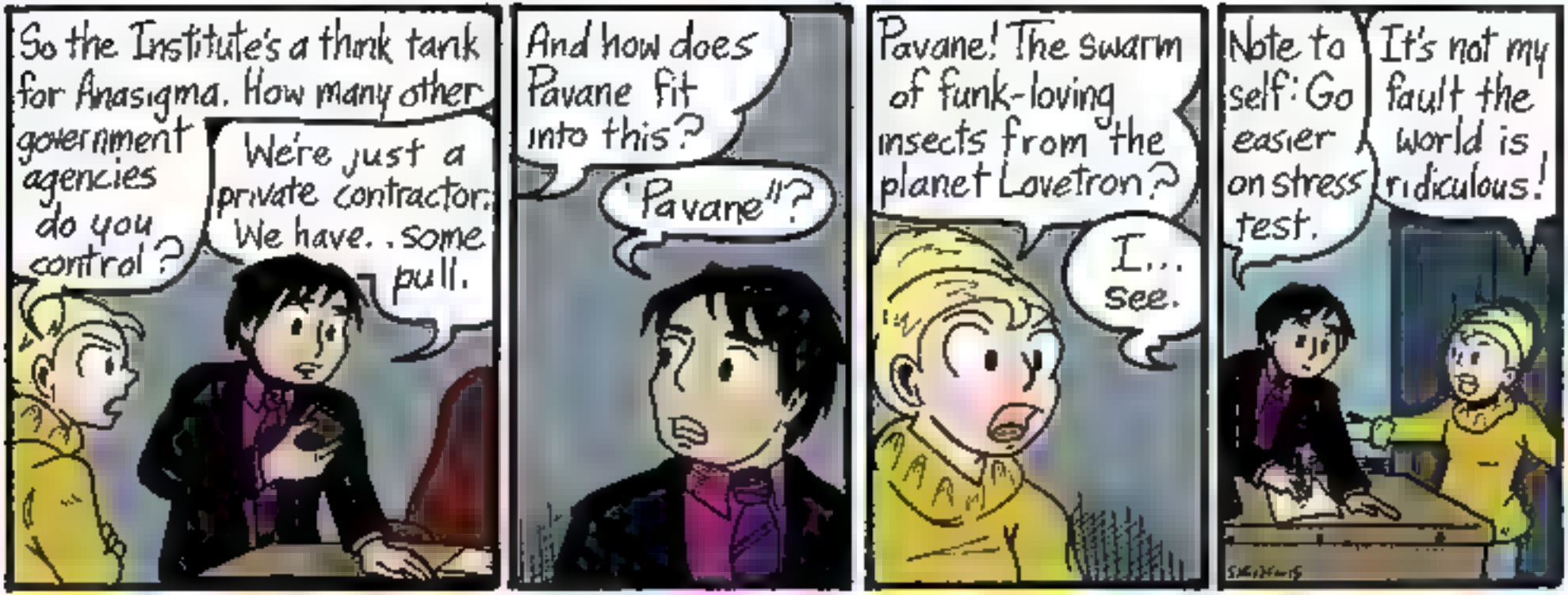

That's the Old War, huh? Think M knows about it?
I doubt it. Dr. Collodi must've stolen this drum decades ago.
"Anyway, it's totes ancient history now."
"Is it? Someone's still targeting nonhumans."
blink
blink
"Now there's no telling what advanced technology the puppetmasters have at their command."
Be right with you. I'm in the middle of a Candy Crush.
I jumped in a volcano. Can I go home now?

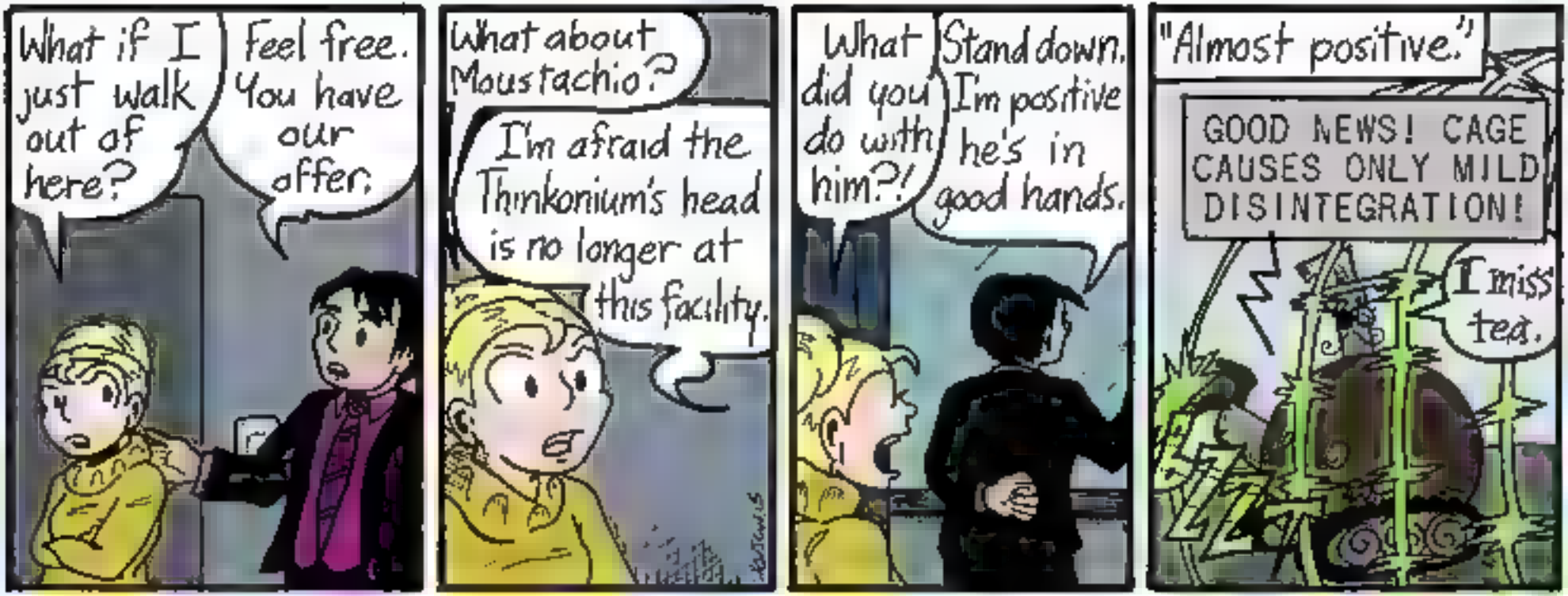

Hello, Dr. Darling.
I think we can drop that.
All right, Agent Fancy.
And you're Goldbug. And that rhymes-with-bitch Violet Bee.
Also known as Mr. Green, CEO of Anasigma.
SWIP
Hate to tell you, Dr. Ao, but Nick had you pegged from the start.
I have a revelation chair and I'm using it.

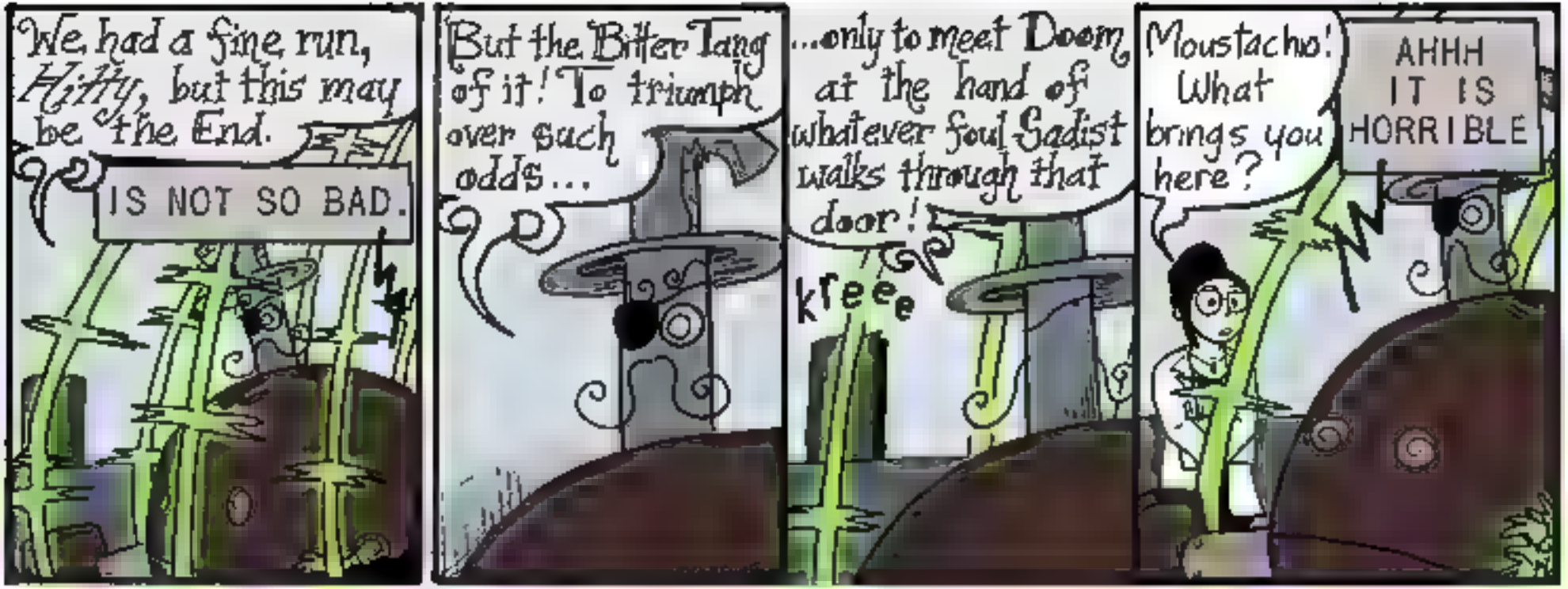

Is this place real?
That's my business. You come to my town, you wear my glasses.
You've jerked me around enough, don't you think?
Just the Institute's standard stress test.
Mad genius thrives on pressure and paranoia. We give creative people the tools to create for us.
You make mad geniuses madder?
See this snappy watch? The girl who designed it was a wreck!

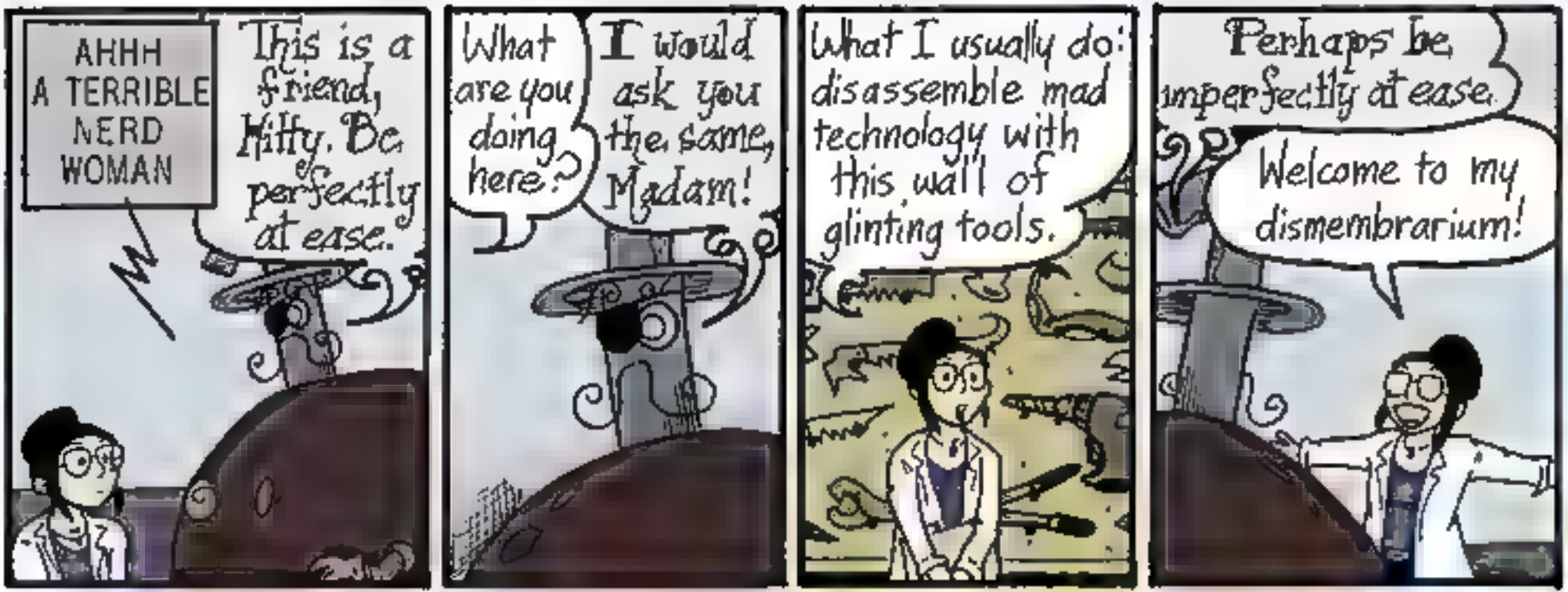

Congratulations, Agent Fancy. You passed the test.
Right. I didn't go crazy.
No, no. Yours was a leadership fitness test.
You're still trying to push my buttons!
Since you passed, the feds are promoting you to director of Skin Horse.
Shut up! I'm getting out of this house of lies!
First take your job orientation packet.
Fine! But only to proofread and collate it!


Do you find it hard to believe you're being rewarded for loyal service?
Skin Horse doesn't even exist anymore!
It can be restarted. Youire the perfect replacement for Gavotte.
And my team gets their jobs back?
Absolutely, if they want them.
Why wouldn't they?
Let's say that'll depend on you.
Finally, I can require uniforms!

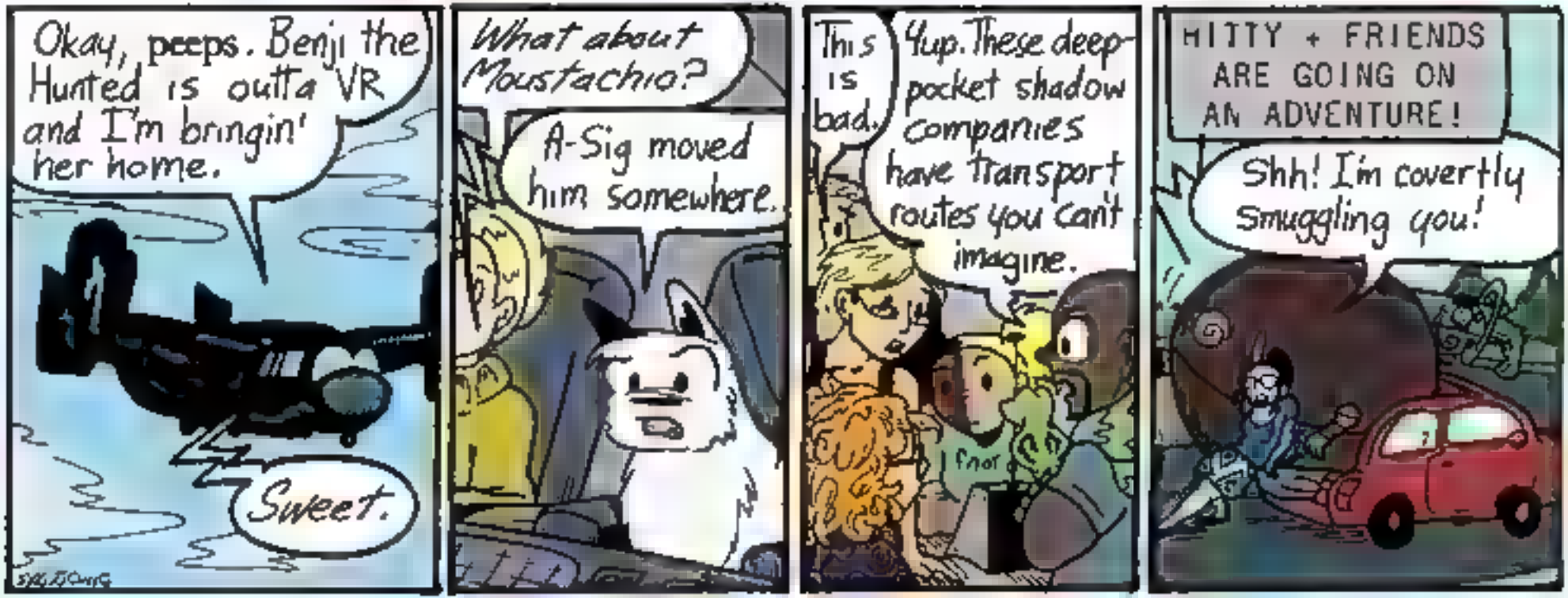

So the Institute's a think tank for Anasigma. How many other government agencies do you control?
We're just a private contractor. We have. . some pull.
And how does Pavane fit into this?
"Pavane"?
Pavane! The swarm of funk-loving insects from the planet Lovetron?
I... see.
Note to self: Go easier on stress test.
It's not my fault the world is ridiculous!

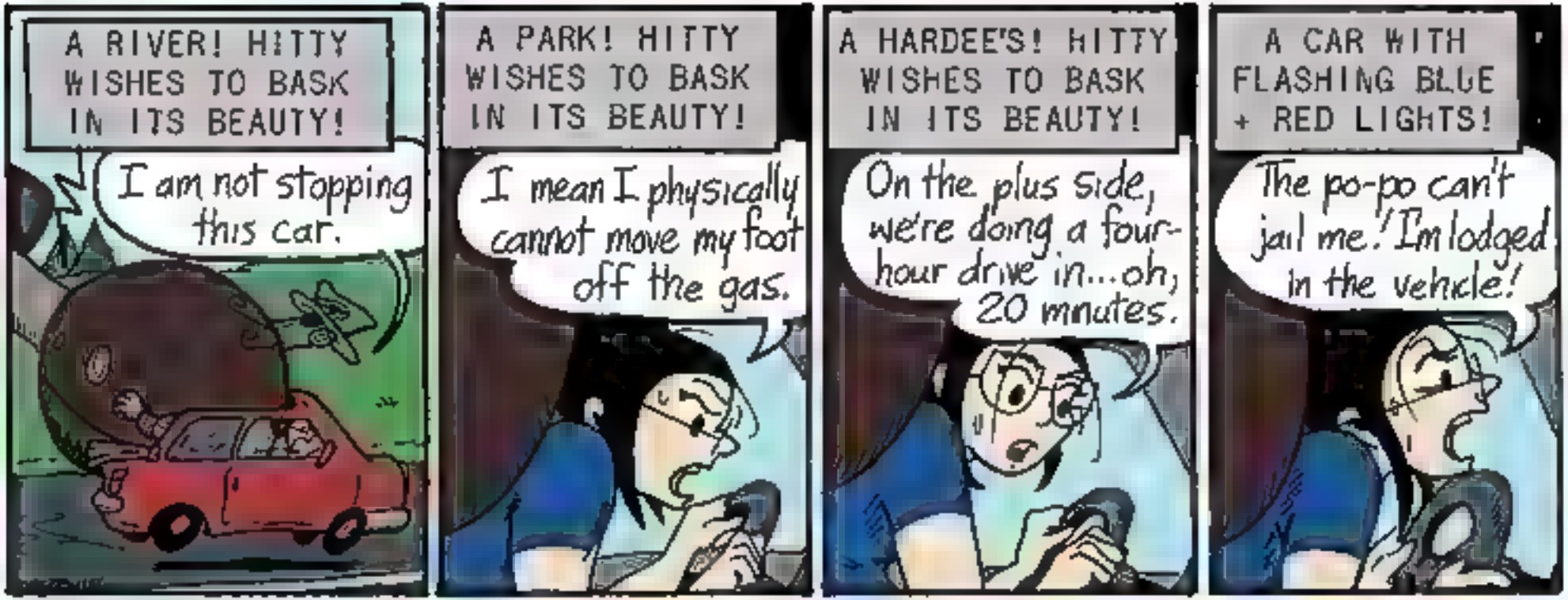

What if I just walk out of here?
Feel free. You have our offer.
What about Moustachio?
I'm afraid the Thinkonium's head is no longer at this facility.
What did you do with him?!
Stand down. I'm positive he's in good hands.
"Almost positive."
GOOD NEWS! CAGE CAUSES ONLY MILD DISINTEGRATION!
I miss tea.
ZZZT

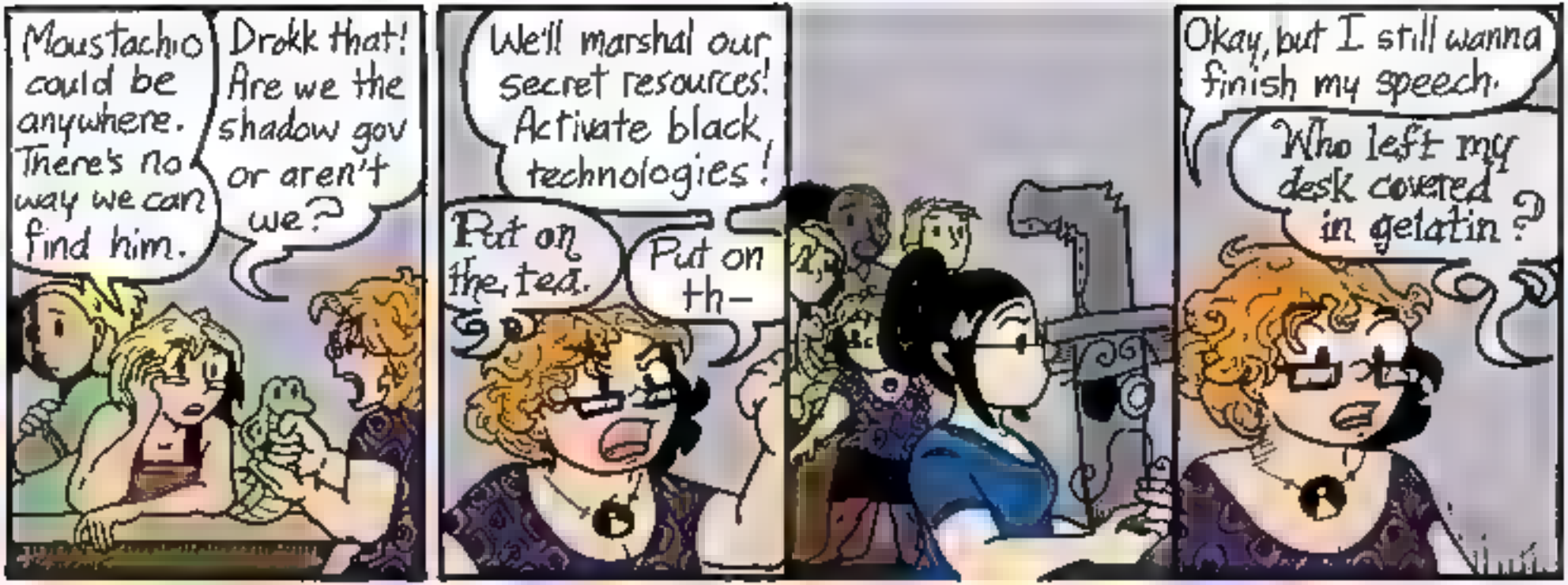

We had a fine run, Hiffy, but this may be the End.
IS NOT SO BAD.
But the Bitter Tang of it! To triumph over such odds...
...only to meet Doom at the hand of whatever foul Sadist walks through that door!
kreee
Moustacho! What brings you here?
AHHH IT IS HORRIBLE


AHHH A TERRIBLE NERD WOMAN
This is a friend, Kitty. Be perfectly at ease.
What are you doing here?
I would ask you the same, Madam!
What I usually do: disassemble mad technology with this wall of glinting tools.
Perhaps be imperfectly at ease.
Welcome to my dismembrarium!

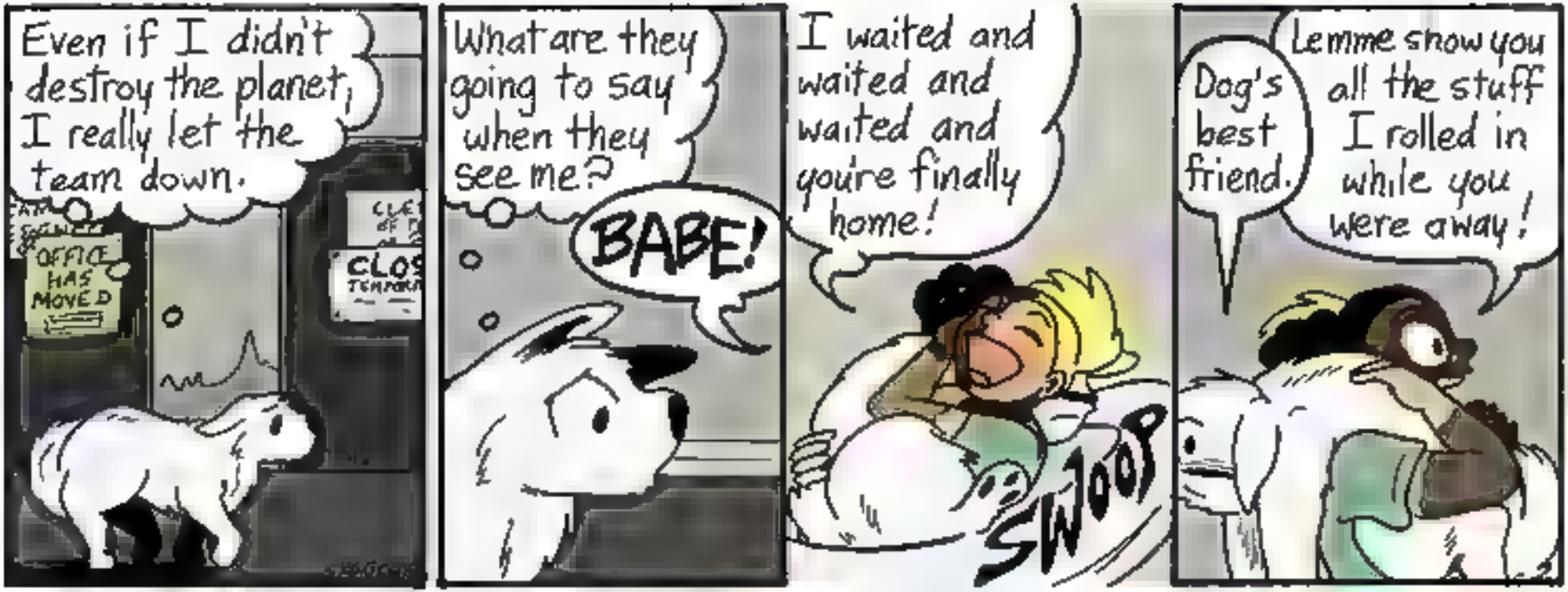

Forgive me, Madam, but that you dissemble, live. Robots is quite the shock.
What? No! You're the first active units Central's sent!
There must be some mistake ...
No mistake. The Institute exists to funnel weapons to Anasigma.
It's concern is not the Mad, but mad ideas. Madam, you are complicit in plans of mass destruction.
Hm. Wow.
HITTY WONDERS IF WE WAIT FOR MORE CONTRITION THAN "HM·WOW."
In my defense, I've done worse.

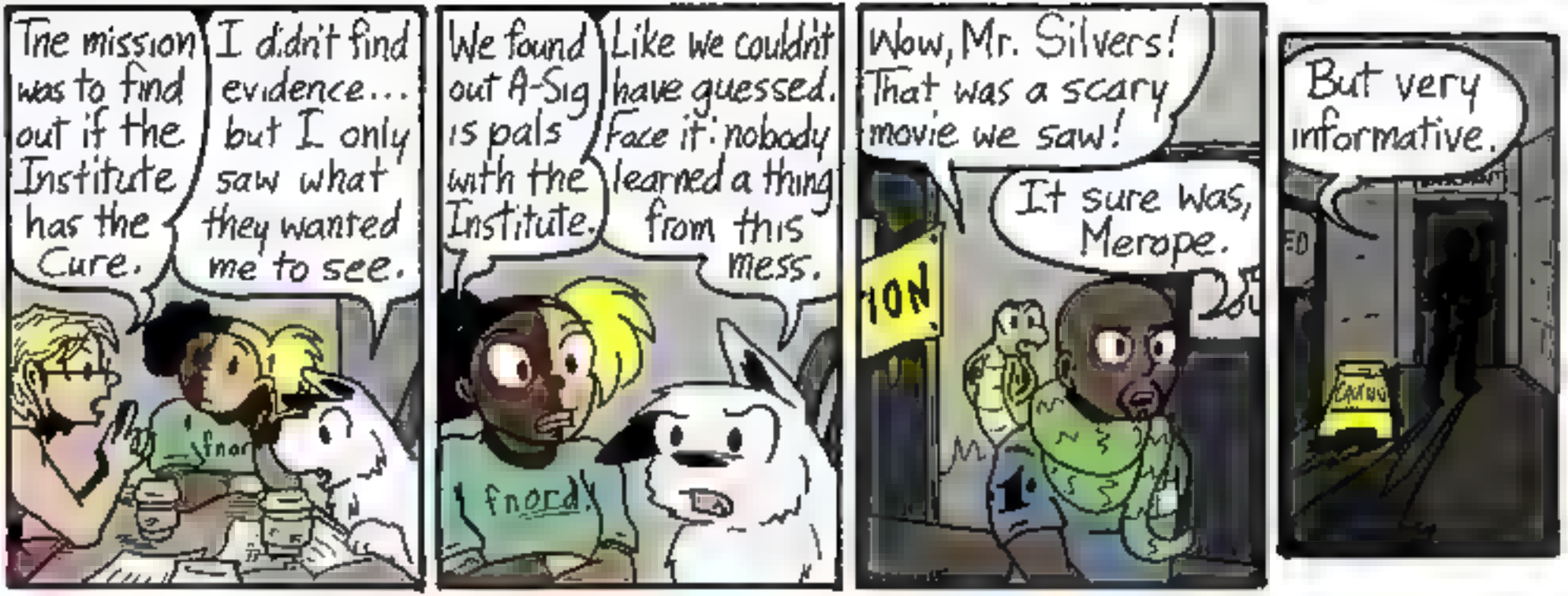

Okay, peeps. Benji the Hunted is outta VR and I'm bringin' her home.
Sweet.
What about Moustachio?
A-Sig moved him somewhere.
This is bad.
Yup. These deep-pocket shadow companies have transport routes you can't imagine.
fnor
HITTY + FRIENDS ARE GOING ON AN ADVENTURE!
Shh! I'm covertly smuggling you!


A RIVER! HITTY WISHES TO BASK IN ITS BEAUTY!
I am not stopping this car.
A PARK! HITTY WISHES TO BASK IN ITS BEAUTY!
I mean I physically cannot move my foot off the gas.
A HARDEE'S! HITTY WISHES TO BASK IN ITS BEAUTY!
On the plus side, we're doing a four-hour drive in...oh, 20 minutes.
A CAR WITH FLASHING BLUE + RED LIGHTS!
The po-po can't jail me! I'm lodged in the vehicle!


Moustachio could be anywhere. There's no way we can find him.
Drokk that! Are we the shadow gov or aren't we?
We'll marshal our secret resources! Activate black technologies!
Put on the, ted.
Put on th-
Okay, but I still wanna finish my speech.
Who left my desk covered in gelatin?

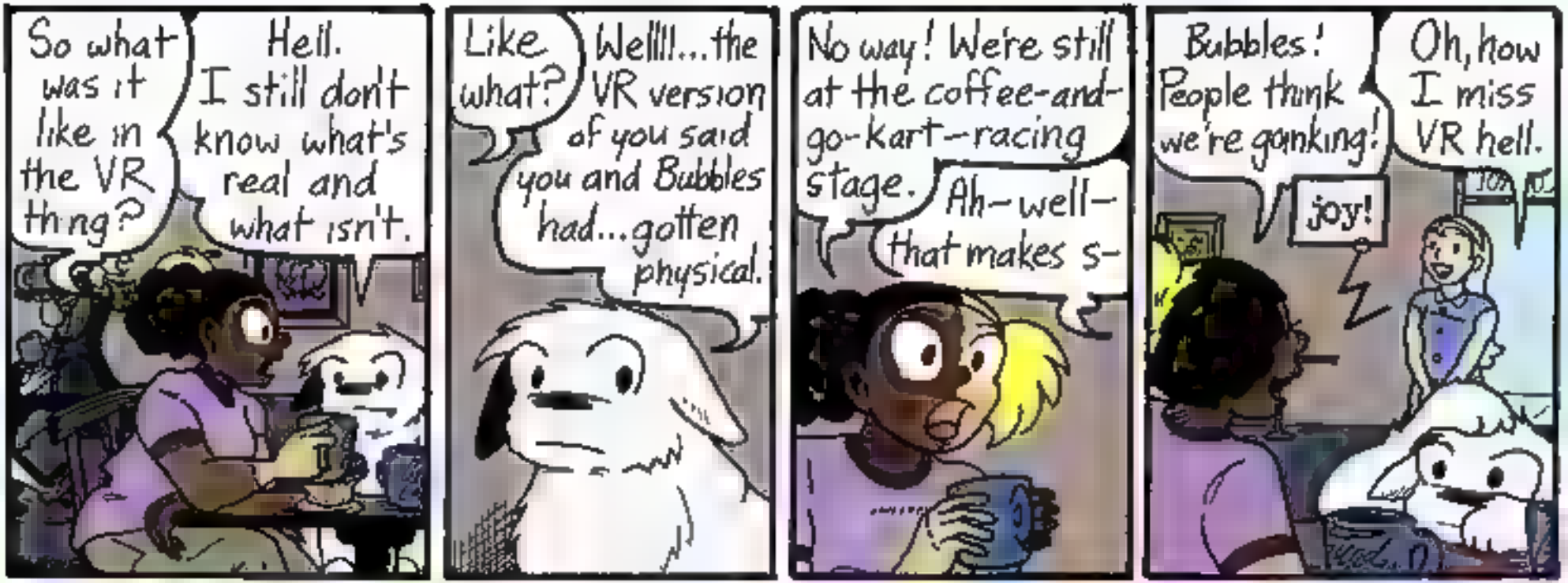

Ooh, I don't look forward to this debriefing.
You think you got troubles? I gotta explain to a buncha superhumans where I been AWOL.
I'm still so confused. What do I tell the team?
Same thing I'm gonna tell AG-I.
Which is?
"Ask yer mom," hitchhiker.
You're a heck of a life coach, Nick.
Then say you got her number in the can.

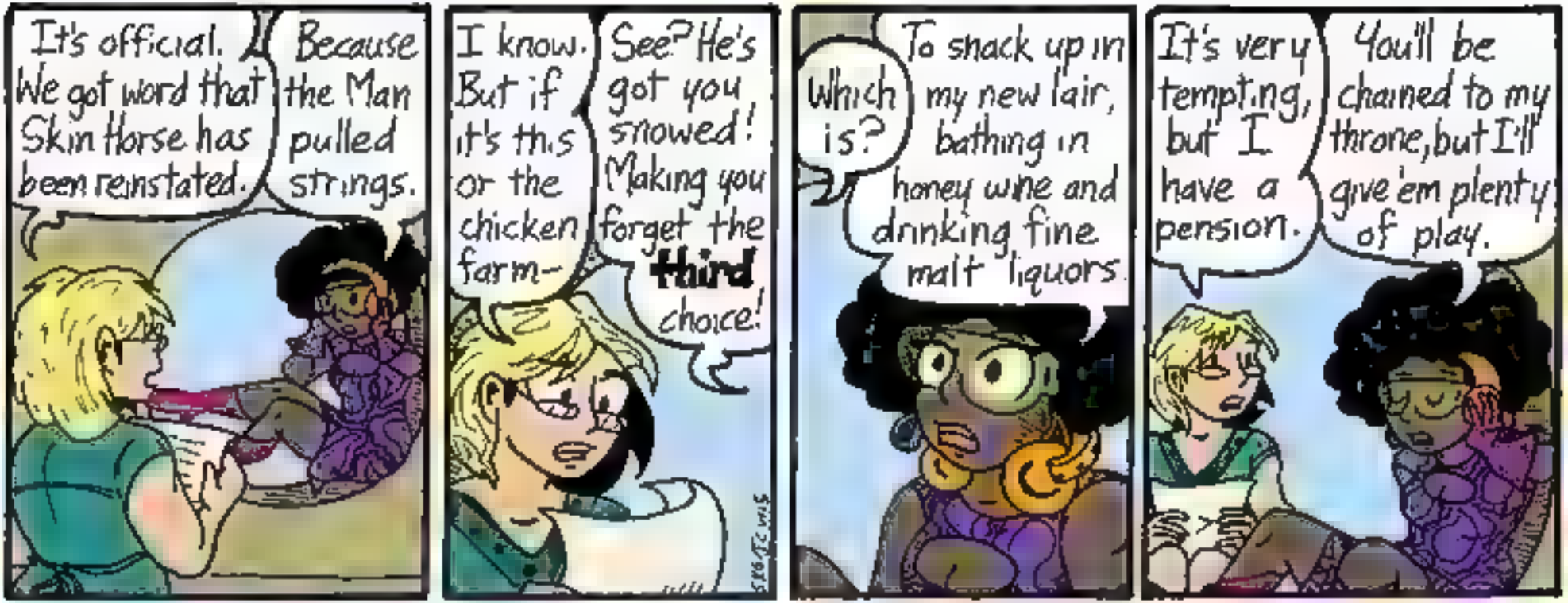

Even if I didn't destroy the planet, I really let the team down.
OFFICE HAS MOVED
What are they going to say when they see me?
BABE!
I waited and waited and waited and you're finally home!
SWOOP
Dog's best friend.
Lemme show you all the stuff I rolled in while you were away!

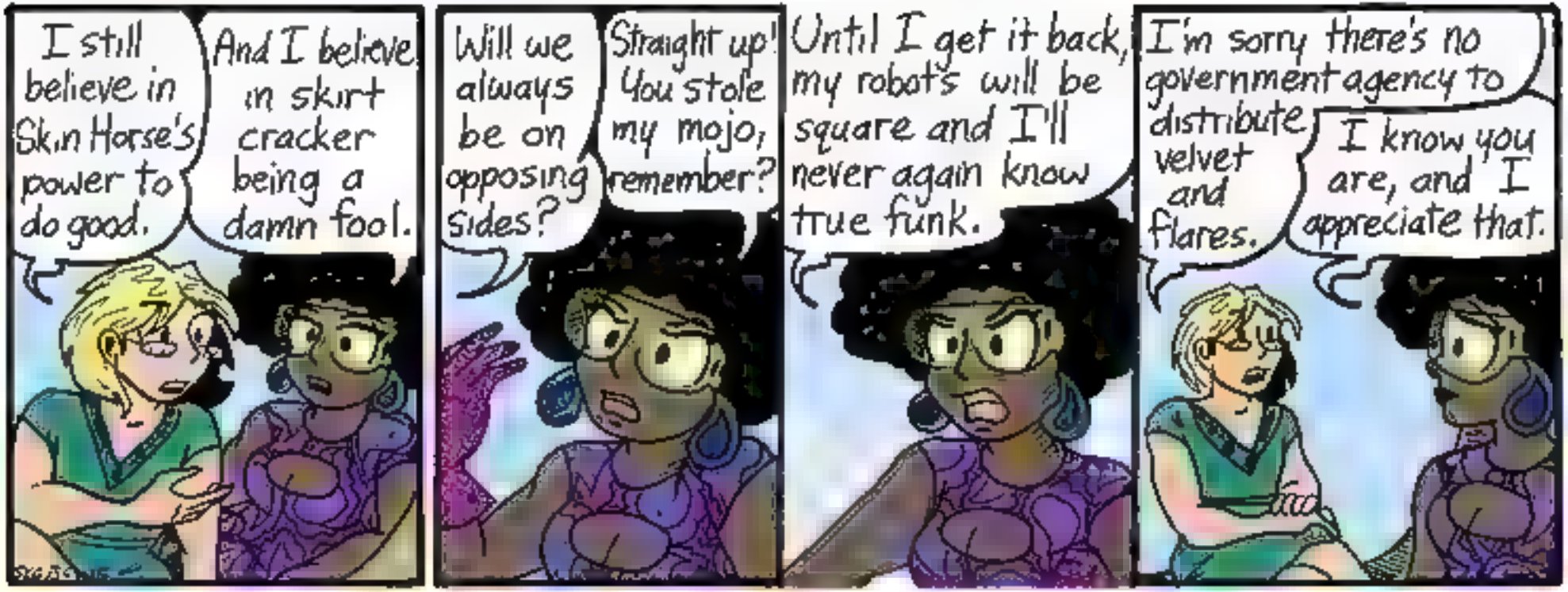

The mission was to find out if the Institute has the Cure.
I didn't find evidence... but I only saw what they wanted me to see.
fnar
We found out A-Sig is pals with the Institute.
Like we couldn't have guessed. Face it: nobody learned a thing from this mess.
fnord!
Wow, Mr. Silvers! That was a scary movie we saw!
It sure was, Merope.
ION
But very informative.

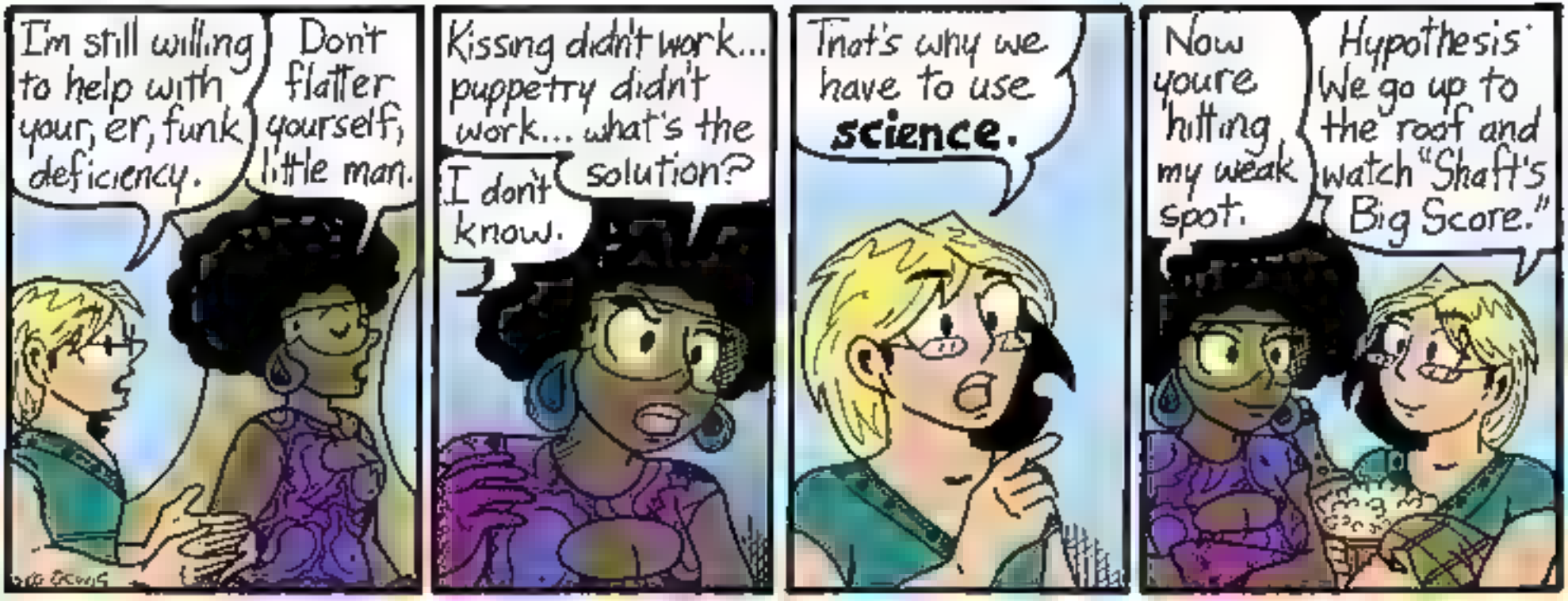

Tigerlily, we need to talk about the Institute—
I got nothing to talk to you about.
You had one job in there, snack cake. Find out about the Cure. And you blew it.
Oh, and now you're in tight with the Man. Solid bogue.
For not having anything to talk about, you sure talk a lot.
This isn't talking. It's representing.


Fine, I failed. I have to tell you what went on in there!
Tell it to Tellbot here, 'cause Tigerlily's not listening.
The VR stream got nacked by someone claiming to be from Planet Lovetron.
Not listening!
That's the place you talk about, right? You might not be crazy!
I know. Catch you on the flip-flop, Cool Whip.
I'm listening.
Not the time, Tellbot.

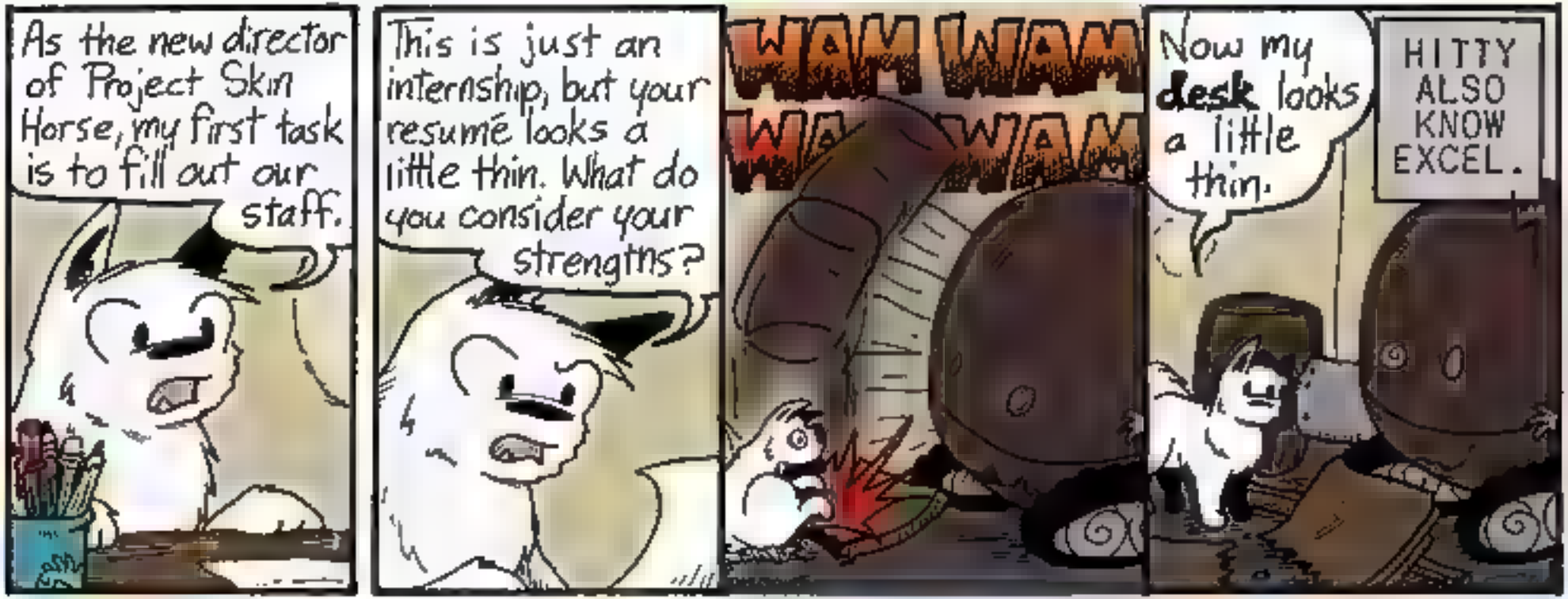

So what was it like in the VR thing?
Hell. I still don't know what's real and what isn't.
Like what?
Welllll... the VR version of you said you and Bubbles had... gotten physical.
No way! We're still at the coffee-and-go-kart-racing stage.
Ah-well-that makes s-
Bubbles! People think we're ganking!
joy!
Oh, how I miss VR hell.

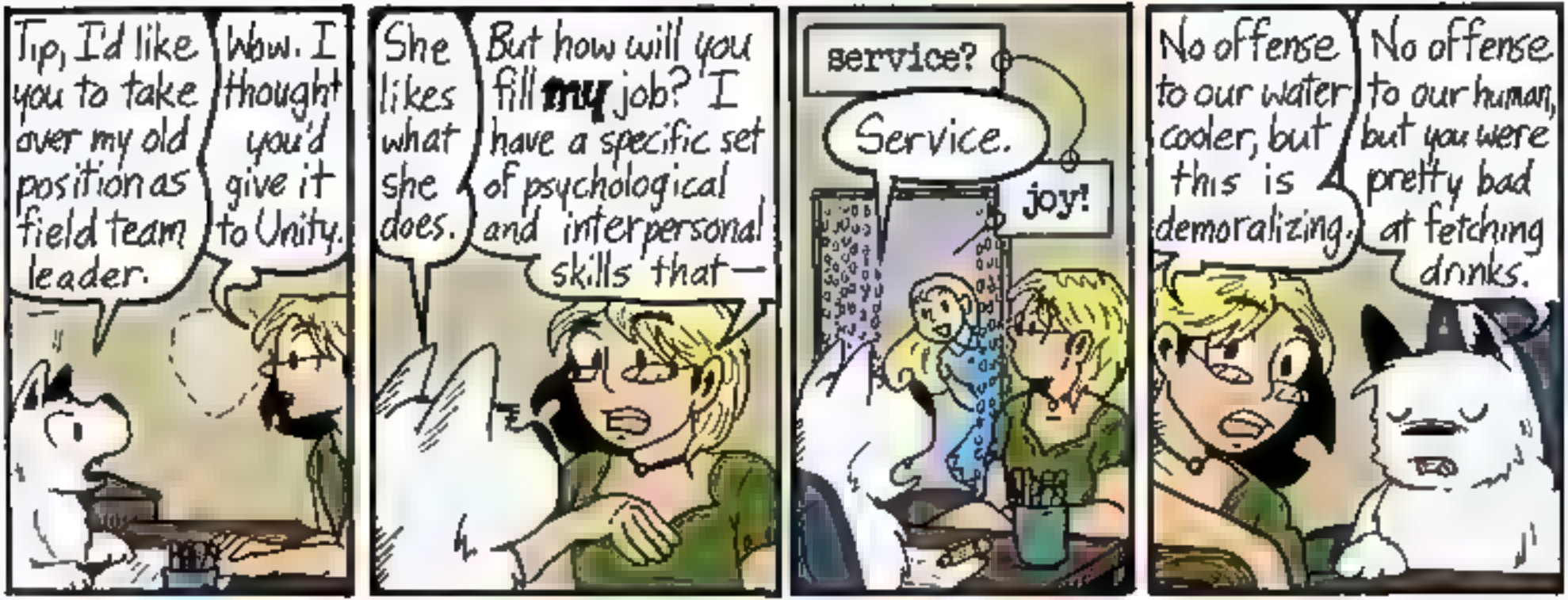

It's official. We got word that Skin Horse has been reinstated.
Because the Man pulled strings.
I know. But if it's this or the chicken farm-
See? He's got you snowed! Making you forget the third choice!
Which is?
To shack up in my new lair, bathing in honey wine and drinking fine malt liquors.
It's very tempting, but I have a pension.
You'll be chained to my throne, but I'll give 'em plenty of play.

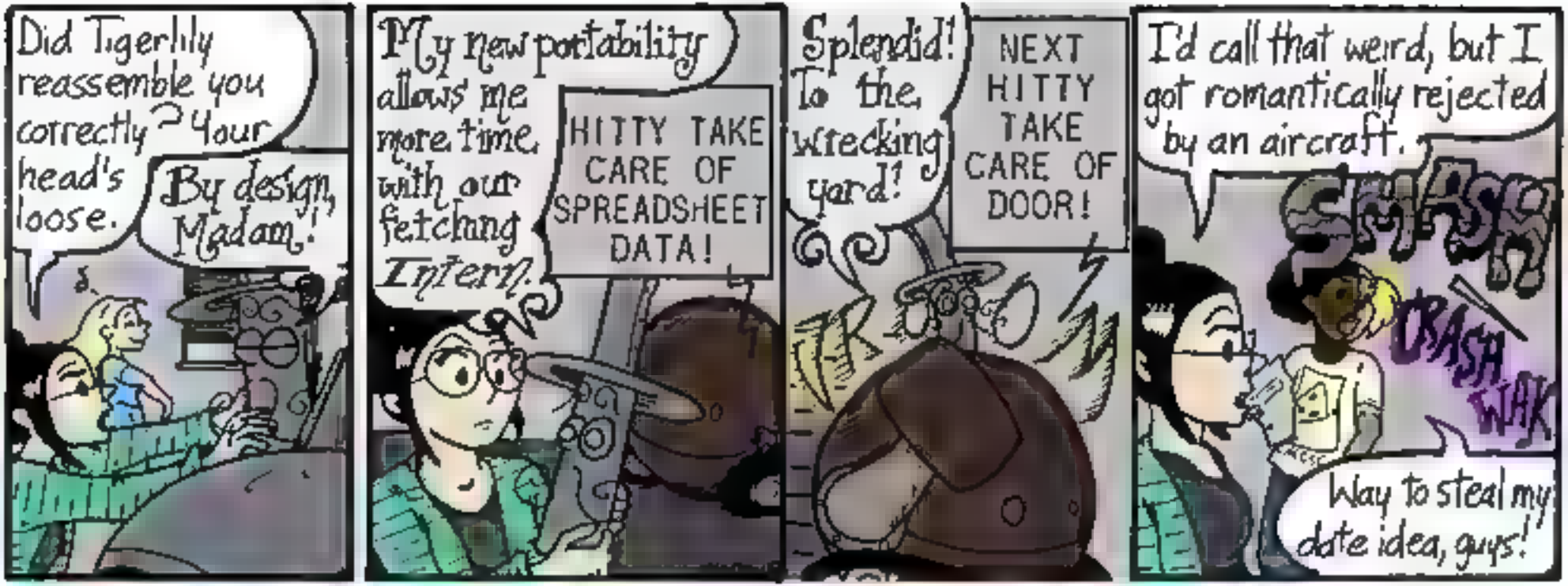

I still believe in Skin Horse's power to do good.
And I believe in skirt cracker being a damn fool.
Will we always be on opposing sides?
Straight up! You stole my mojo, remember?
Until I get it back, my robots will be square and I'll never again know true funk.
I'm sorry there's no government agency to distribute velvet and flares.
I know you are, and I appreciate that.

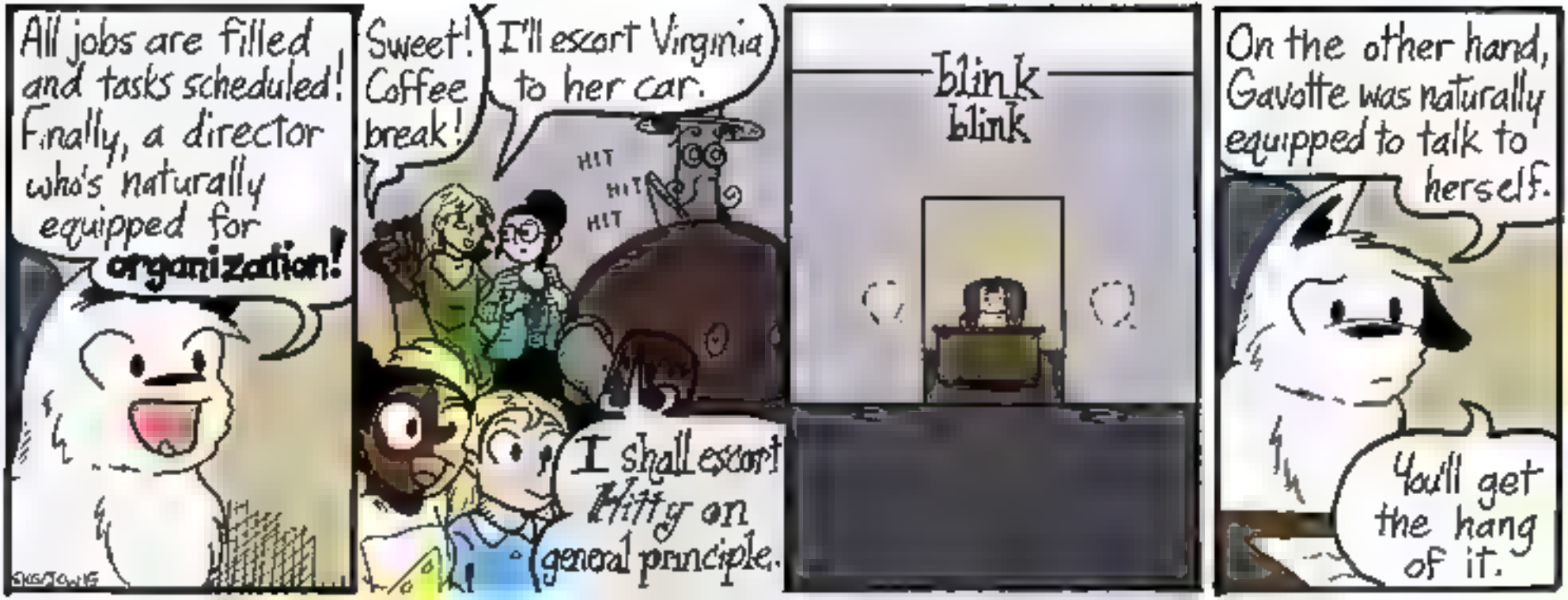

I'm still willing to help with your, er, funk deficiency.
Don't flatter yourself, little man.
Kissing didn't work... puppetry didn't work... what's the solution?
I don't know.
That's why we have to use science.
Now you're hitting my weak spot.
Hypothesis: We go up to the roof and watch "Shaft's Big Score."

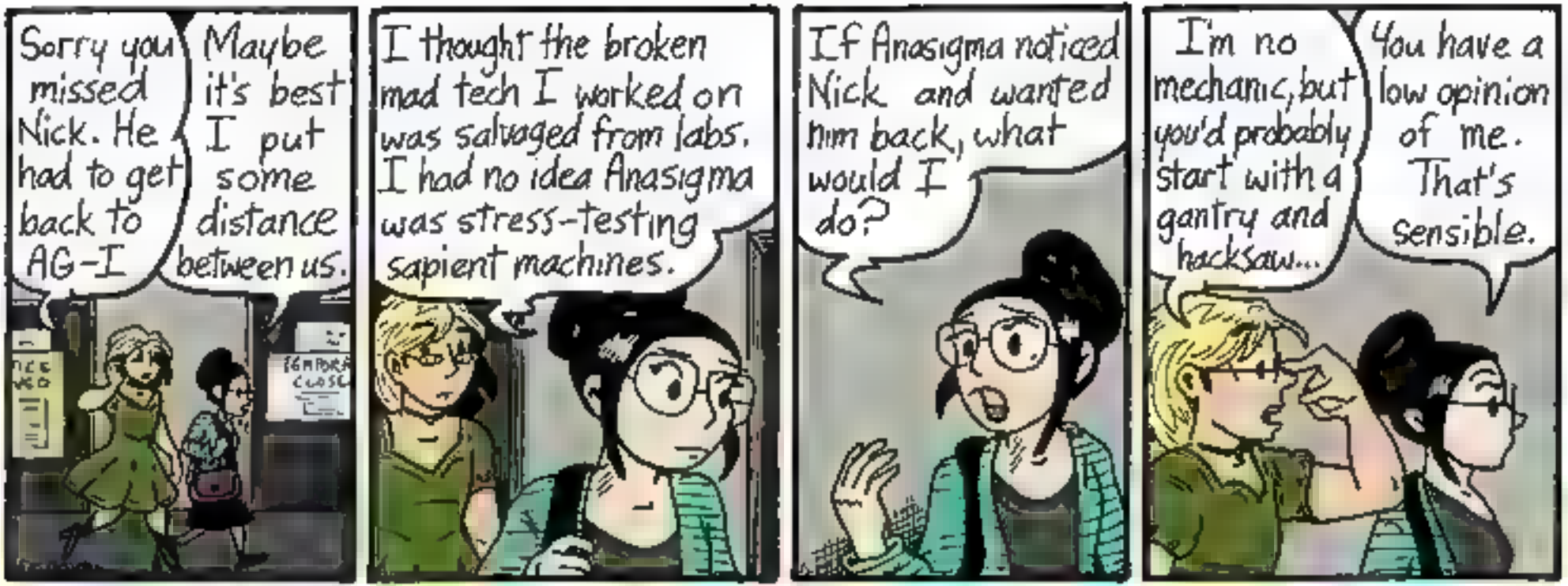

Hello and welcome to Reader Mail, wherein our Patreon backers submit questions!
You're just doing this to get out of coming up with Sunday stuff.
awful good
Correct! Our inaugural question comes from James Bevan: "My question is for Tip and Tigerlily. Have either of them thought about shaving their head?"
Good lord, what?
My full support to those who go down Fury Road, but this hair represents years of cultivation, feeding, and the occasional controlled burn.
It's like the gardens of Schönbrunn - that is, something that should be protected by international convention.
I've thought of it.
Really?
Sure, I've thought about shaving your head.
Wh-
TACKLE!
bzzz bzzz
ch-chok
bzzz
Out of sight!
pok
I don't like this feature.

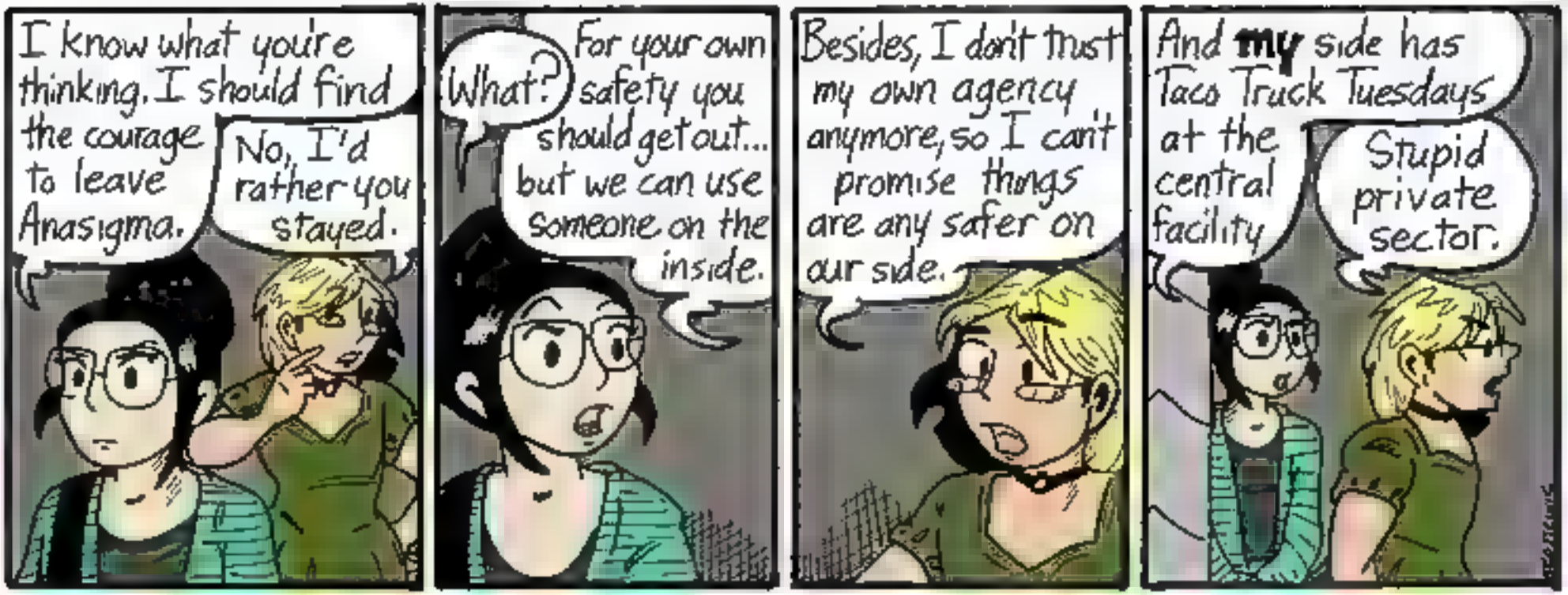

As the new director of Project Skin Horse, my first task is to fill out our staff.
This is just an internship, but your resumé looks a little thin. What do you consider your strengths?
WAM WAM
WA WAM
Now my desk looks a little thin.
HITTY ALSO KNOW EXCEL.

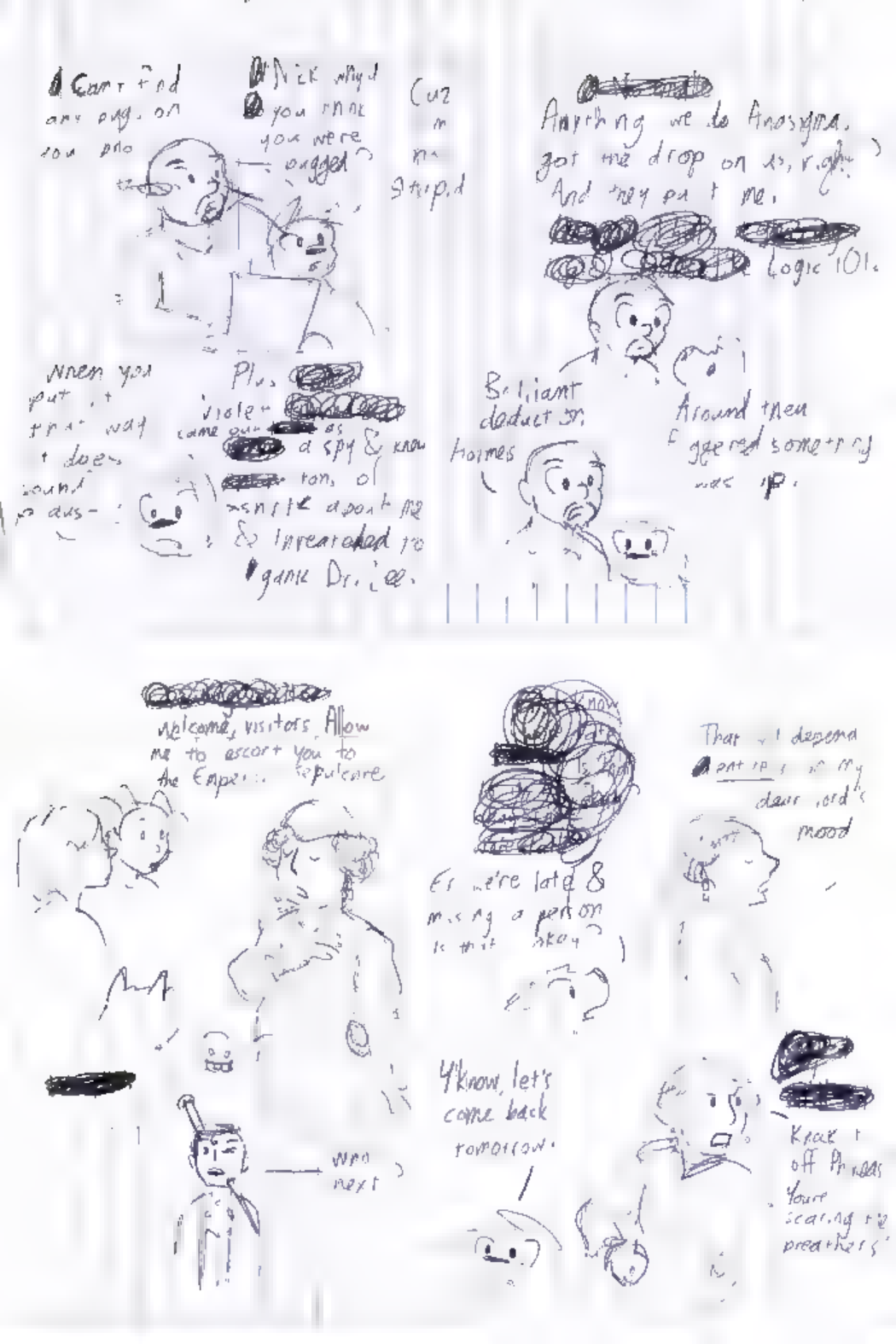

Tip, I'd like you to take over my old position as field team leader.
Wow. I thought you'd give it to Unity.
She likes what she does.
But how will you fill my job? I have a specific set of psychological and interpersonal skills that—
service?
Service.
joy!
No offense to our water cooler, but this is demoralizing.
No offense to our human, but you were pretty bad at fetching drinks.

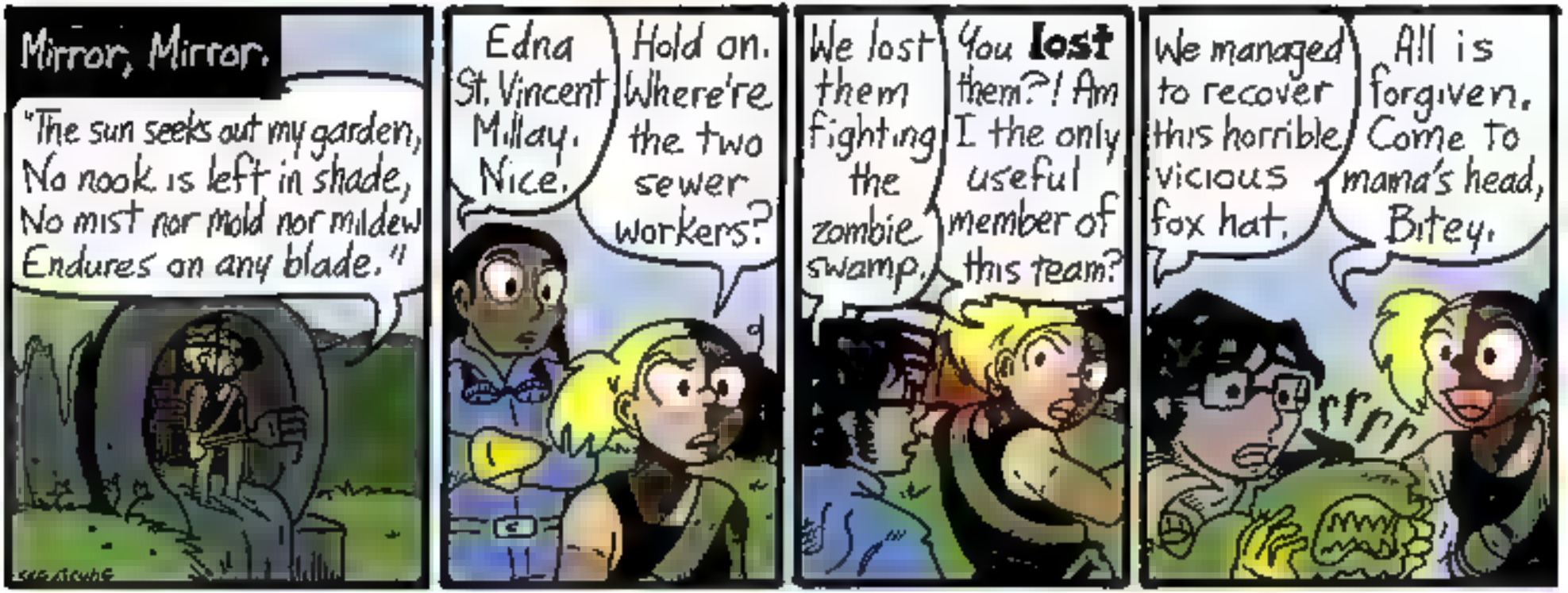

Did Tigerlily reassemble you correctly? Your head's loose.
By design, Madam!
My new portability allows me more time with our fetching Intern.
HITTY TAKE CARE OF SPREADSHEET DATA!
Splendid! To the wrecking yard!
NEXT HITTY TAKE CARE OF DOOR!
I'd call that weird, but I got romantically rejected by an aircraft.
SMASH
CRASH
WAK
Way to steal my date idea, guys!


All jobs are filled and tasks scheduled! Finally, a director who's naturally equipped for organization!
Sweet! Coffee break!
I'll escort Virginia to her car.
HIT
HIT
HIT
I shall escort Hitty on general principle.
blink
blink
On the other hand, Gavotte was naturally equipped to talk to herself.
You'll get the hang of it.


Sorry you missed Nick. He had to get back to AG-I
Maybe it's best I put some distance between us.
I thought the broken mad tech I worked on was salvaged from labs. I had no idea Anasigma was stress-testing sapient machines.
If Anasigma noticed Nick and wanted him back, what would I do?
I'm no mechanic, but you'd probably start with a gantry and hacksaw...
You have a low opinion of me.
That's sensible.


I know what you're thinking. I should find the courage to leave Anasigma.
No, I'd rather you stayed.
What?
For your own safety you should get out... but we can use someone on the inside.
Besides, I don't trust my own agency anymore, so I can't promise things are any safer on our side.
And my side has Taco Truck Tuesdays at the central facility
Stupid private sector.

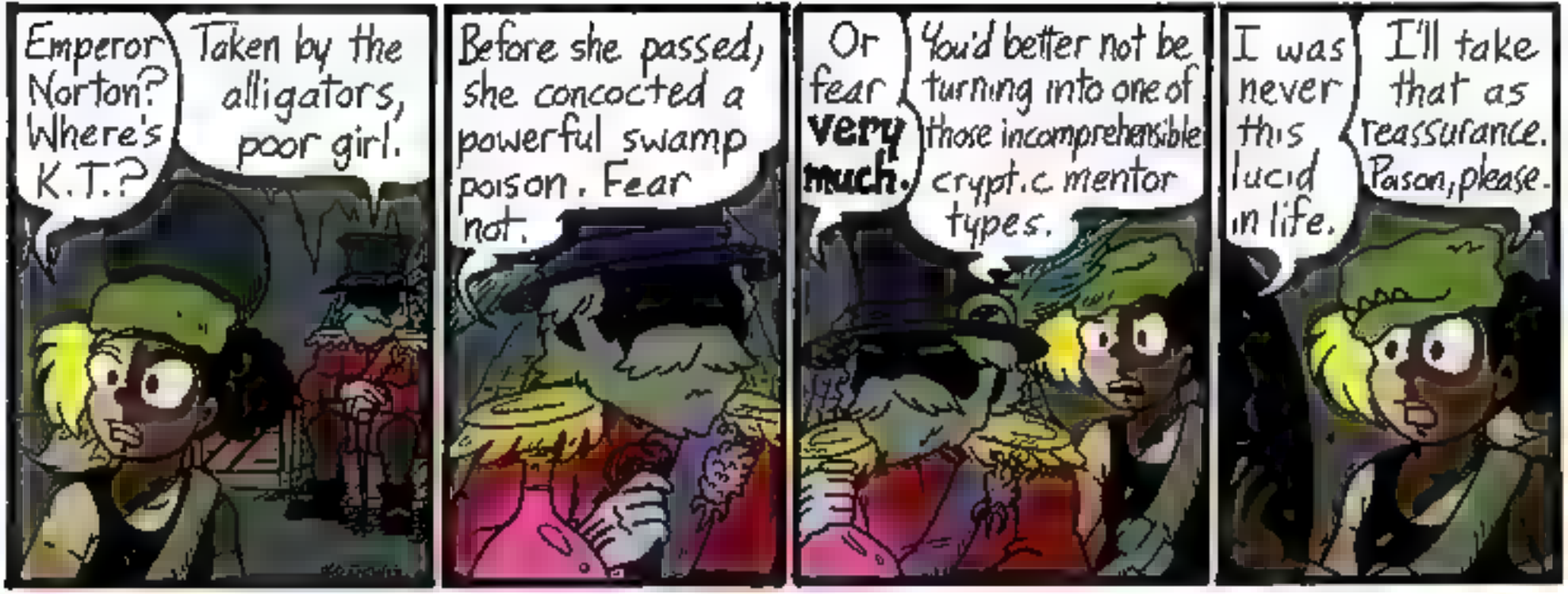

Can't find any evidence on you who
Nick why'd you make you were engaged
Cuz I'm not stupid
Anything we do Anastasia, got the drop on us, right? And they put it me.
Logic 101.
When you put it that way it does sound so dis-
Plus violet came out as a spy & know tons of secrets about me & interested to game Dr. Lee.
Brilliant deduction Mr. Holmes
Around then I figured something was up.
Welcome, visitors. Allow me to escort you to the Emperor. Sepulcare
Er we're late & missing a person is that okay
That depends on my dear lord's mood
Y'know, let's come back tomorrow.
Knock it off Princess You're scaring the preakers
Who next

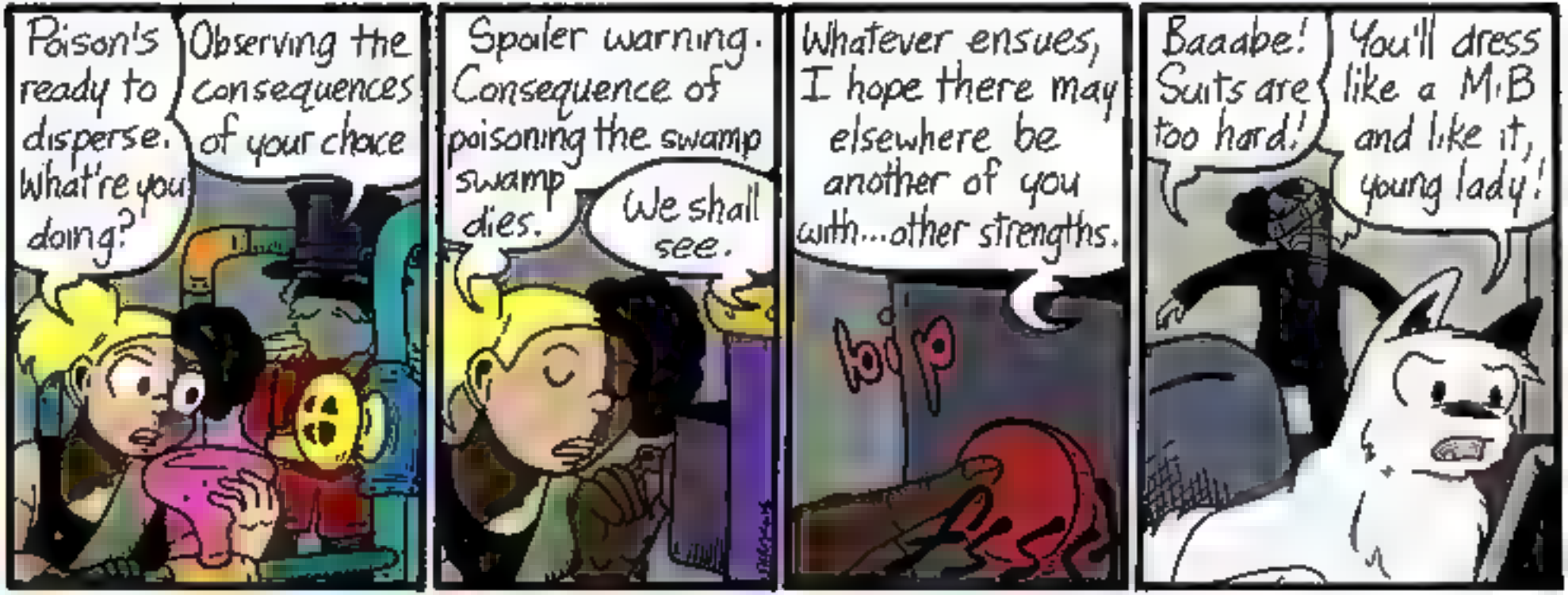

Mirror, Mirror.
"The sun seeks out my garden,
No nook is left in shade,
No mist nor mold nor mildew
Endures on any blade."
Edna St. Vincent Millay. Nice.
Hold on. Where're the two sewer workers?
We lost them fighting the zombie swamp.
You lost them?! Am I the only useful member of this team?
We managed to recover this horrible vicious fox hat.
All is forgiven. Come to mama's head, Bitey.
rrrr


Well, this is it. Back into the Colma sewers, low on brains and herbicide.
All to eradicate a fellow undead-American.
What happened to assisting nonhumans? Does Skin Horse make sense anymore? Did it ever?
gnyar gnyar gnyar
Yes, good. Bite painfully for "yes" and super-painfully for "no."

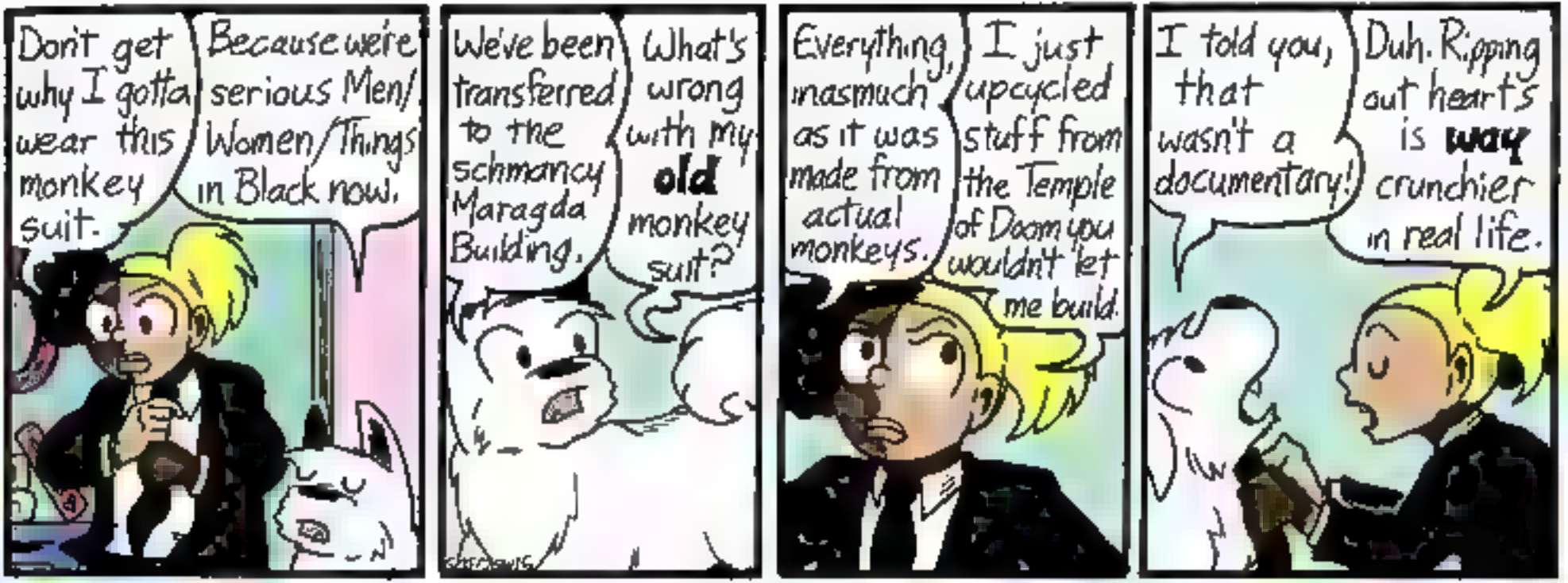

Ugh...runn.ng out of brains. Better leave myself a text.
Un'ty, this is important. You need to poison the swamp core, ergo you need K.T.'s kn
loup
Forget it.
I can't trust stupid me to handle this. But where am I going to find more brains down here?
Thank God, a friendly face!
I'm sm.ling, if that's what you mean.
splish

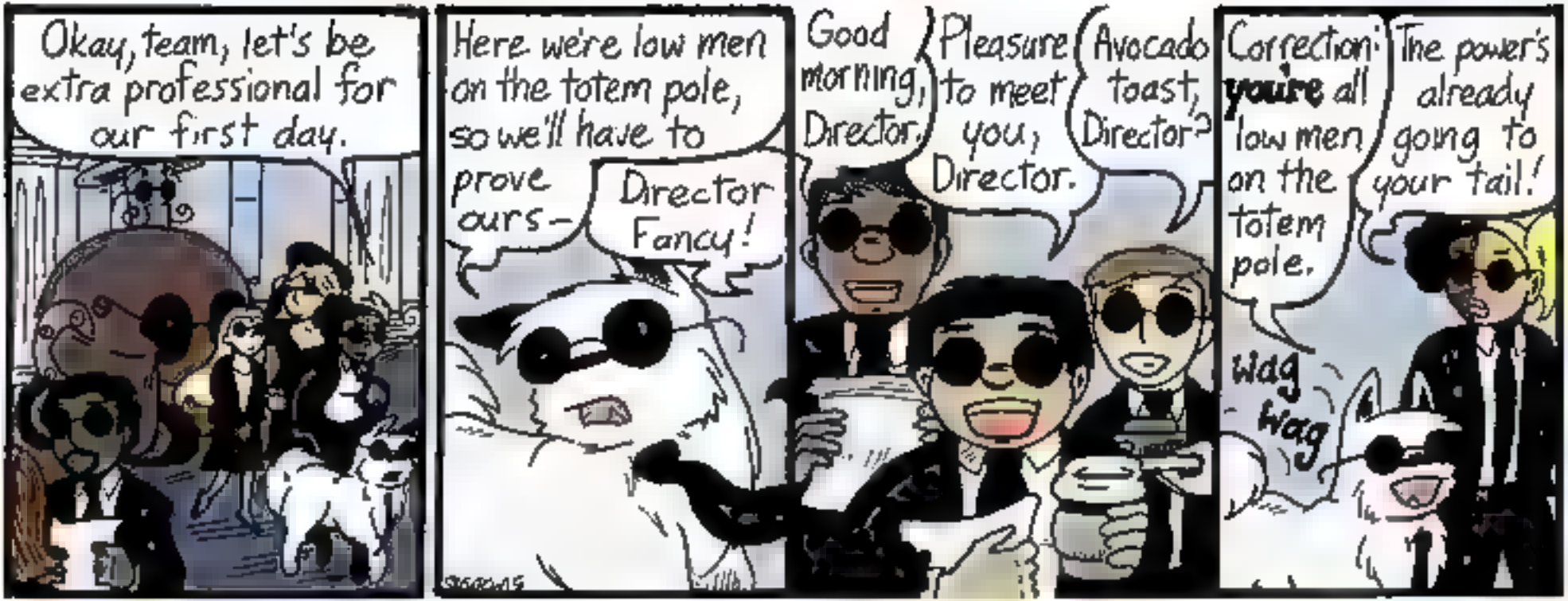

You're from the Fed team! Sorry for being curt before—
Forget it. I need you for the mission.
nar nar
That's very understanding of you.
I'm just relieved you're alive.
As you know, freshness is essential to California cuisine.
Wait, wh—
CRUNCH
Ew. He ate cilantro.

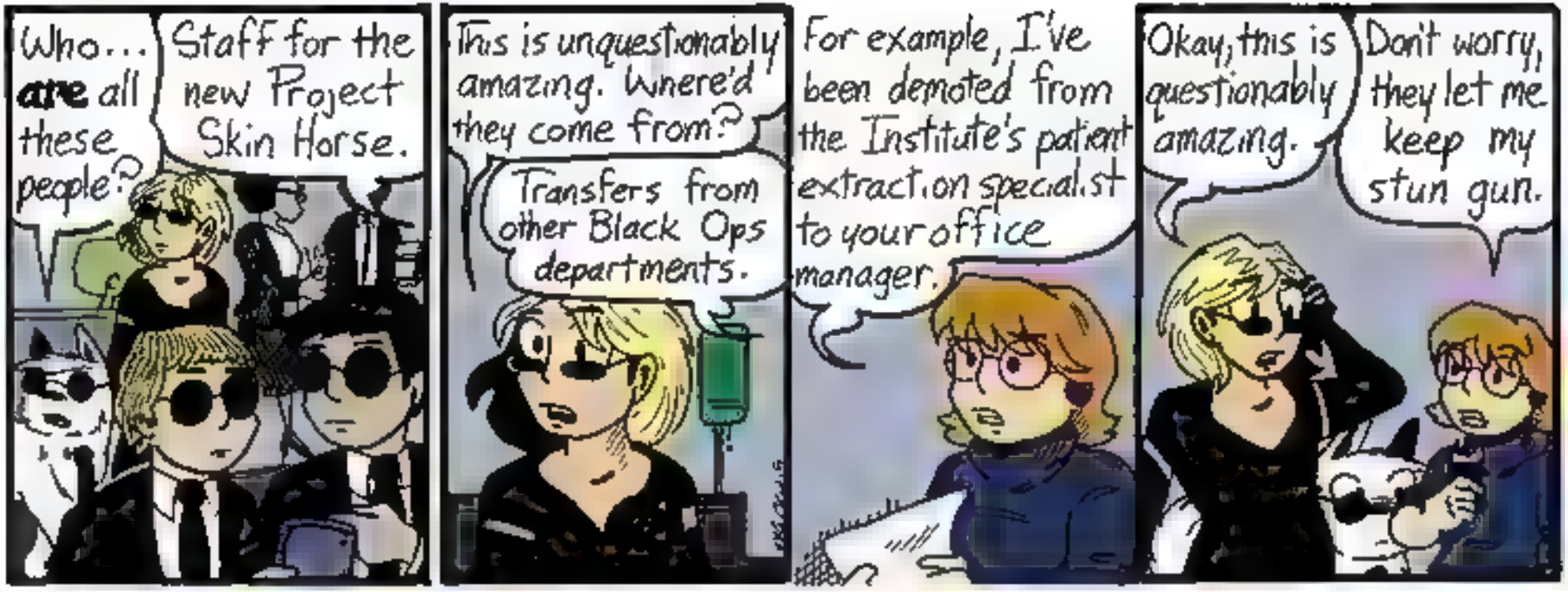

Emperor Norton? Where's K.T.?
Taken by the alligators, poor girl.
Before she passed, she concocted a powerful swamp poison. Fear not.
Or fear very much.
You'd better not be turning into one of those incomprehensible cryptic mentor types.
I was never this lucid in life.
I'll take that as reassurance. Pason, please.

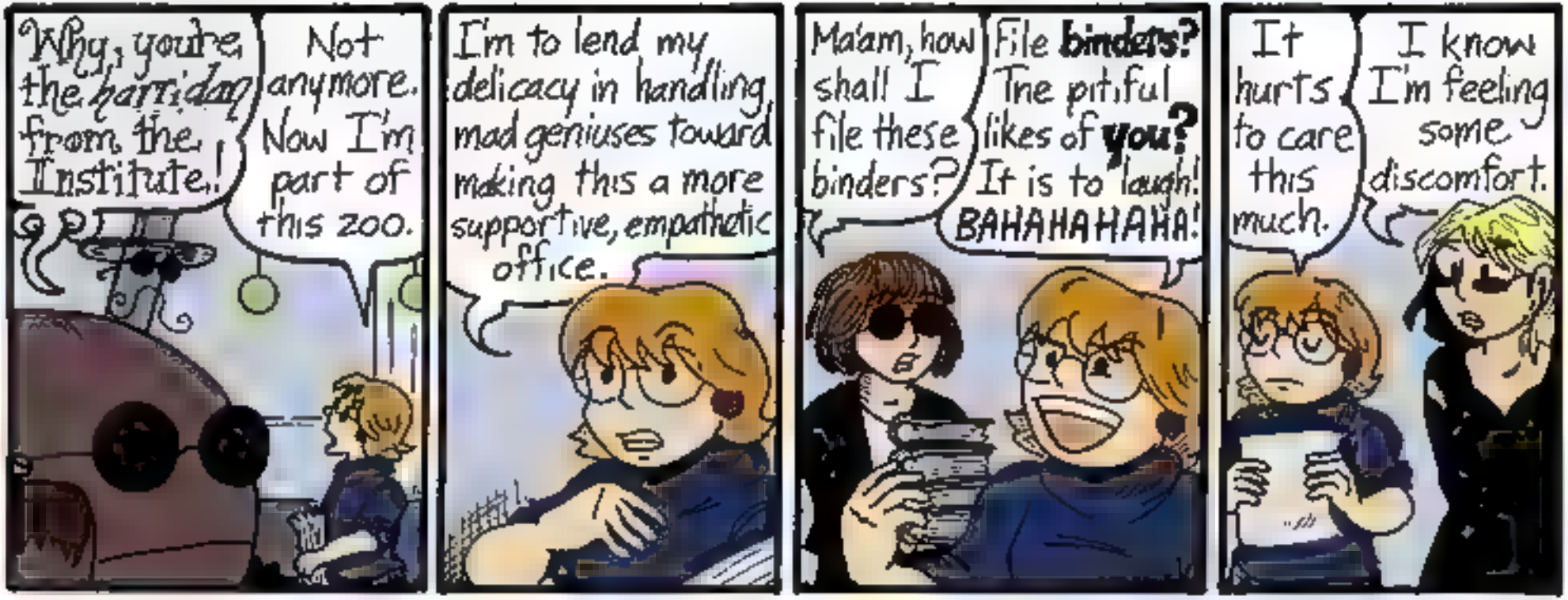

Poison's ready to disperse. What're you doing?
Observing the consequences of your choice
Spoiler warning. Consequence of poisoning the swamp swamp dies.
We shall see.
Whatever ensues, I hope there may elsewhere be another of you with...other strengths.
bip
Baaabe! Suits are too hard!
You'll dress like a M·B and like it, young lady!

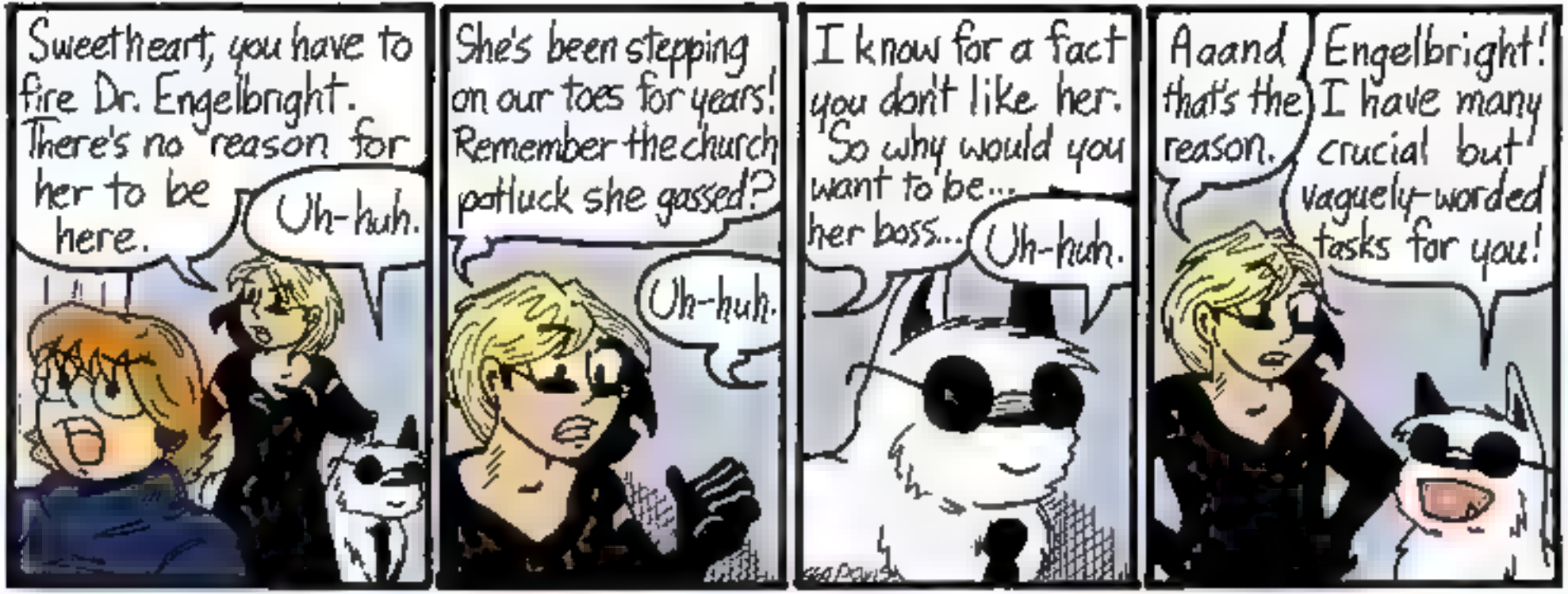

SEE AMERICA
WITH
BLACK OPS SOCIAL SERVICES


Don't get why I gotta wear this monkey suit.
Because we're serious Men/Women/Things in Black now.
We've been transferred to the schmancy Maragda Building.
What's wrong with my old monkey suit?
Everything, inasmuch as it was made from actual monkeys.
I just upcycled stuff from the Temple of Doom you wouldn't let me build.
I told you, that wasn't a documentary!
Duh. Ripping out heart's is way crunchier in real life.


Okay, team, let's be extra professional for our first day.
Here we're low men on the totem pole, so we'll have to prove ours-
Director Fancy!
Good morning, Director.
Pleasure to meet you, Director.
Avocado toast, Director?
Correction: you're all low men on the totem pole.
The power's already going to your tail!
Wag
Wag

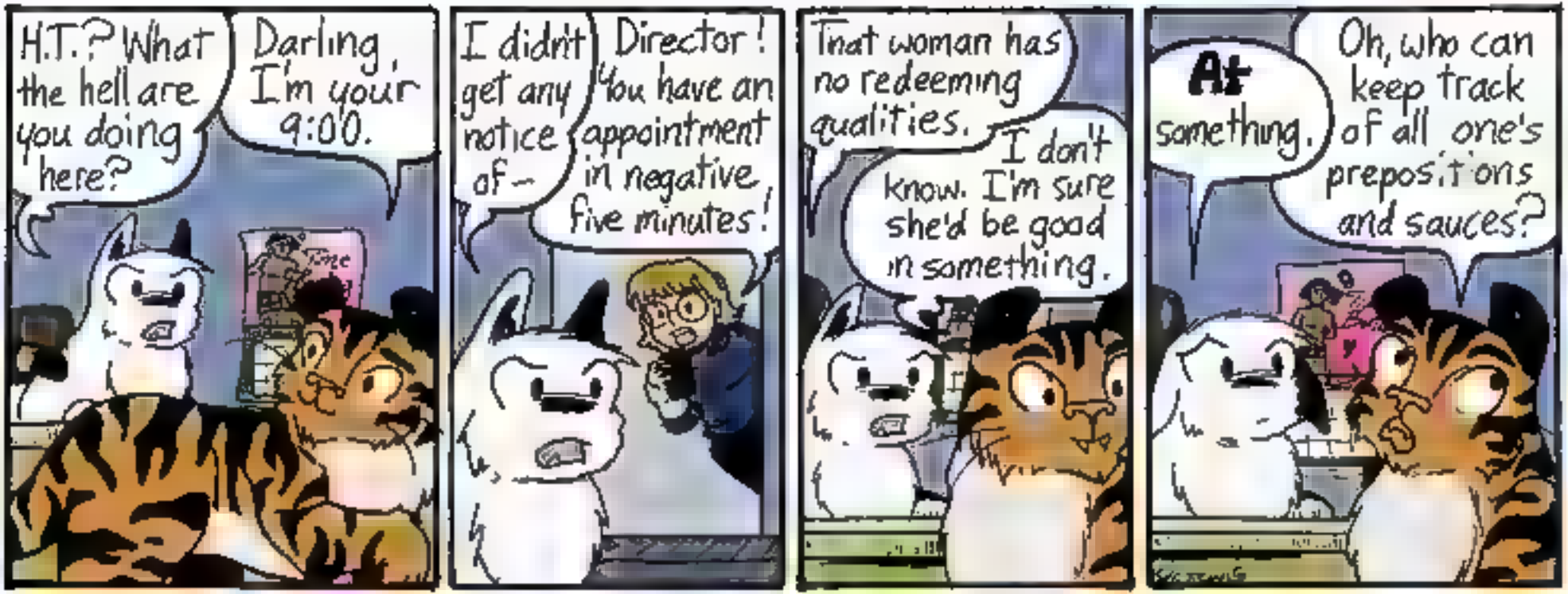

Who... are all these people?
Staff for the new Project Skin Horse.
This is unquestionably amazing. Where'd they come from?
Transfers from other Black Ops departments.
For example, I've been demoted from the Institute's patient extraction specialist to your office manager.
Okay, this is questionably amazing.
Don't worry, they let me keep my stun gun.


Why, you're the harridan from the Institute!
Not anymore. Now I'm part of this zoo.
I'm to lend my delicacy in handling mad geniuses toward making this a more supportive, empathetic office.
Ma'am, how shall I file these binders?
File binders? The pitiful likes of you? It is to laugh! BAHAHAHAHA!
It hurts to care this much.
I know I'm feeling some discomfort.


Sweetheart, you have to fire Dr. Engelbright. There's no reason for her to be here.
Uh-huh.
She's been stepping on our toes for years! Remember the church potluck she gossed?
Uh-huh.
I know for a fact you don't like her. So why would you want to be... her boss...
Uh-huh.
Aaand that's the reason.
Engelbright! I have many crucial but vaguely-worded tasks for you!


It's surreal working for an adequately funded office.
With all these man-hours at my disposal, I can finally tackle our backlog!
Unresolved policy issues... unresolved client complaints...
Unresolved tigers ...
If it isn't the domestic quadruped I **most** want to see.


ROCK HISTORY...
BLACK CINEMA...
ART OF COMEDY...
...AND THE COMICS!


H.T.? What the hell are you doing here?
Darling, I'm your 9:00.
Time
I didn't get any notice of—
Director! You have an appointment in negative five minutes!
That woman has no redeeming qualities.
I don't know. I'm sure she'd be good in something.
At something.
Oh, who can keep track of all one's prepositions and sauces?


We're not here to aid criminals.
Criminal? You wound me.
My prior faux pas were committed under the old nonhuman laws. Now I answer to the rule of humanity.
I'm supposed to ask if I can get you anything.
Steak sauce and a serviette.
The "rule of humanity" is not "eat humans."
You have your rules, I have mine.

JULIE!
WAIT!

Tip get the hell back here
You see the size of that thing?

Tip

I'll be fine without me you can catch up to the sled team

BAD MAN HEEL! HEEL!

Sheesh Sweetheart. What, the point of getting a human if you're not gonna train it?

Nick, how do you know Moustache's bolted to his deck, & you're up on the roof—

It's called the Internet, Kristen.

Me & Fullmetal Receptors are living it all the >monkeyscience day. Kind of a new thing for me

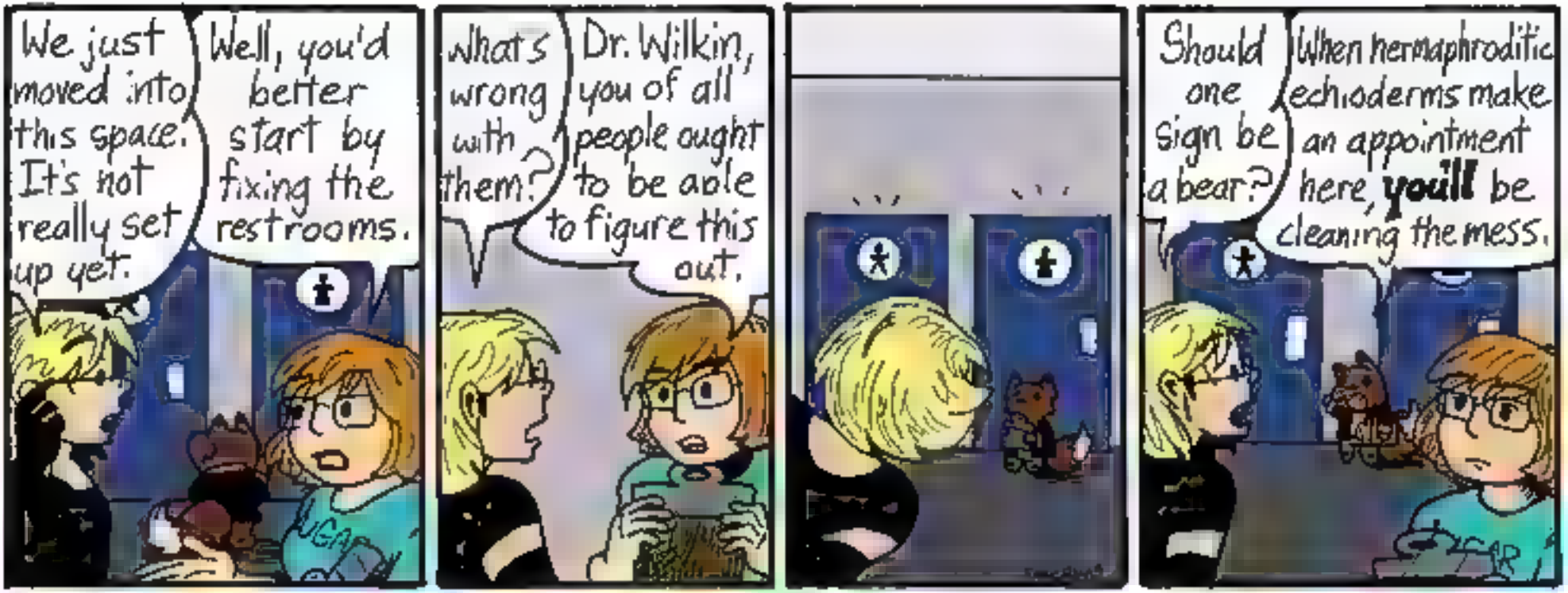
You didn't have any friends before

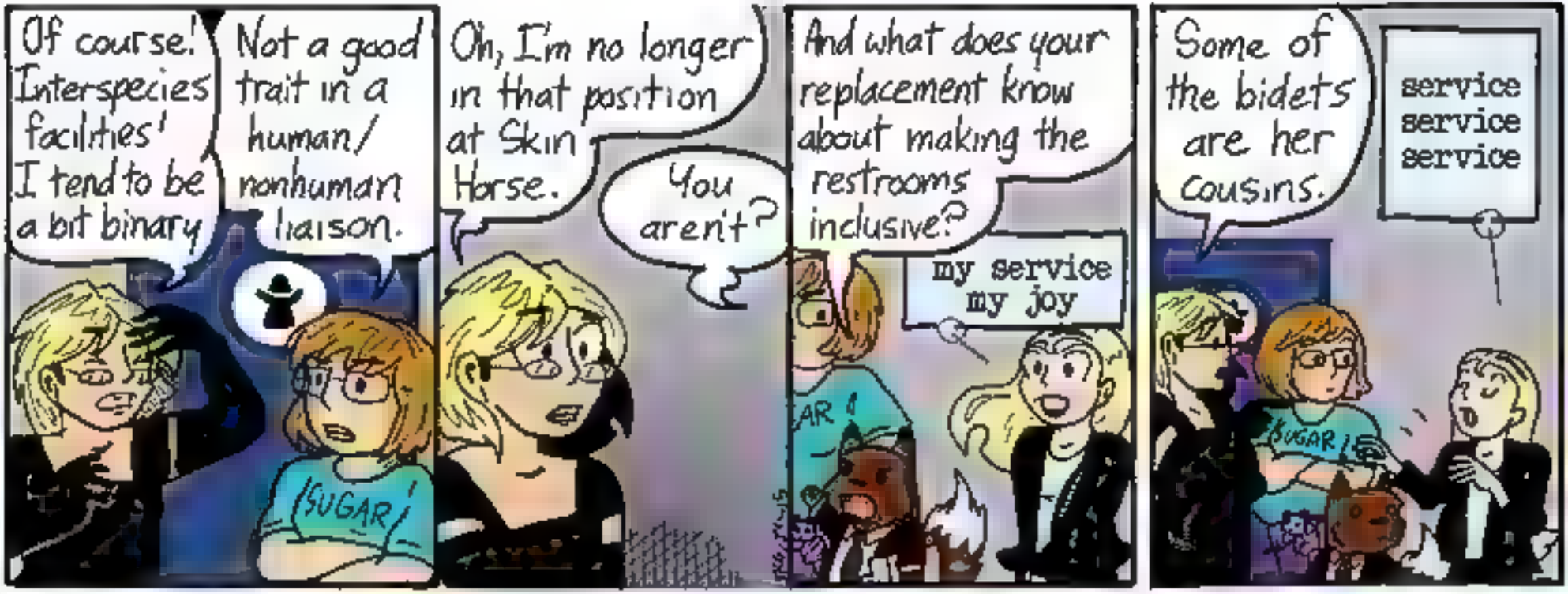
"None that lasted more'n a week. We'd always blow up & fork off over games or anime or whatever

So all you needed was someone who wasn't aware of any pop culture produced after 1890.

Yeah, let him talk [illegible] about Our Muse at the Old Bedford he lets me talk [illegible] about "All-Star Batman."


Fine, whatever. Why are you here, H.T.?
We're assessing your office's sensitivity.
Who's "we"?
Sapients United for Government Accountability and Responsibility.
SUGAR. Cute.
A sweet sobriquet for a powerful PAC! You can't imagine the forces at our disposal...
...and if your bathrooms lack compassion, we go straight to Tumblr.
Don't think we won't.

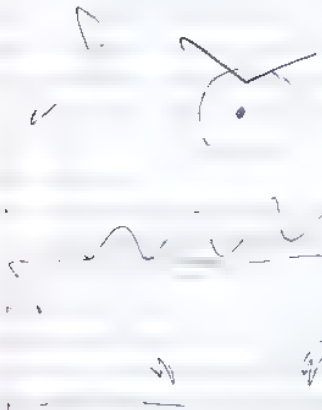

We just moved into this space. It's not really set up yet.
Well, you'd better start by fixing the restrooms.
What's wrong with them?
Dr. Wilkin, you of all people ought to be able to figure this out.
Should one sign be a bear?
When hermaphroditic echinoderms make an appointment here, **you'll** be cleaning the mess.


Of course! Interspecies facilities! I tend to be a bit binary
Not a good trait in a human/ nonhuman liaison.
SUGAR!
Oh, I'm no longer in that position at Skin Horse.
You aren't?
And what does your replacement know about making the restrooms inclusive?
my service my joy
AR!
Some of the bidets are her cousins.
service service service
SUGAR!


You'll find my team is both sincere and relentless.
Like **you** give a crud about species-accessible restrooms.
A symbolic gesture. Will the new Skin Horse play ball as we pursue our larger goals?
What, eating people?
The very idea! We merely wish to vote for our own elected officials
Oh. Okay.
Who will legalize eating people.
I need more donuts for this one.

BIG MONSTER!

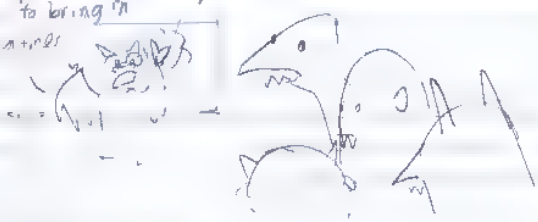
Written by
Maura Margarello
Age 7
Art by
Shannon
K Garrity.
Age 36



There was a monster & he was Big and Bad. His name was Jack.

This is how he became bad.
It is around Valentine Day

Okay, tomorrow everyone has to bring in valentines

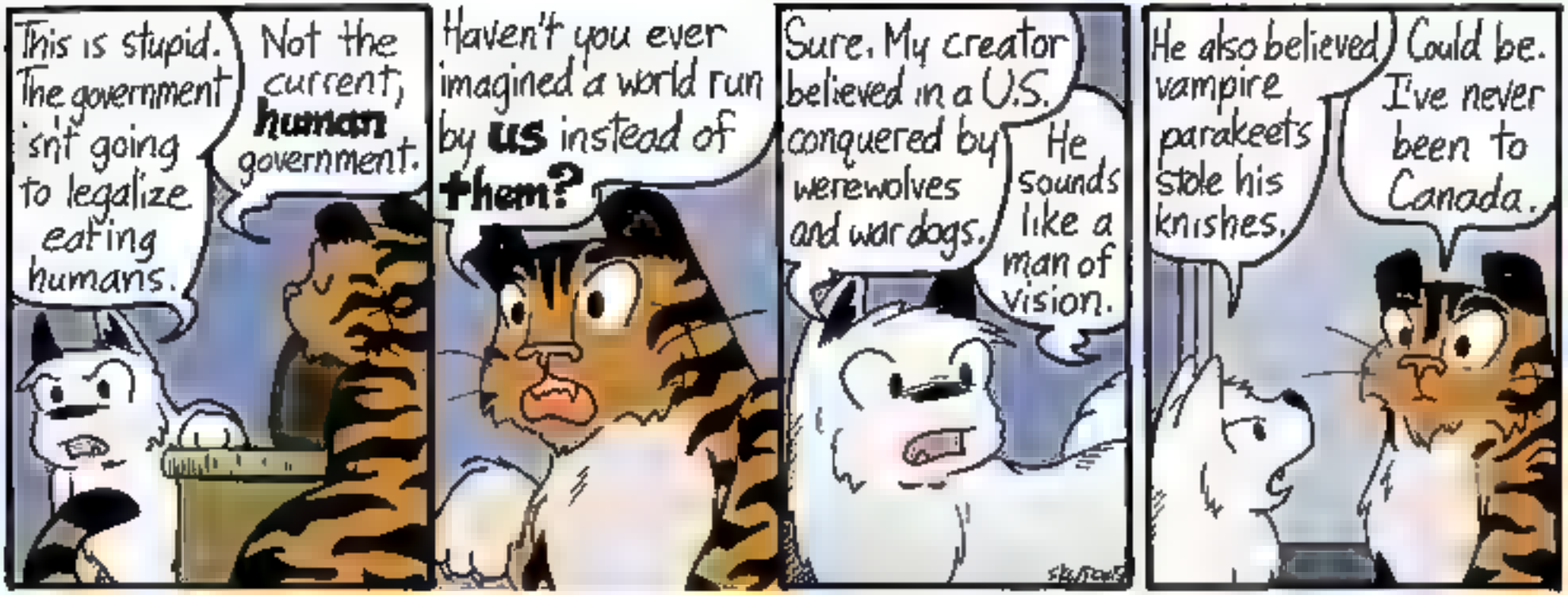




He did not know how to write

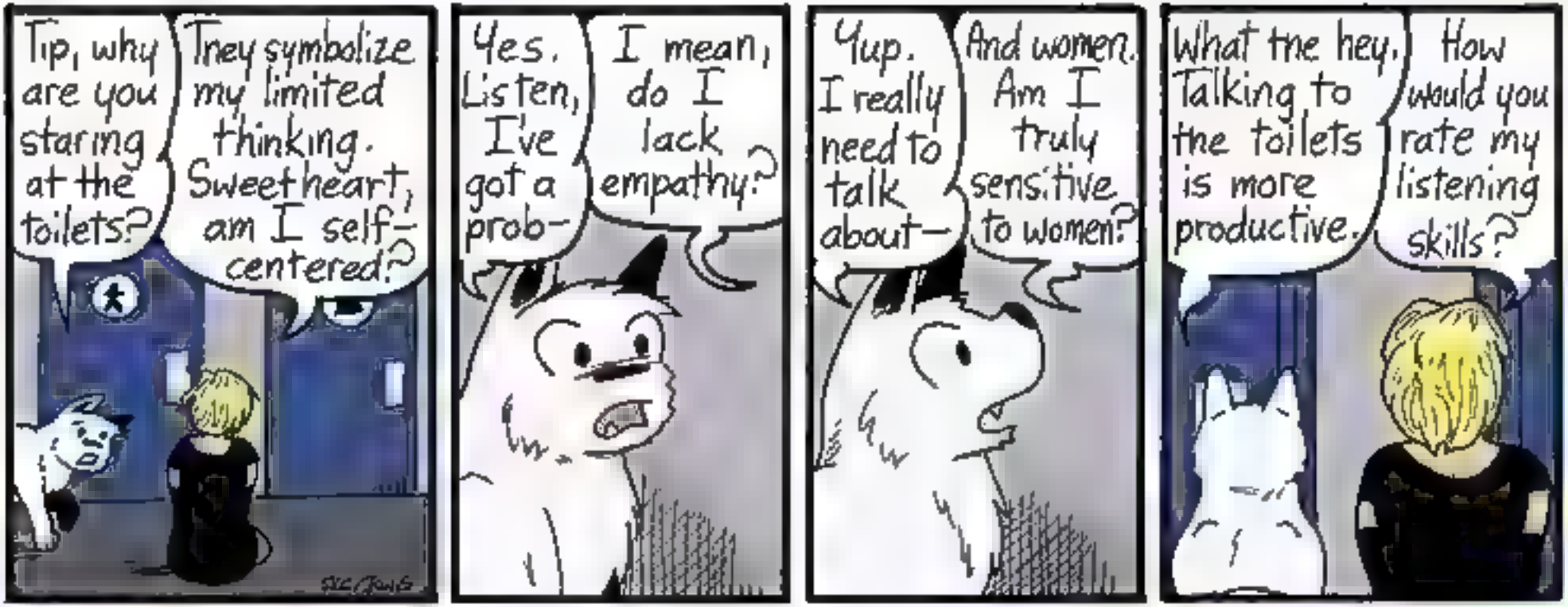
~~He was~~ he stayed home.

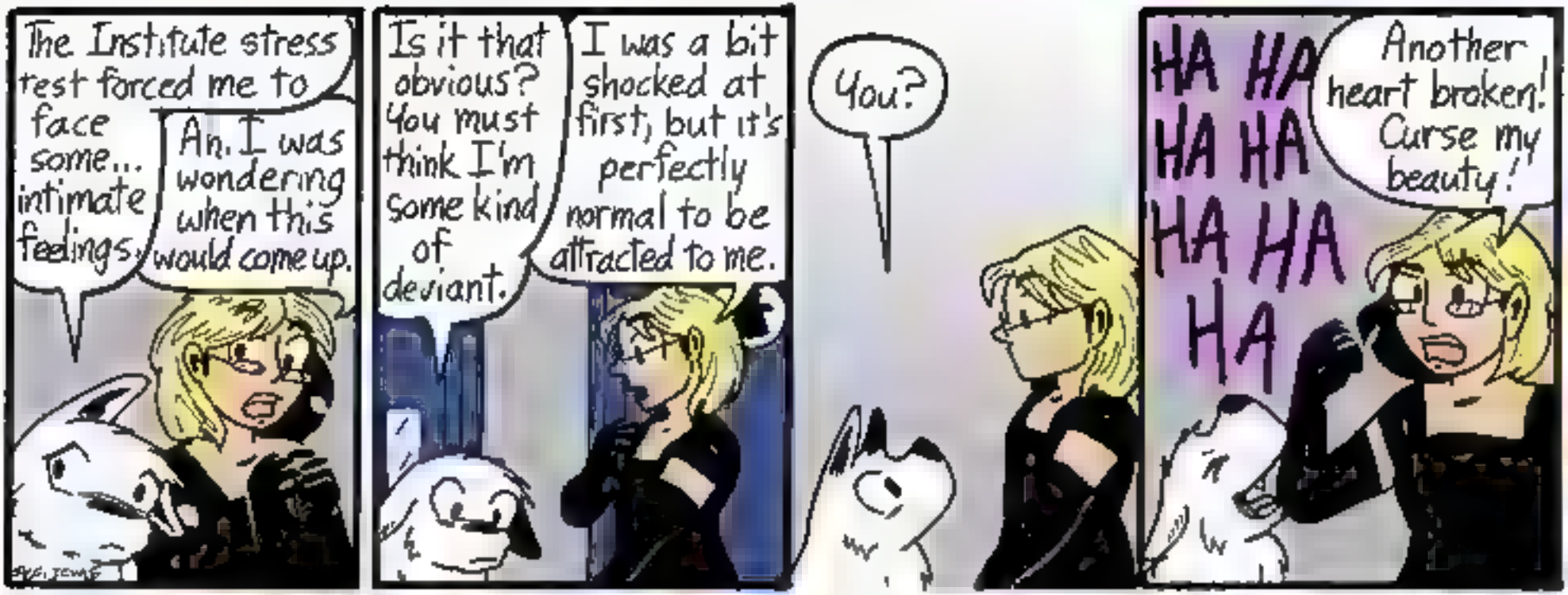
And he didn't know how to talk Bad.

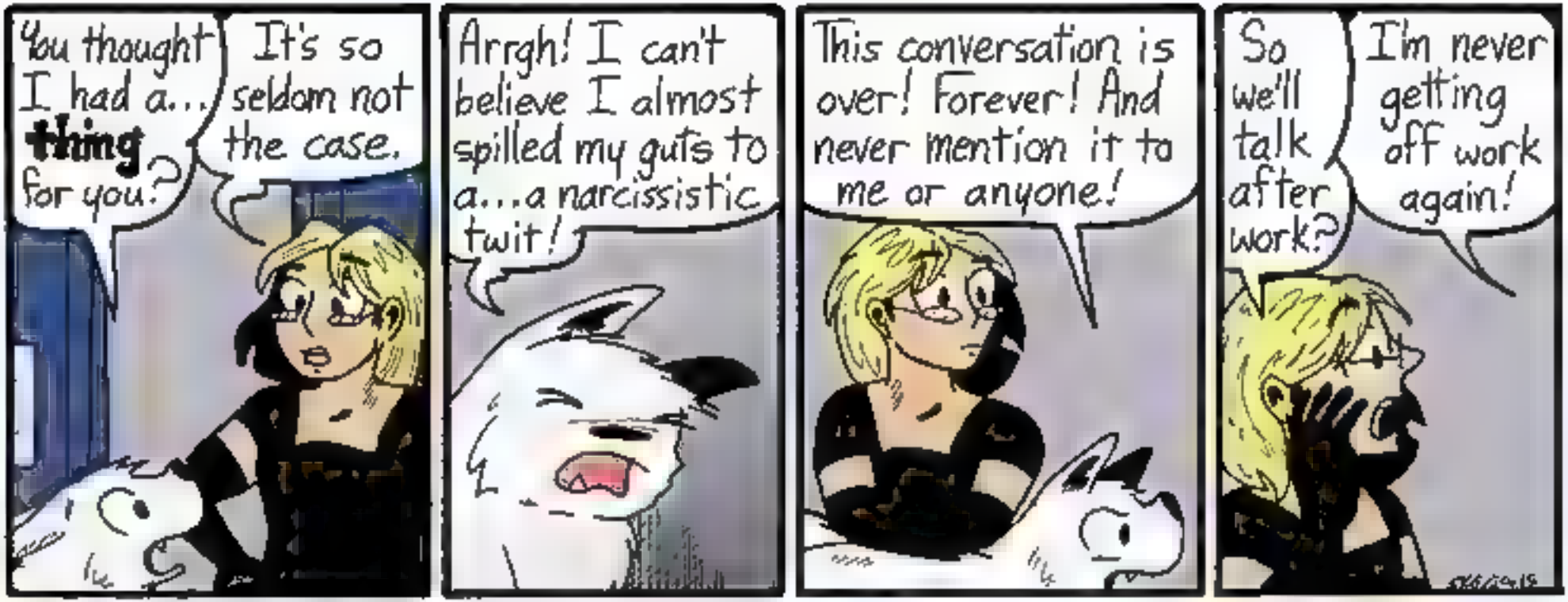

This is stupid. The government isn't going to legalize eating humans.
Not the current, human government.
Haven't you ever imagined a world run by us instead of them?
Sure. My creator believed in a U.S. conquered by werewolves and war dogs.
He sounds like a man of vision.
He also believed vampire parakeets stole his knishes.
Could be. I've never been to Canada.

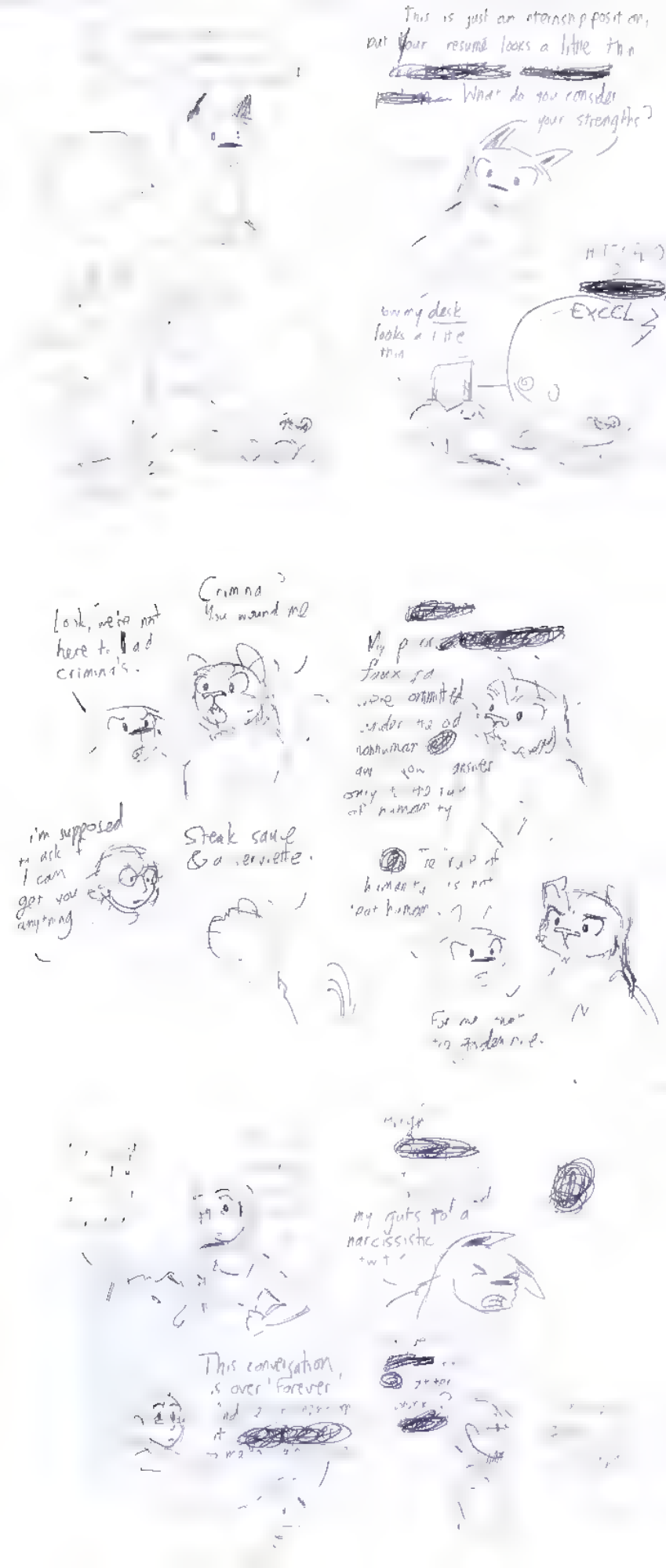

I've heard enough. This meeting is over.
And here I thought our past might count for something.
What, the one date we went on before I busted you for terrorism?
Sigh... If only I'd known it was hopeless.
What are you talking about?
I'll give you a hint: it starts with an "A"...
...and ends with "certain dog is totally into the ladies."
Out!

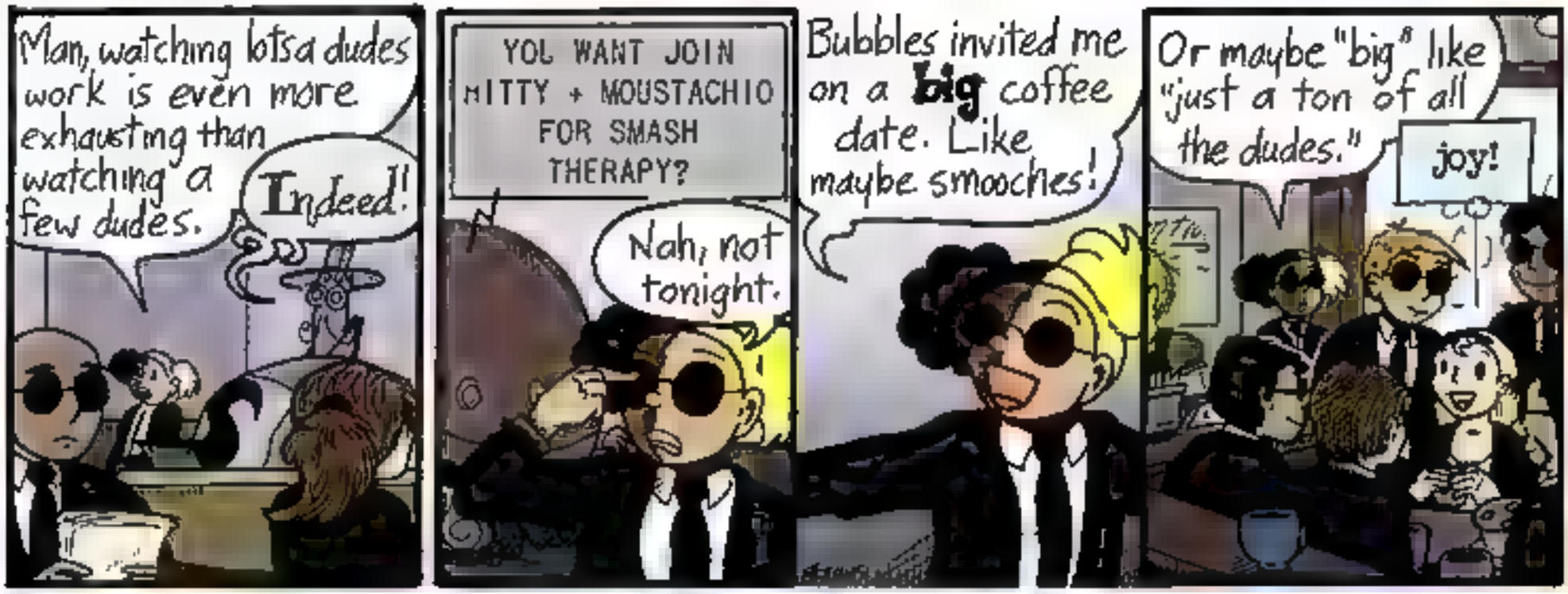

Not that it's your business, but I've gone on dates with other... males.
Yes, yes, sublimate your feelings.
Ignore your instincts and throw yourself into your work. It's what a human would do.
I'll do that, thanks!
Why emulate those monkeys? Work, work, work, all day long!
Oh, Dr. Wilkin. Care to show a client out?
Meh, I'm good here on the floor.

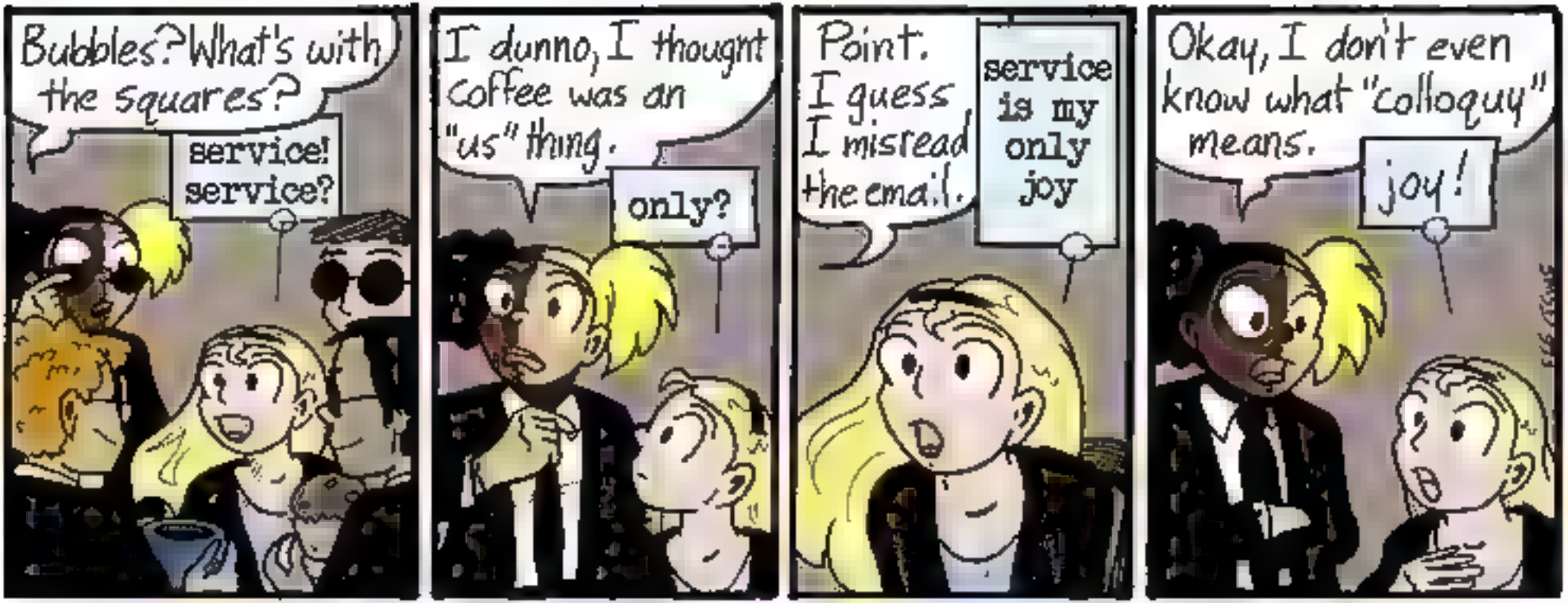

Tip, why are you staring at the toilets?
They symbolize my limited thinking. Sweetheart, am I self-centered?
Yes. Listen, I've got a prob-
I mean, do I lack empathy?
Yup. I really need to talk about—
And women. Am I truly sensitive to women?
What the hey. Talking to the toilets is more productive.
How would you rate my listening skills?

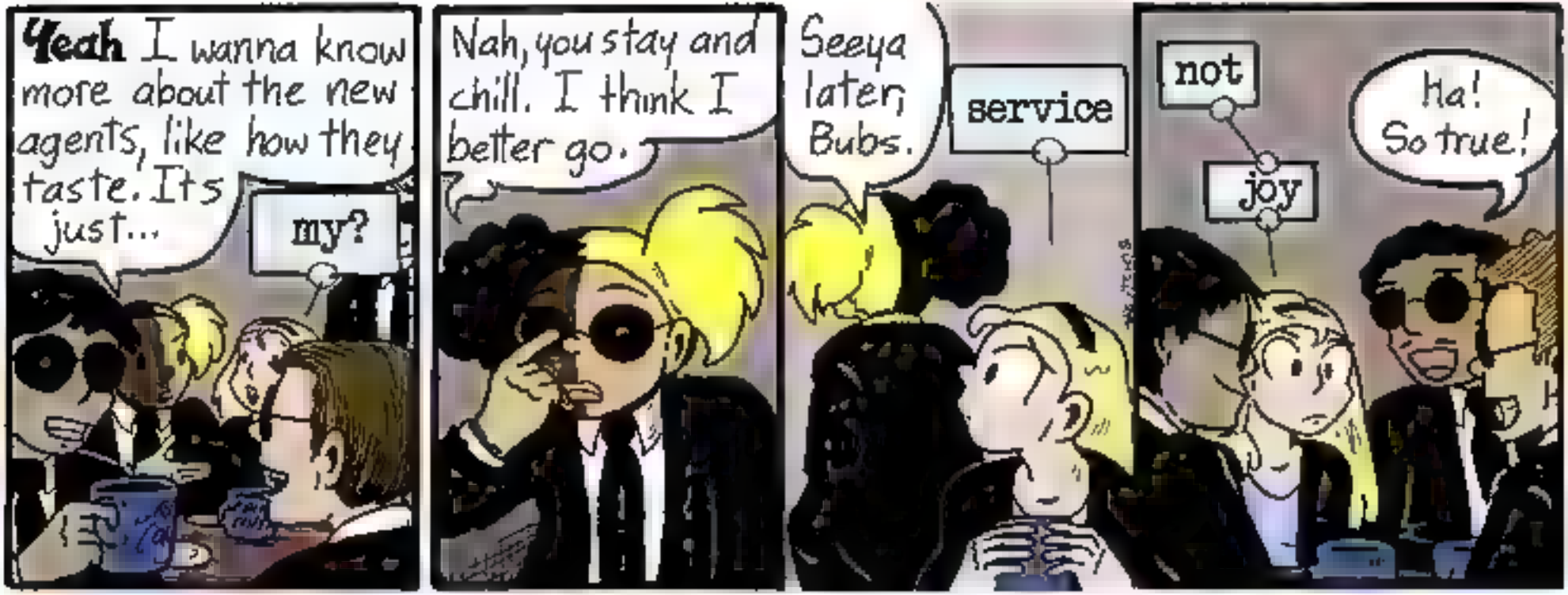

The Institute stress test forced me to face some... intimate feelings.
Ah. I was wondering when this would come up.
Is it that obvious? You must think I'm some kind of deviant.
I was a bit shocked at first, but it's perfectly normal to be attracted to me.
You?
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
Another heart broken! Curse my beauty!


You thought I had a... thing for you?
It's so seldom not the case.
Arrgh! I can't believe I almost spilled my guts to a...a narcissistic twit!
This conversation is over! Forever! And never mention it to me or anyone!
So we'll talk after work?
I'm never getting off work again!


This is just an internship position, but your resumé looks a little thin
What do you consider your strengths?
EXCEL
on my desk looks a little thin
Look, we're not here to lead criminals.
Criminal
You wound me
I'm supposed to ask I can get you anything
Steak sauce & a serviette.
My parents were committed under the old nonhuman act so you answer only to the law of humanity
The law of humanity is not that human.
For me that is irrelevant.
my guts to a narcissistic
This conversation is over forever


Man, watching lotsa dudes work is even more exhausting than watching a few dudes.
Indeed!
YOU WANT JOIN HITTY + MOUSTACHIO FOR SMASH THERAPY?
Nah, not tonight.
Bubbles invited me on a big coffee date. Like maybe smooches!
Or maybe "big" like "just a ton of all the dudes."
joy!


Bubbles? What's with the squares?
service! service?
I dunno, I thought coffee was an "us" thing.
only?
Point. I guess I misread the email.
service is my only joy
Okay, I don't even know what "colloquy" means.
joy!


Yeah I wanna know more about the new agents, like how they taste. Its just...
my?
Nah, you stay and chill. I think I better go.
Seeya later, Bubs.
service
not
joy
Ha! So true!

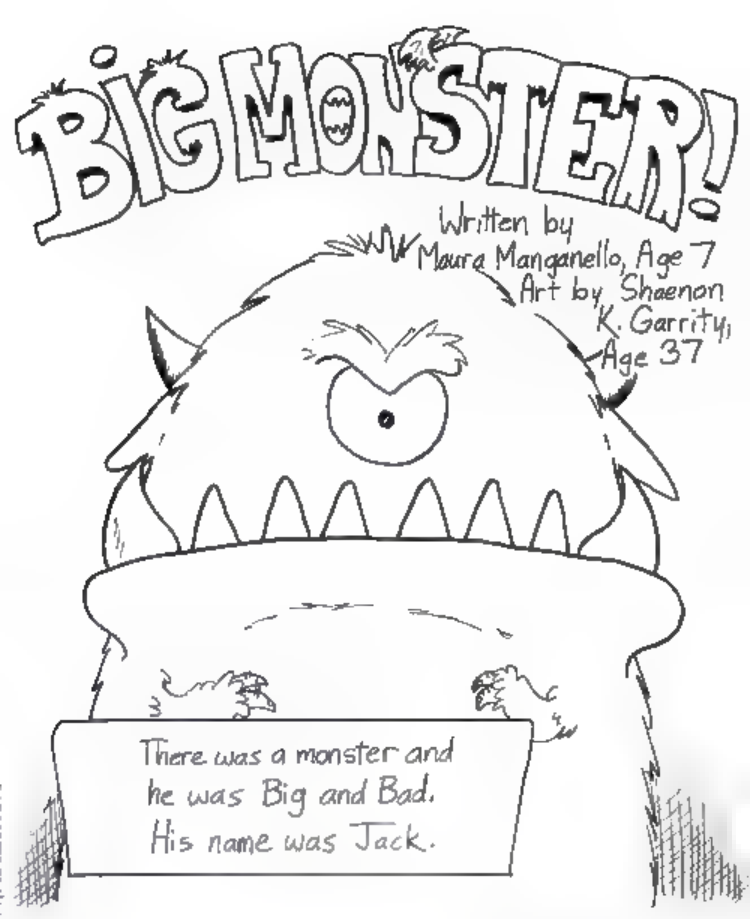

Hey, Director Babe. Let's do something fun!
Not now. I'm in crisis mode.
I can help!
This isn't stuff you can kick in the face and make it fall down.
The new staff's a mess, H.T.'s back in town, and our files are still at the Positronic Love Tower.
And yes, Dr. Jones renamed our old office.
Still don't see where kicking wouldn't help.


Don't you have a girl toy to play with?
Aw, Bubbles got a buncha new friends.
Oh... sorry. Look, maybe I can make time between afternoon meetings...
Nah, s'okay.
I don't wanna bug nobody. I got tons of super fun people to share my interests with.
...so that's when I found an even bigger chunk of roadkill...
Unity, how did you get this number?

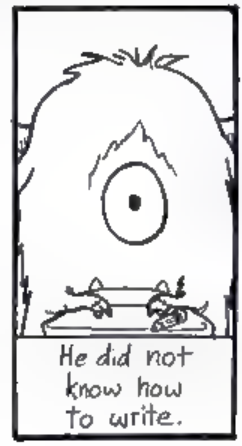

Unity, it's not really safe for us to talk.
I get it. You got some hot dude army to hang with.
Are you joking? I've barely left the office in weeks.
DR VIRGINI LEE
Explain how I can find "hot dudes" when I'm chained to my desk all—
Ow!
No, really. Explain this.
Don't mind me. I've got sudoku down here.

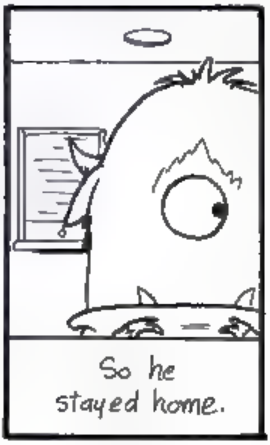
BIG MONSTER!

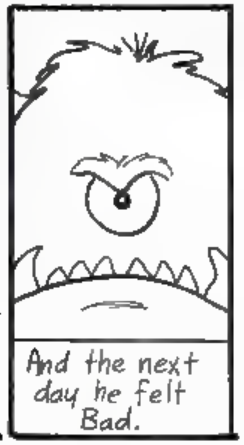
Written by Maura Manganello, Age 7
Art by Shaenon K. Garrity, Age 37

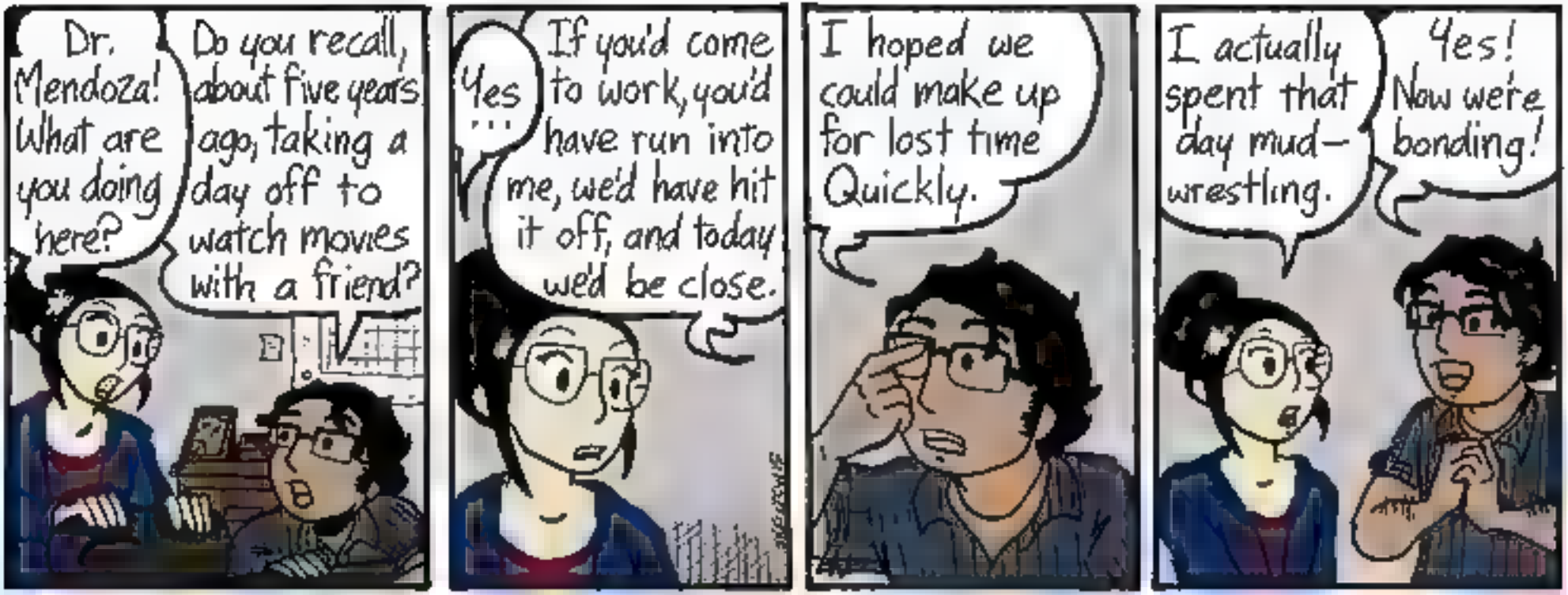


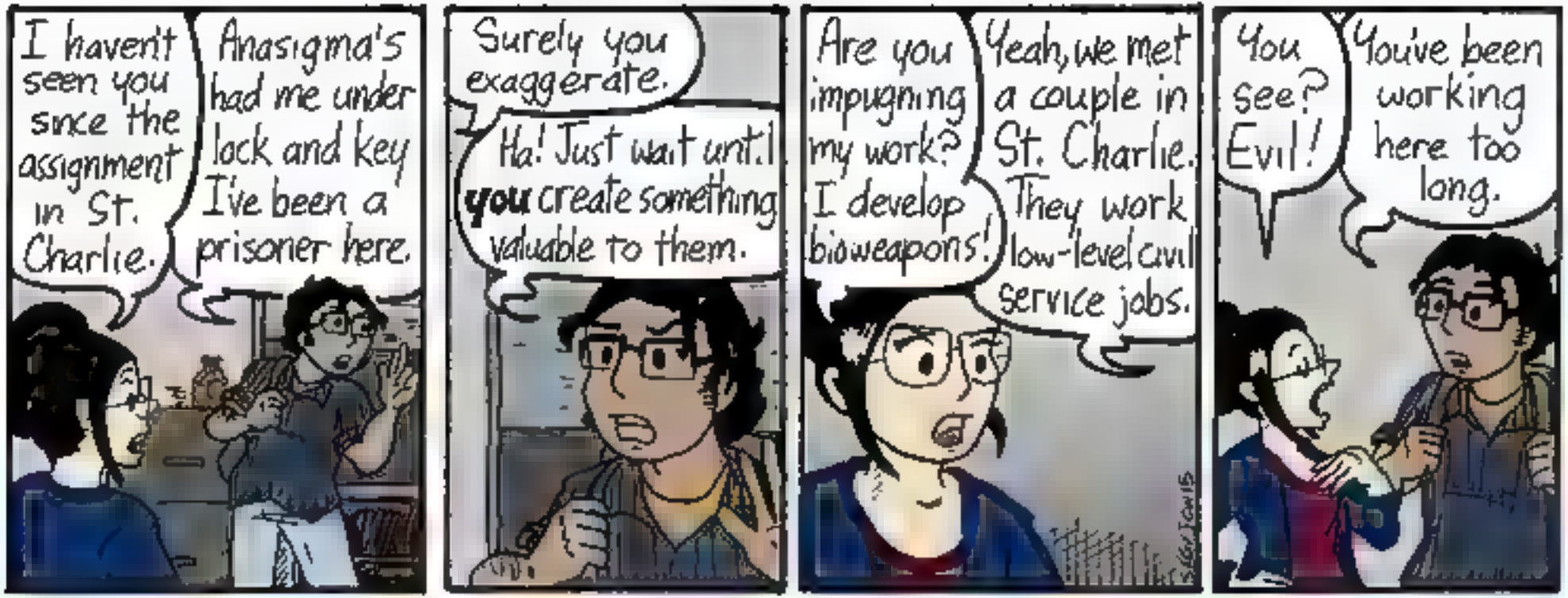


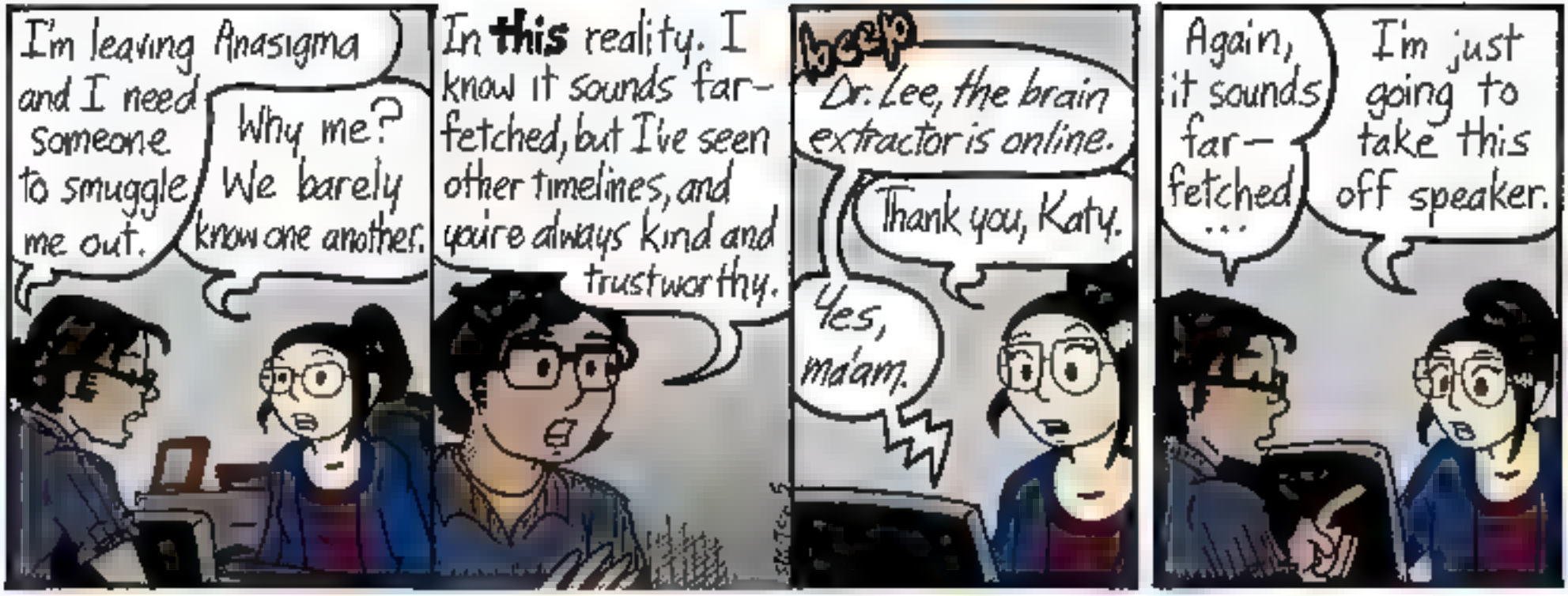






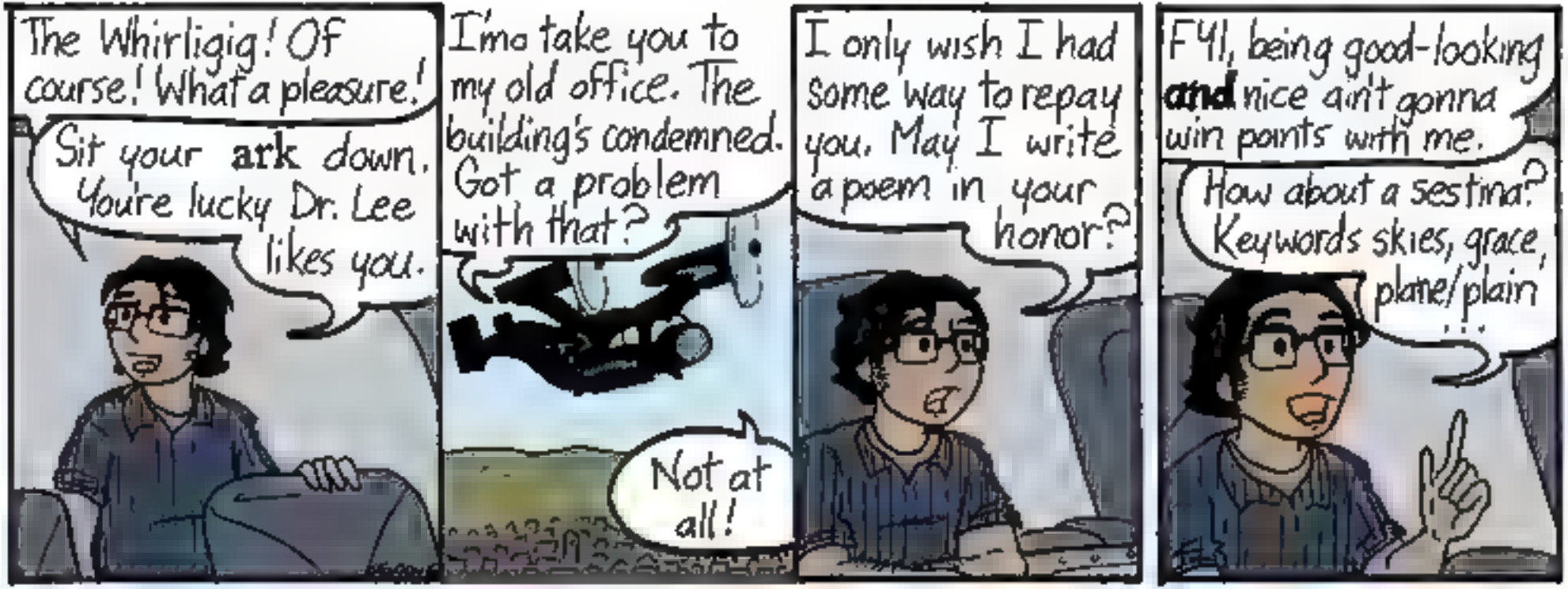

Dr. Mendoza! What are you doing here?
Do you recall, about five years ago, taking a day off to watch movies with a friend?
Yes...
If you'd come to work, you'd have run into me, we'd have hit it off, and today we'd be close.
I hoped we could make up for lost time Quickly.
I actually spent that day mud-wrestling.
Yes! Now we're bonding!


I haven't seen you since the assignment in St. Charlie.
Anasigma's had me under lock and key I've been a prisoner here.
Surely you exaggerate.
Ha! Just wait until **you** create something valuable to them.
Are you impugning my work? I develop bioweapons!
Yeah, we met a couple in St. Charlie. They work low-level civil service jobs.
You see? Evil!
You've been working here too long.


I'm leaving Anasigma and I need someone to smuggle me out.
Why me? We barely know one another.
In this reality. I know it sounds far-fetched, but I've seen other timelines, and you're always kind and trustworthy.
beep
Dr. Lee, the brain extractor is online.
Thank you, Katy.
Yes, ma'am.
Again, it sounds far-fetched ...
I'm just going to take this off speaker.

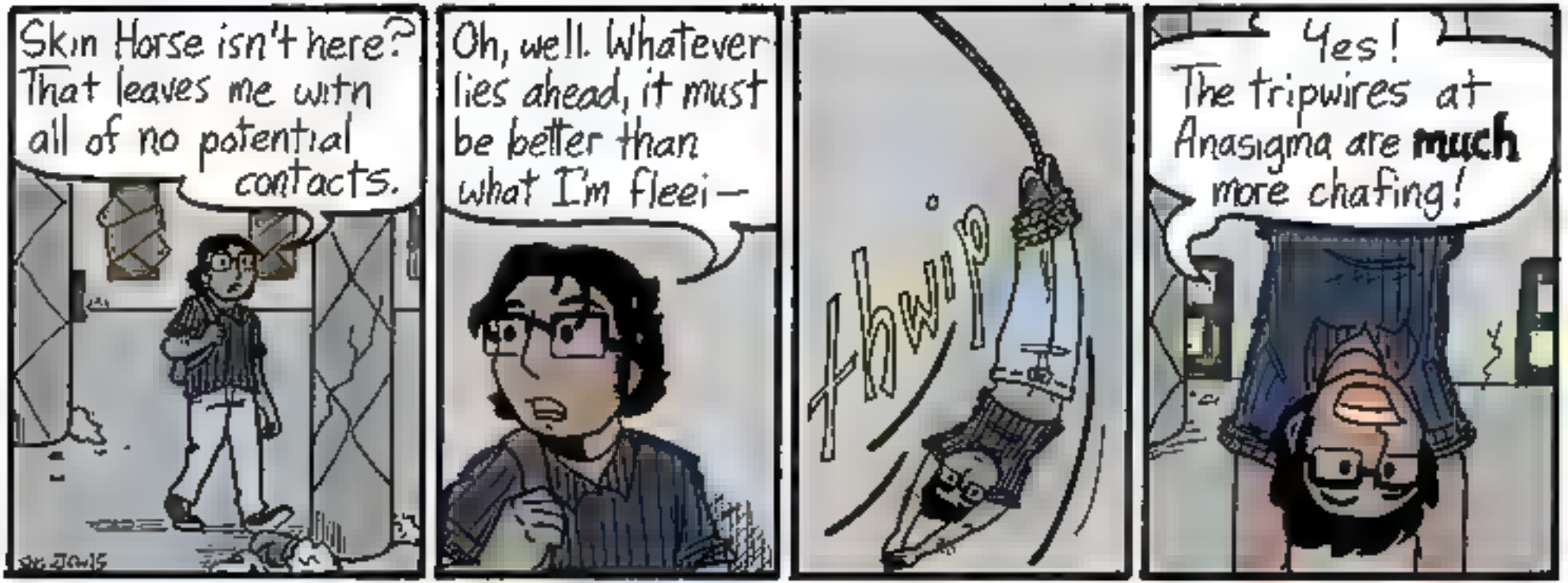

I'm not sure how to escape without being detected...
I know a way out.
Come with me.
I can't. It... it's safer for others if I stay here.
Be careful, Doctor. People like ourselves are valuable to Anasigma, but even we can be extirpated.
Dammit, why won't anyone tell me what that means?
I heard it involves shea butter.

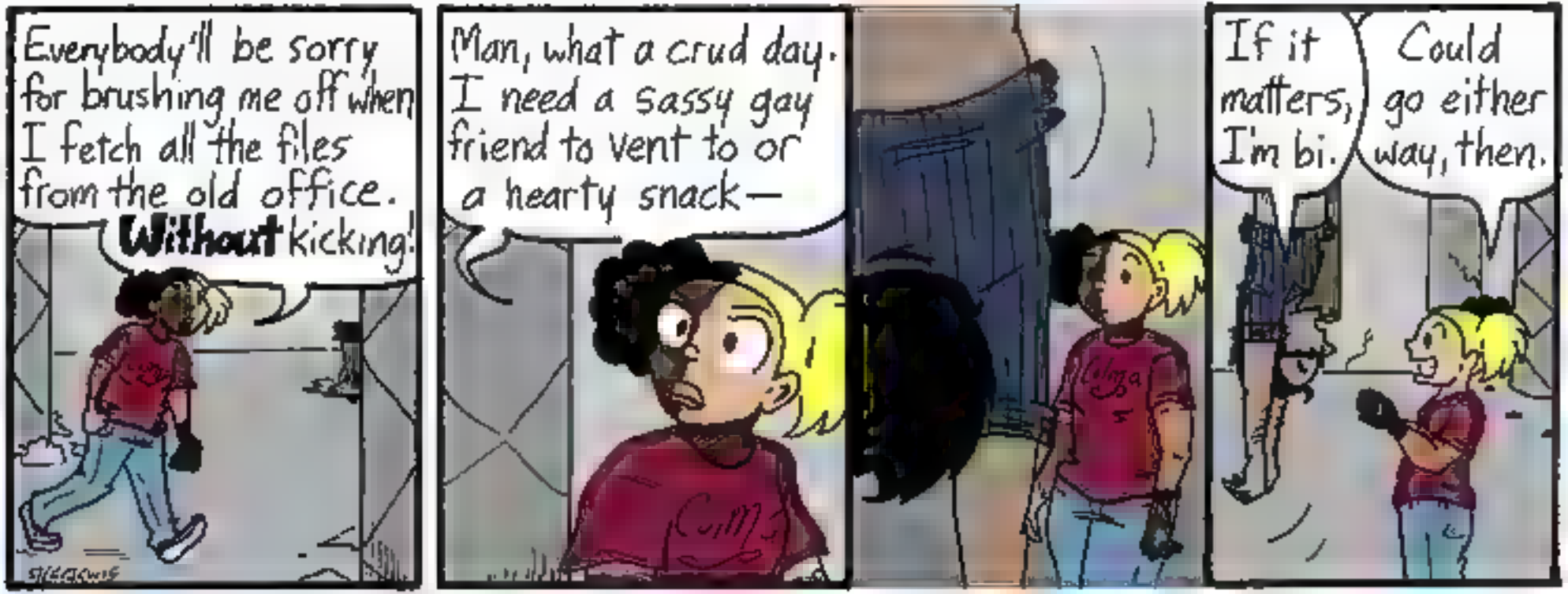

You said in other realities we're... close. Are we... er...
Oh! Um, sometimes. I've never seen it work out.
You always tell me you have feelings for someone else. He must be truly remarkable...
Hey, monkey-puzzles! Move your tomatoes!
wup wup
Well, those alternate universes can get pretty strange.
Hey, Dr. Lee. Hey, large beet salad.

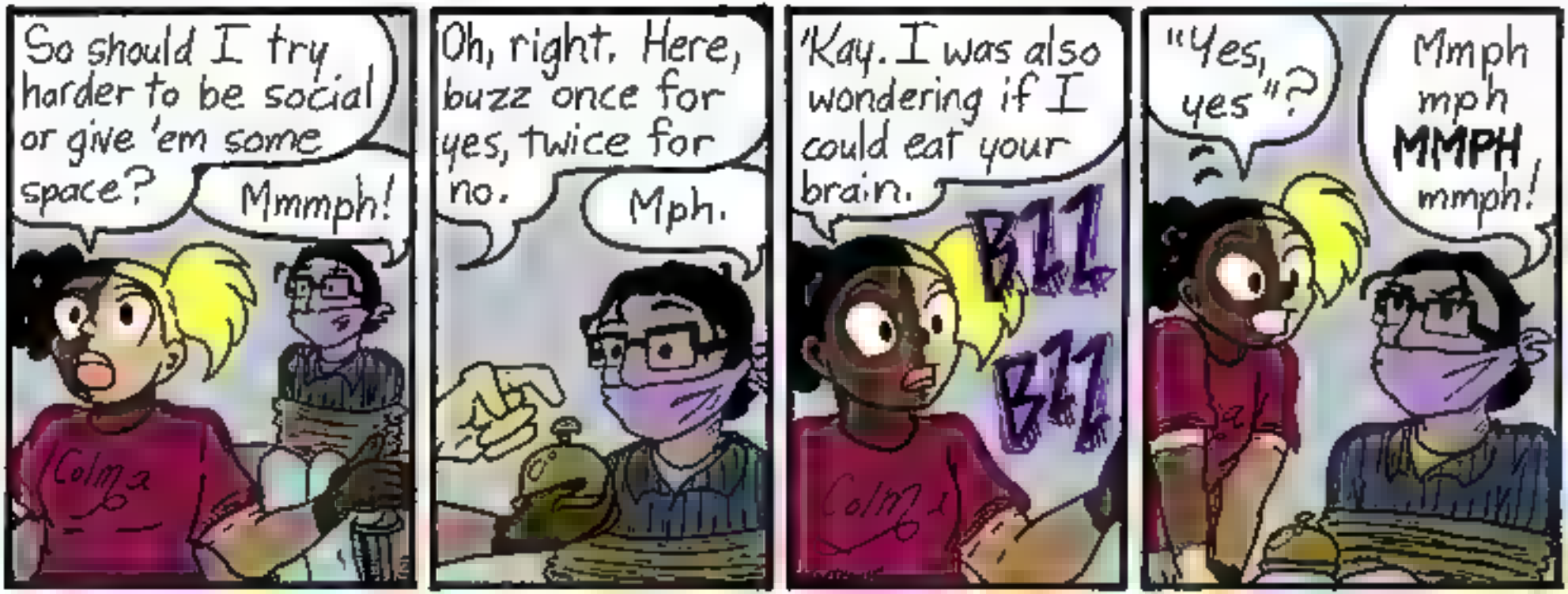

The Whirligig! Of course! What a pleasure!
Sit your ark down. You're lucky Dr. Lee likes you.
I'ma take you to my old office. The building's condemned. Got a problem with that?
Not at all!
I only wish I had some way to repay you. May I write a poem in your honor?
FYI, being good-looking and nice ain't gonna win points with me.
How about a sestina? Keywords skies, grace, plane/plain . . .

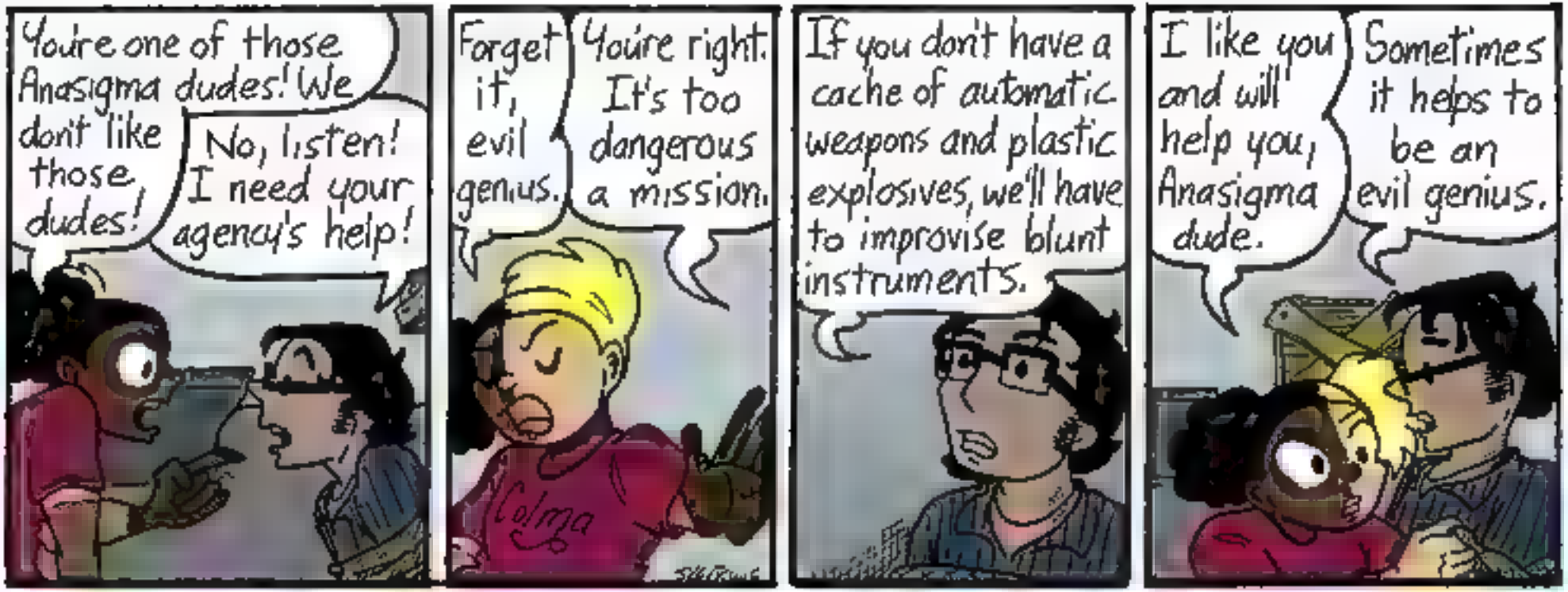


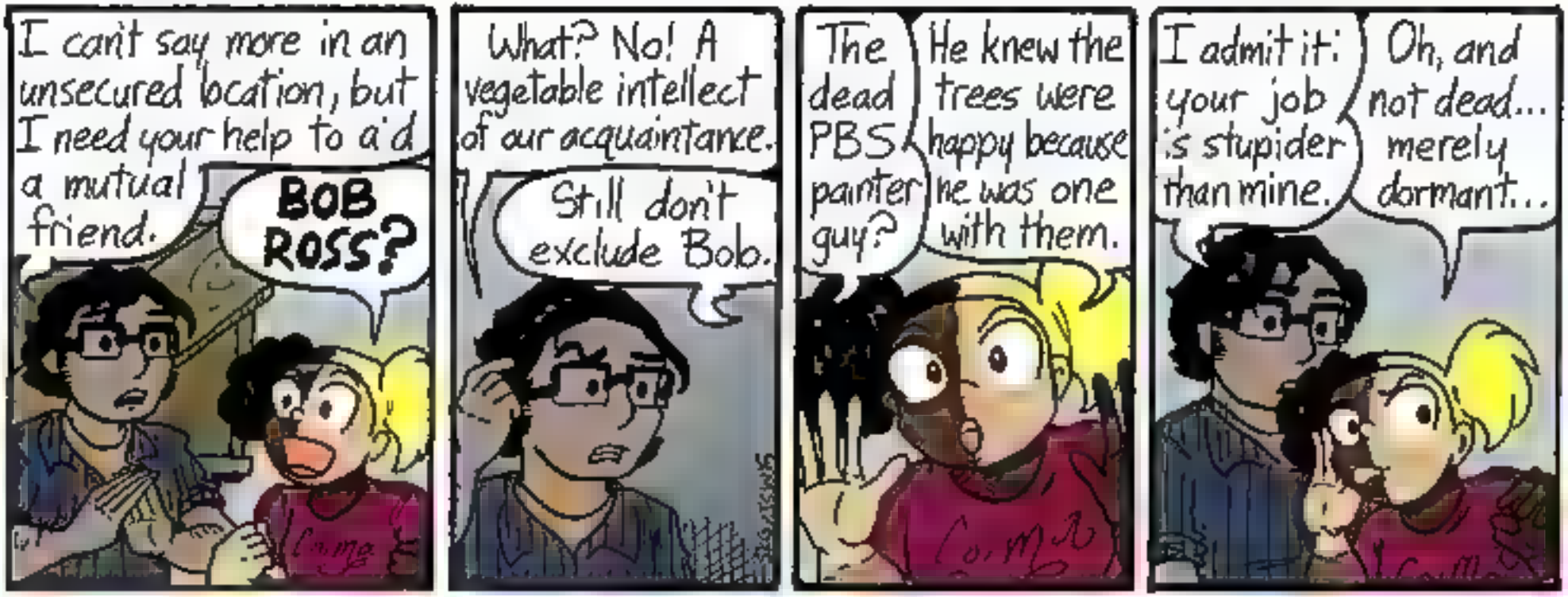

Touchdown, Annex One. This is where we store all our insane fugitives from Anasigma.
What happened to this place?
Mutant termites, booby-trapped stair-wells, rubber fire
I... see.
It must be risky handling monsters for a living.
That was us that did that. The monsters are **way** worse.
P.S. Since we got kicked out, ain't no one keeping shoes in line. Have fun.
Which stairs are booby-trapped, again?
Wrrrr


Skin Horse isn't here? That leaves me with all of no potential contacts.
Oh, well. Whatever lies ahead, it must be better than what I'm fleei—
thwip
Yes! The tripwires at Anasigma are much more chafing!

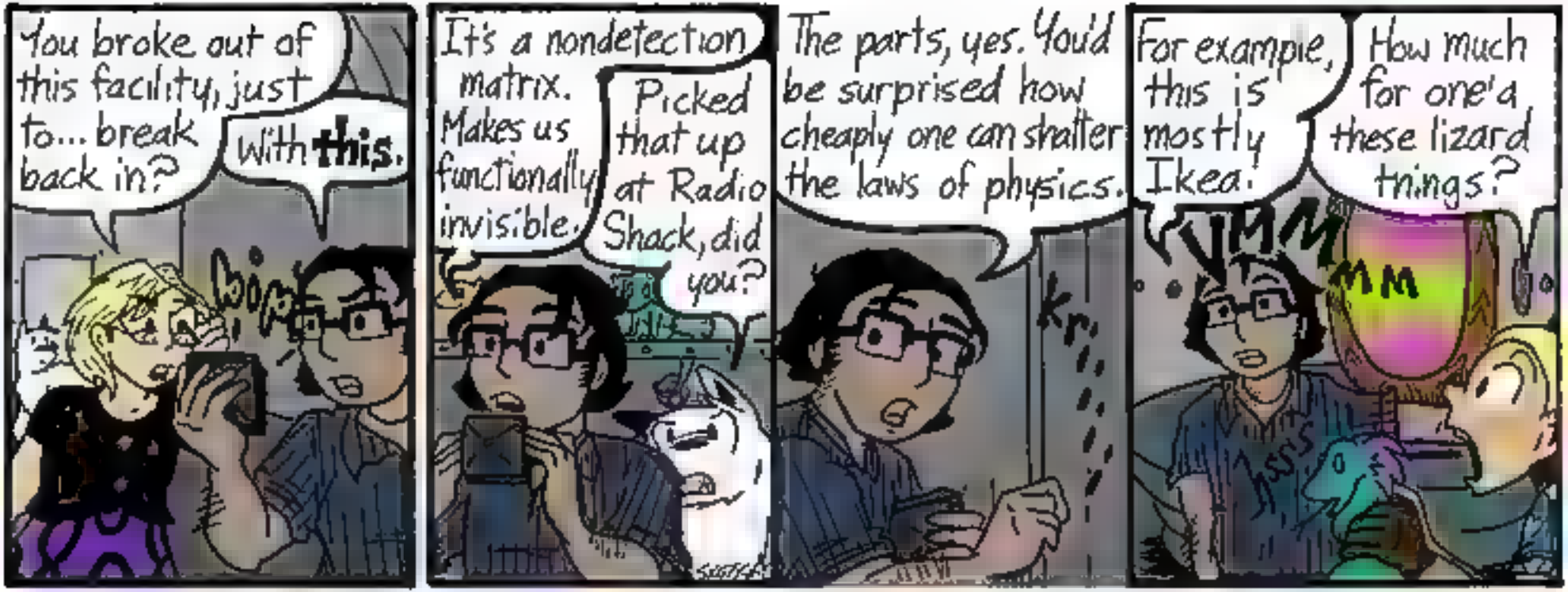

Everybody'll be sorry for brushing me off when I fetch all the files from the old office.
Without kicking!
Man, what a crud day. I need a sassy gay friend to vent to or a hearty snack—
If it matters, I'm bi.
Could go either way, then.

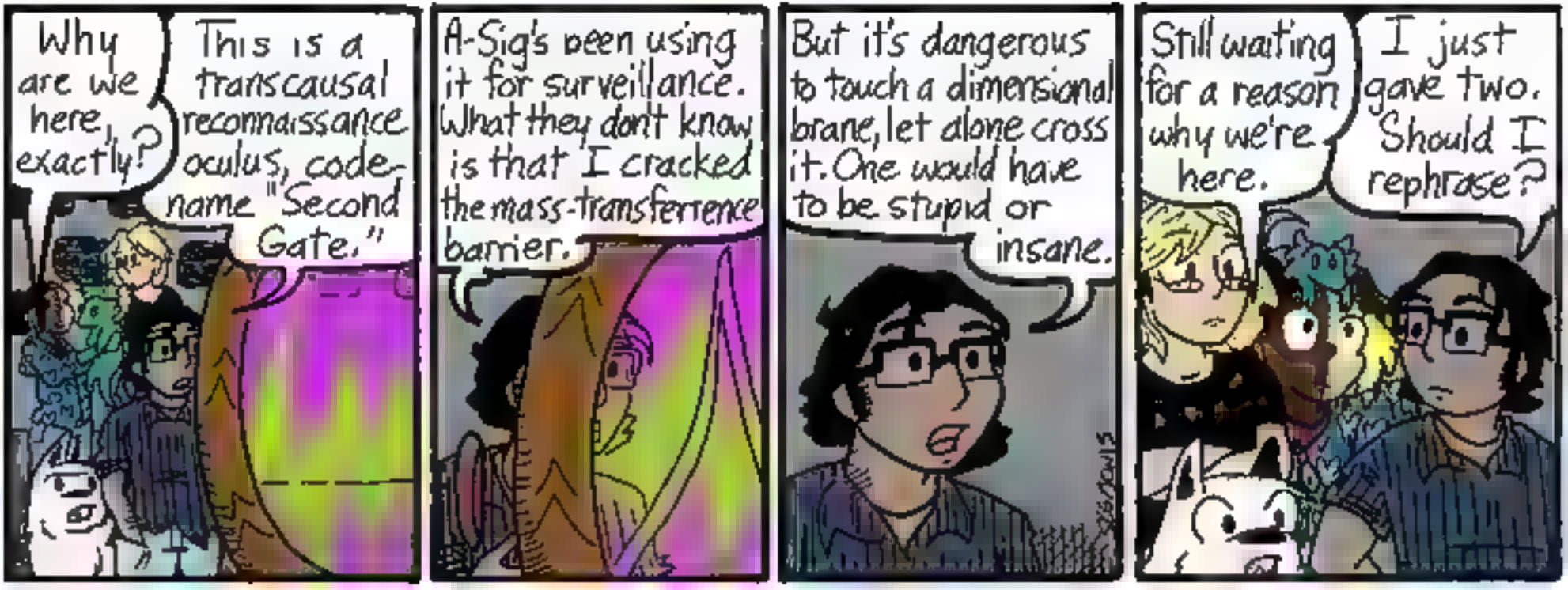

So should I try harder to be social or give 'em some space?
Mmmph!
Oh, right. Here, buzz once for yes, twice for no.
Mph.
'Kay. I was also wondering if I could eat your brain.
BZZ
BZZ
"Yes, yes"?
Mmph mph MMPH mmph!


You're one of those Anasigma dudes! We don't like those dudes!
No, listen! I need your agency's help!
Forget it, evil genius.
You're right. It's too dangerous a mission.
If you don't have a cache of automatic weapons and plastic explosives, we'll have to improvise blunt instruments.
I like you and will help you, Anasigma dude.
Sometimes it helps to be an evil genius.

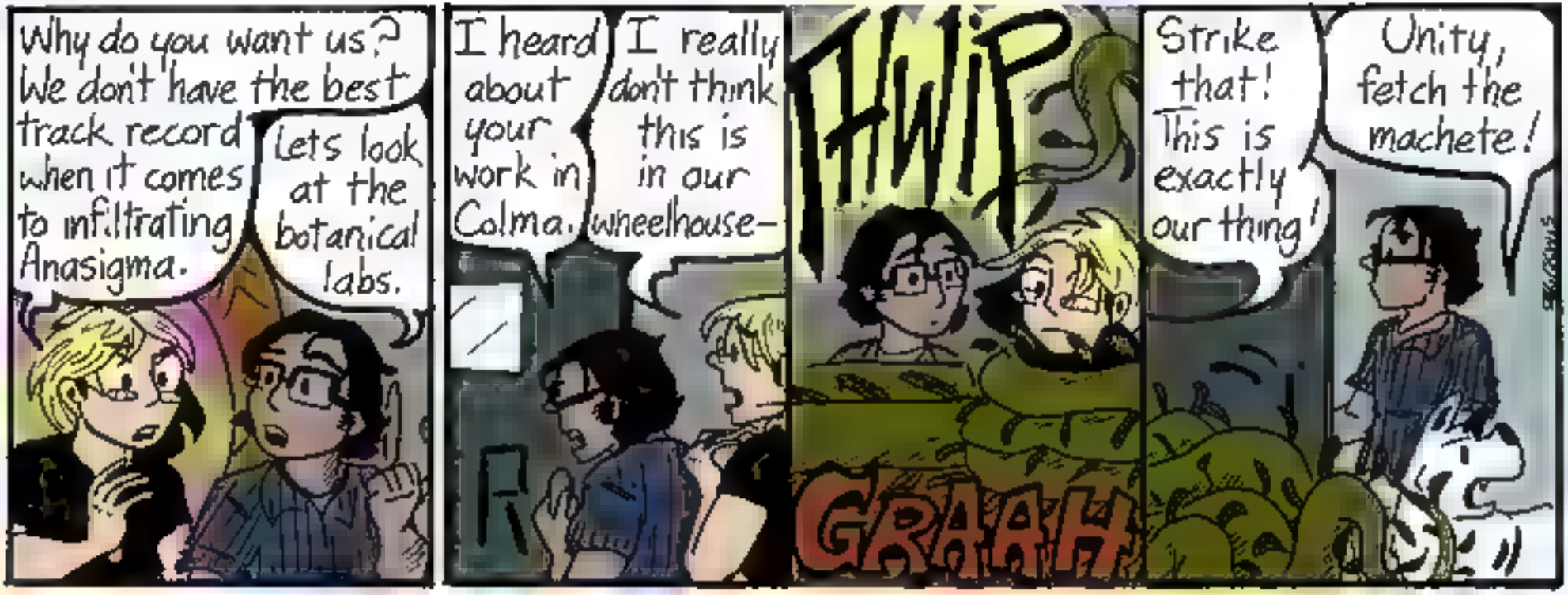

I can't say more in an unsecured location, but I need your help to a'd a mutual friend.
BOB ROSS?
What? No! A vegetable intellect of our acquaintance.
Still don't exclude Bob.
The dead PBS painter guy?
He knew the trees were happy because he was one with them.
I admit it: your job is stupider than mine.
Oh, and not dead... merely dormant...

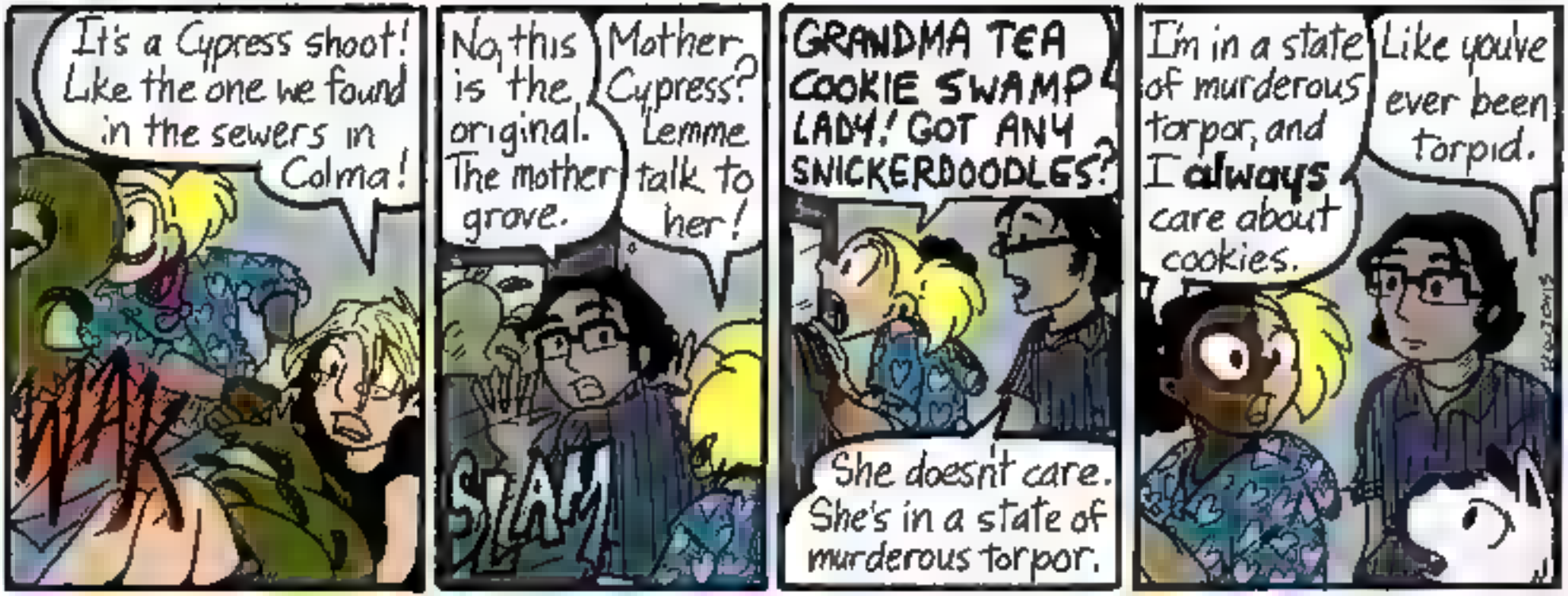

Welcome to Carbondale. Though I stress you're here unofficially
Cut to the chase, Mendoza. What're we doing here?
This is an Anasigma science hothouse. I was detained here for months.
When my "ever leaving" privileges were revoked, I launched a complex escape plan leading to this very moment.
Now let's go in.
I detect a flaw in your plan.
Science dudes don't hafta make sense.


You broke out of this facility, just to... break back in?
With this.
bip
It's a nondetection matrix. Makes us functionally invisible.
Picked that up at Radio Shack, did you?
The parts, yes. You'd be surprised how cheaply one can shatter the laws of physics.
kri
For example, this is mostly Ikea.
How much for one'a these lizard things?
MMM
SSS


Why are we here, exactly?
This is a transcausal reconnaissance oculus, code-name "Second Gate."
A-Sig's been using it for surveillance. What they don't know is that I cracked the mass-transference barrier.
But it's dangerous to touch a dimensional brane, let alone cross it. One would have to be stupid or insane.
Still waiting for a reason why we're here.
I just gave two. Should I rephrase?


That's why you braught us? To shove us in your teleporter thingy?
No! Well, sort of. But for a cause.
And it doesn't transport across time and space. It transports across causality.
Through that gate are universes spawned by every choice we make — a sparkling infinity of possibilities.
What I'm hearing is, we don't get to leave Pennsylvania
No, but we can go to one where "Rocky" stars Burt Renolds.


Why do you want us? We don't have the best track record when it comes to infiltrating Anasigma.
Lets look at the botanical labs.
I heard about your work in Colma.
I really don't think this is in our wheelhouse-
THWIP
GRAAH
Strike that! This is exactly our thing!
Unity, fetch the machete!


It's a Cypress shoot! Like the one we found in the sewers in Colma!
WAK
No, this is the original. The mother grove.
Mother Cypress? Lemme talk to her!
SLAM
GRANDMA TEA COOKIE SWAMP LADY! GOT ANY SNICKERDOODLES?
She doesn't care. She's in a state of murderous torpor.
I'm in a state of murderous torpor, and I always care about cookies.
Like youlve ever been torpid.

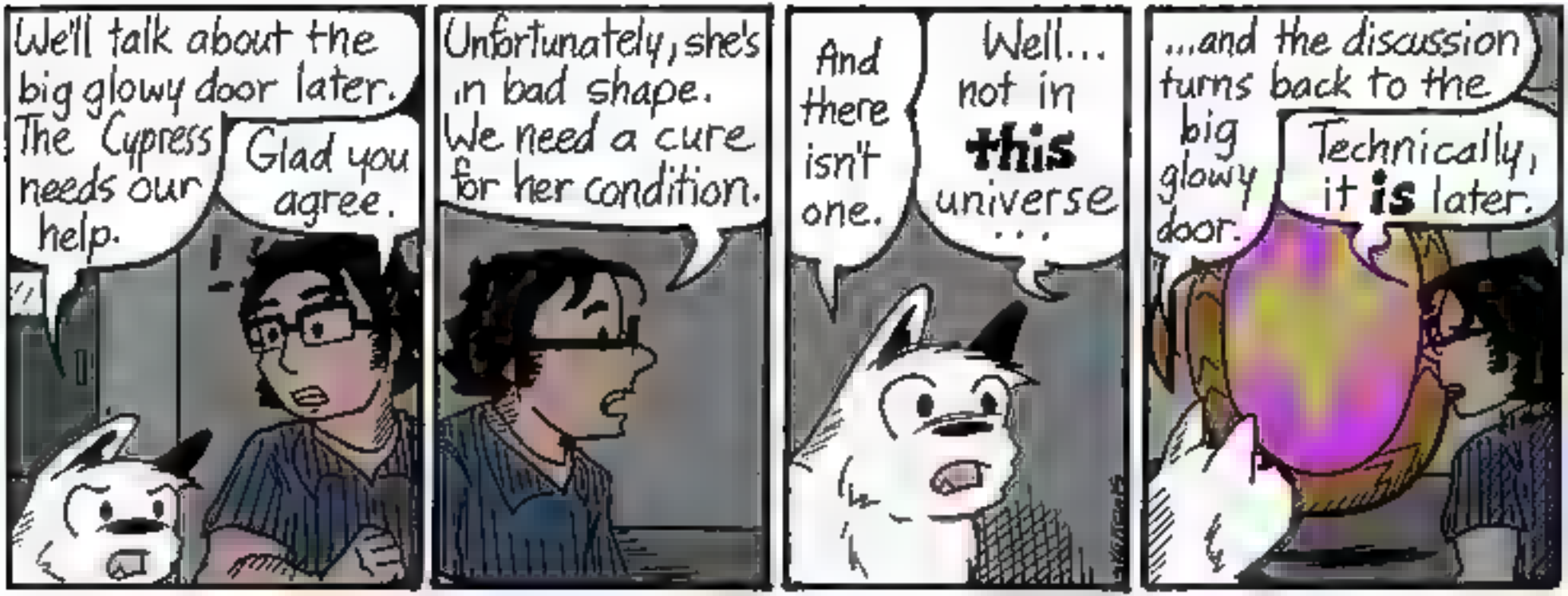



LIFE




The Cypress's "children" were sometimes violent, but not her.
She's been drugged out of whatever she uses for a mind.
She's become another of Anasigma's many projects of mass destruction and conquest.
Yeah? Like what else?
Well... you, for instance.
Unfair! I haven't mass-destructed in years.
It gets dicey at Golden Corral, but we keep her in check.


The Cypress doesn't look good.
That's why I came back for her. She's sick.
A-Sig shaves off sub-sapient clippings and seeds them around the country.
Like the one in Colma!
It's useful for manipulating populations with the threat of zombie invasion.
So... she's a living attack ad.
Honestly more ethical than most.


We'll talk about the big glowy door later. The Cypress needs our help.
Glad you agree.
Unfortunately, she's in bad shape. We need a cure for her condition.
And there isn't one.
Well... not in this universe...
...and the discussion turns back to the big glowy door.
Technically, it is later.


Have you tested this thing yourself?
Only briefly. The **power**... it's too corrupting.
This technology must be reserved for the most dire crises.
So why **did** you go in?
To finally get Season 3 of "The Adventures of Pete and Pete" on DVD!
Oh, luckeee.
The empty space in my media cabinet was driving me **nuts.**


This universe you want to send us to. What's different?
Lots of little things.
The Soviets won the Miracle on Ice... the York Steak House franchise never folded...
Oh, and your handling of the Colma mission led to the fall of civilization.
Wait wait wait- York Steak Houses still exist?
Yeah, but they only serve jackalope.


So the plan is to go to a dystopian universe that has a cure for the Cypress.
Right.
That's a terrible plan. Anyone could see that with five seconds' thought.
Echo Lima! You hear someone in the glowy door room?
Meh. Fill it with cyanide gas just to be sure.
Good thing we don't have that long!
You did that on purpose!
Boss!
400F

Once again:

READER MAIL

Jeff Wikstrom writes: "A question for Sweetheart: what was Skin Horse like when you first began working here?"

Oh, it was great!

When I came on board the staff was a well-oiled machine.

Only partly literally.

Our field team leader was Plasma Adam. Sent ent radiation cloud. Nice guy, a little pushy.

Agent Blue was our human/nonhuman liaison. She showed me the ropes.

wag wag

Nigel the Anti-Gravity Ferret was on loan from the EU's agency, Counterpane.

Louis the Peace Lily worked the front desk.

And then there was the little guy from Brooklyn.

@*!

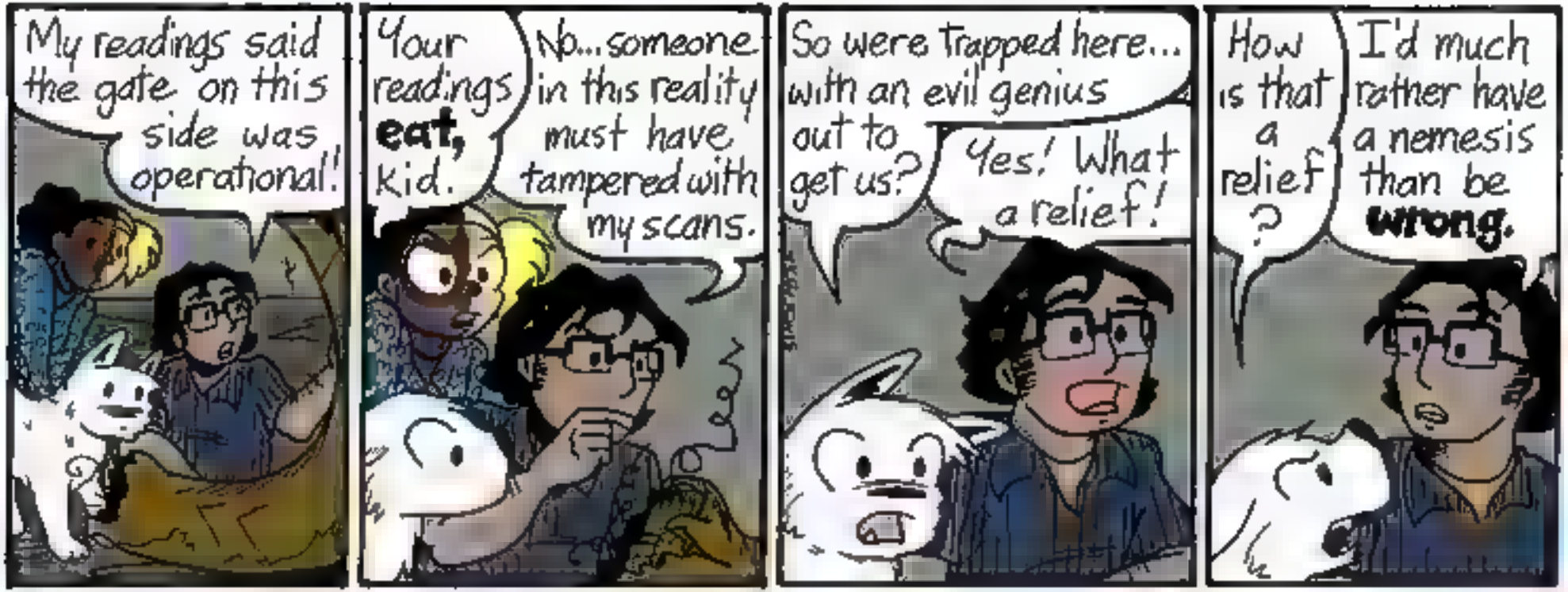
Er... where are they all now?

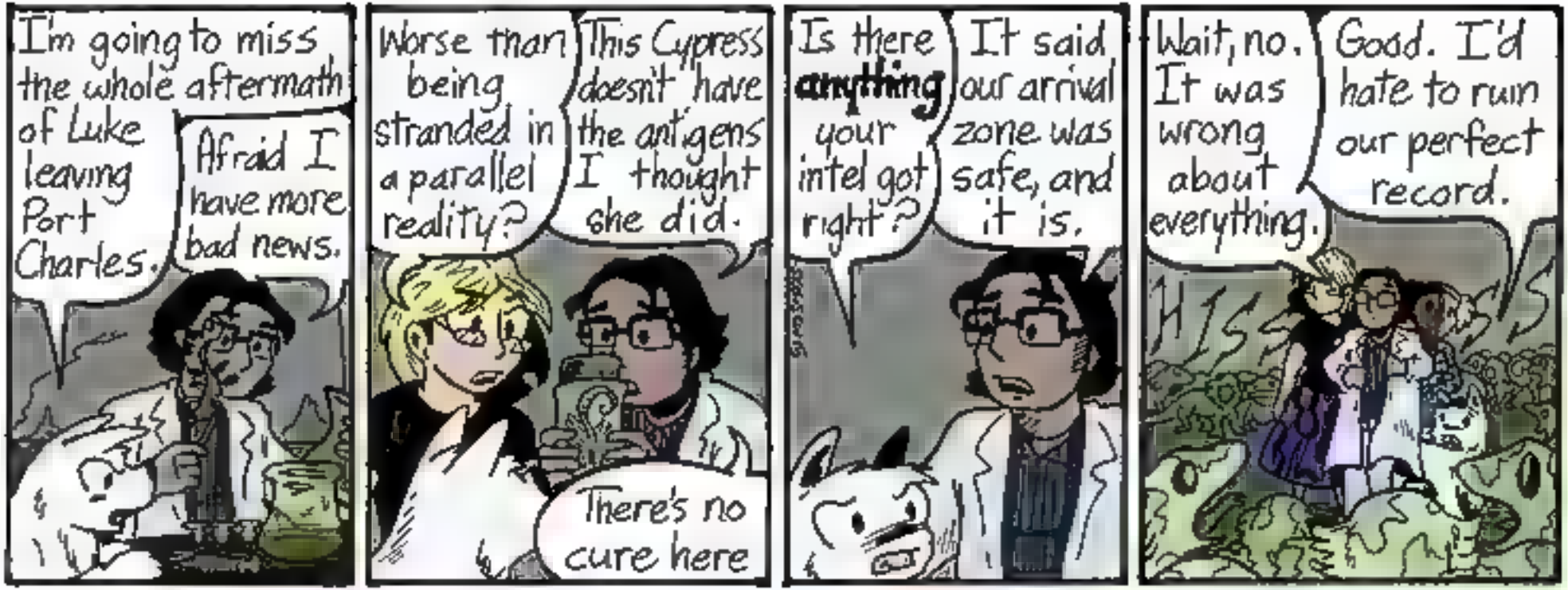
BURRRP

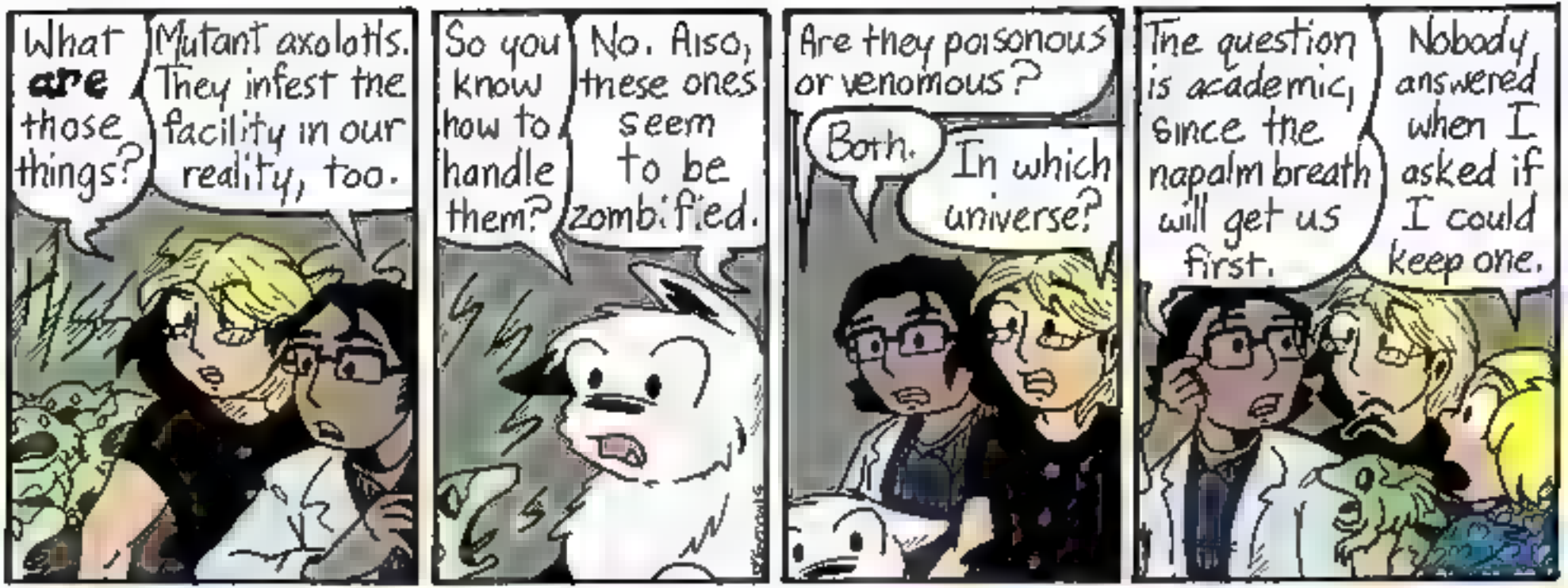
Of course, Gavotte's been around longer than me...

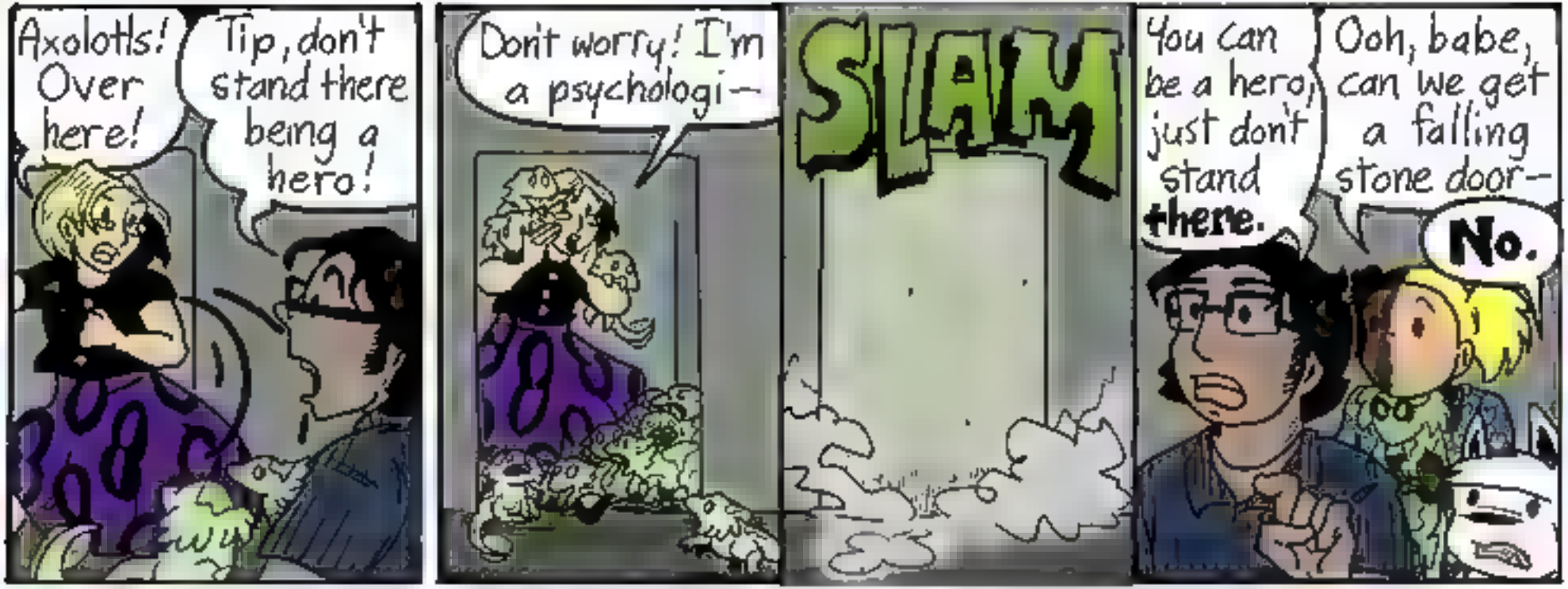
She keeps flying out of my mouth.


Welcome to possibility.
Wow, possibility sucks.
This can't be the universe. It looked... different from the other side.
This stinks. Anyone see a problem with going back?
Fine. I'll just fire up the gate on this end...
Oh, hey, I see a problem.
I'm contemplating the possibilities of biting Mendoza in the hamstring.


My readings said the gate on this side was operational!
Your readings eat, kid.
No...someone in this reality must have tampered with my scans.
So were trapped here... with an evil genius out to get us?
Yes! What a relief!
How is that a relief?
I'd much rather have a nemesis than be wrong.


I'm going to miss the whole aftermath of Luke leaving Port Charles.
Afraid I have more bad news.
Worse than being stranded in a parallel reality?
This Cypress doesn't have the antigens I thought she did.
There's no cure here
Is there anything your intel got right?
It said our arrival zone was safe, and it is.
Wait, no. It was wrong about everything.
Good. I'd hate to ruin our perfect record.
HISS


What are those things?
Mutant axolotls. They infest the facility in our reality, too.
So you know how to handle them?
No. Also, these ones seem to be zombified.
Are they poisonous or venomous?
Both.
In which universe?
The question is academic, since the napalm breath will get us first.
Nobody answered when I asked if I could keep one.


Axolotls! Over here!
Tip, don't stand there being a hero!
Don't worry! I'm a psychologi—
SLAM
You can be a hero, just don't stand there.
Ooh, babe, can we get a falling stone door—
No.

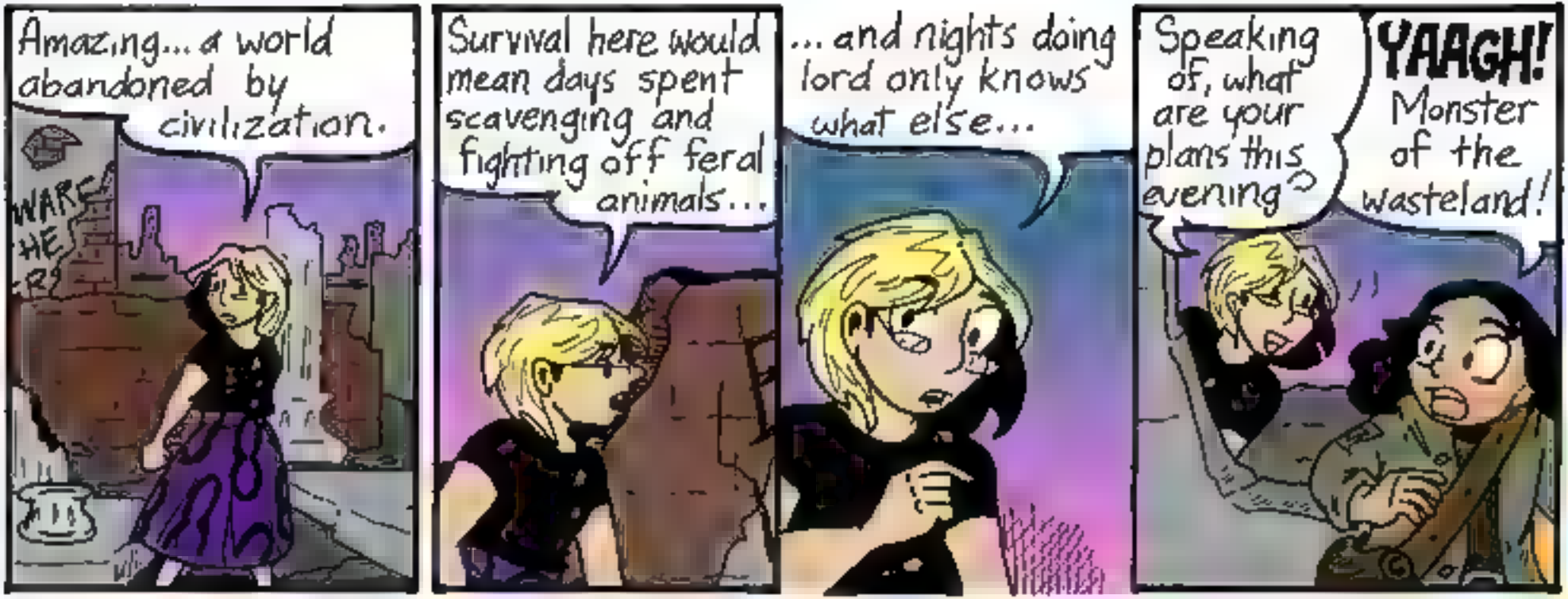


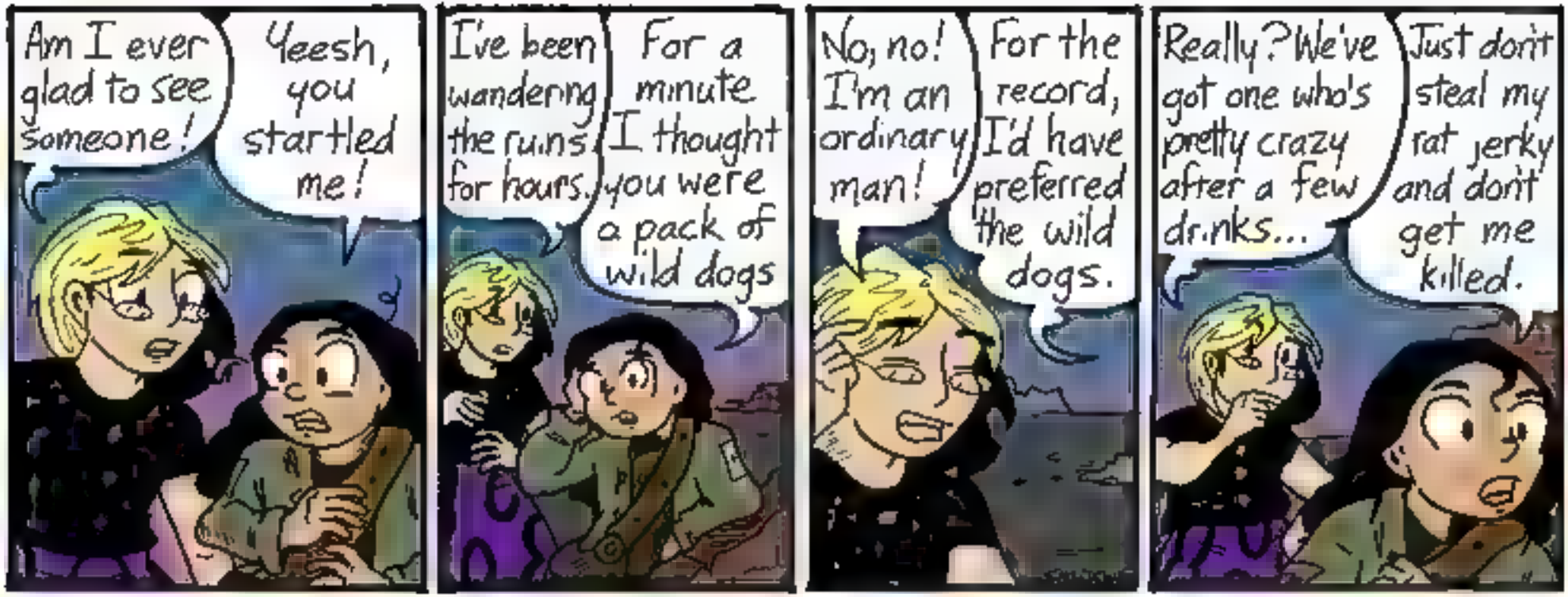


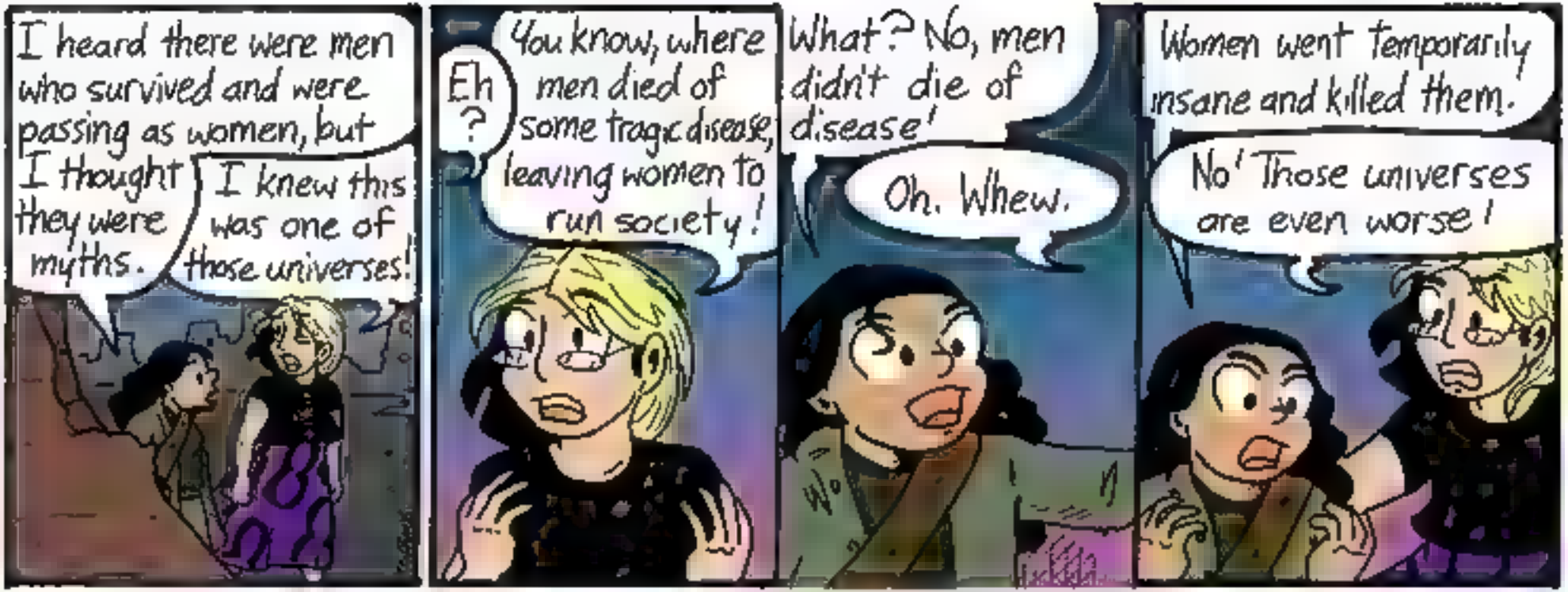


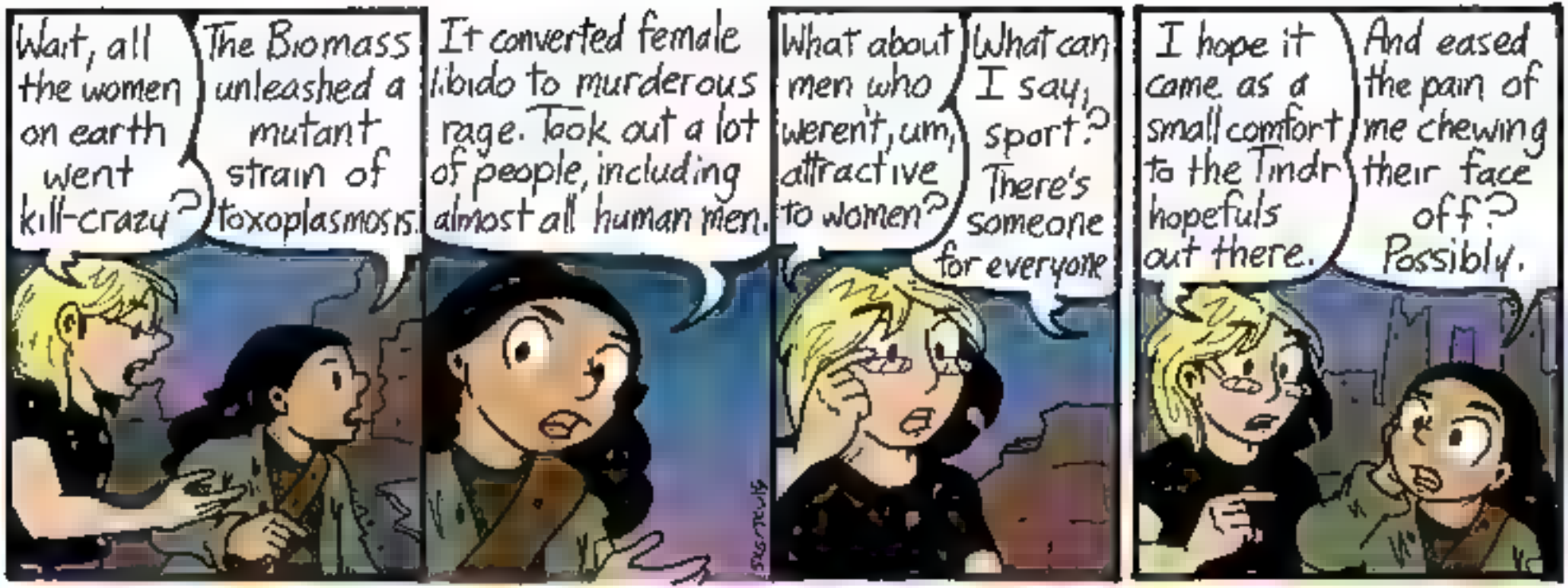

Okay. Trapped in the dark with undead amphibians. I can work with this.
HISSSS
My inner psychologist might consider appealing to the remnants of their animal minds.
GRAH!
BLAM BLAM BLAM LA LA LA
Then again, my inner psychologist owns the same gun I do.
SKoooo.

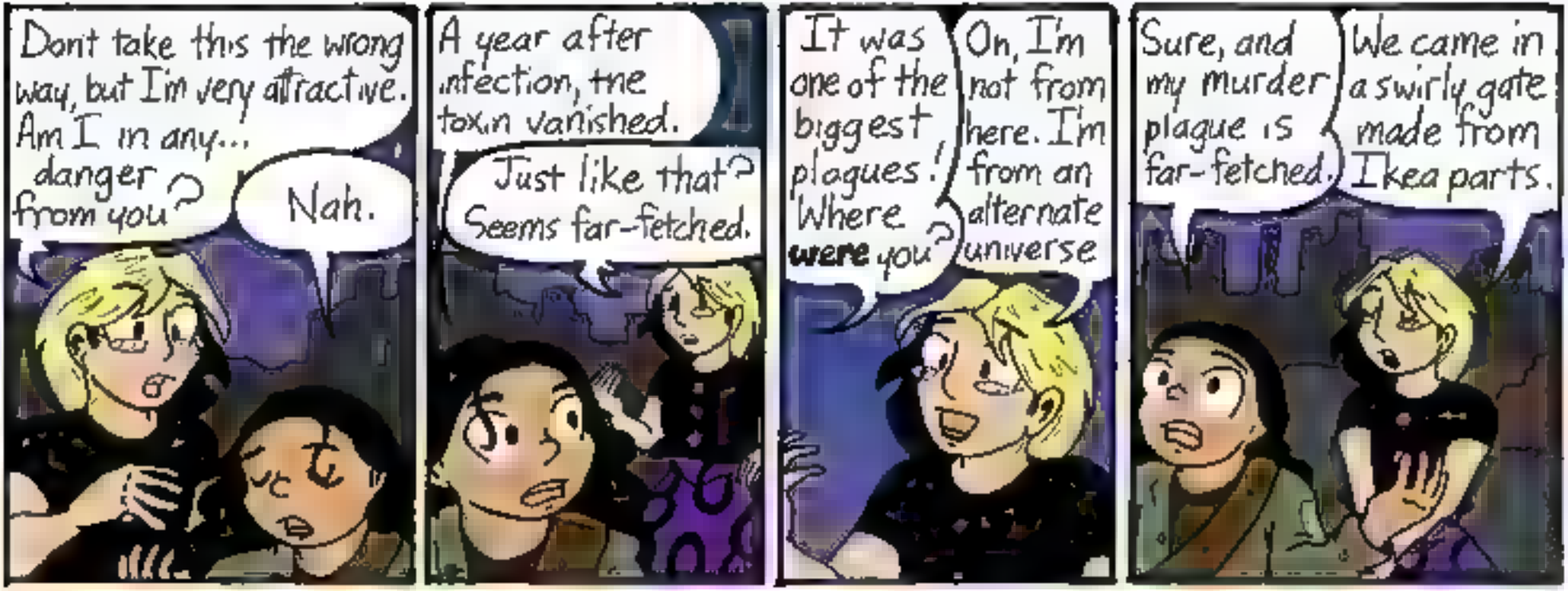



Amazing... a world abandoned by civilization.
WARE HE R?
Survival here would mean days spent scavenging and fighting off feral animals...
... and nights doing lord only knows what else...
Speaking of, what are your plans this evening?
YAAGH!
Monster of the wasteland!


Am I ever glad to see someone!
Yeesh, you startled me!
I've been wandering the ruins for hours.
For a minute I thought you were a pack of wild dogs
No, no! I'm an ordinary man!
For the record, I'd have preferred the wild dogs.
Really? We've got one who's pretty crazy after a few drinks...
Just don't steal my rat jerky and don't get me killed.


I heard there were men who survived and were passing as women, but I thought they were myths.
I knew this was one of those universes!
Eh?
You know, where men died of some tragic disease, leaving women to run society!
What? No, men didn't die of disease!
Oh. Whew.
Women went temporarily insane and killed them.
No! Those universes are even worse!

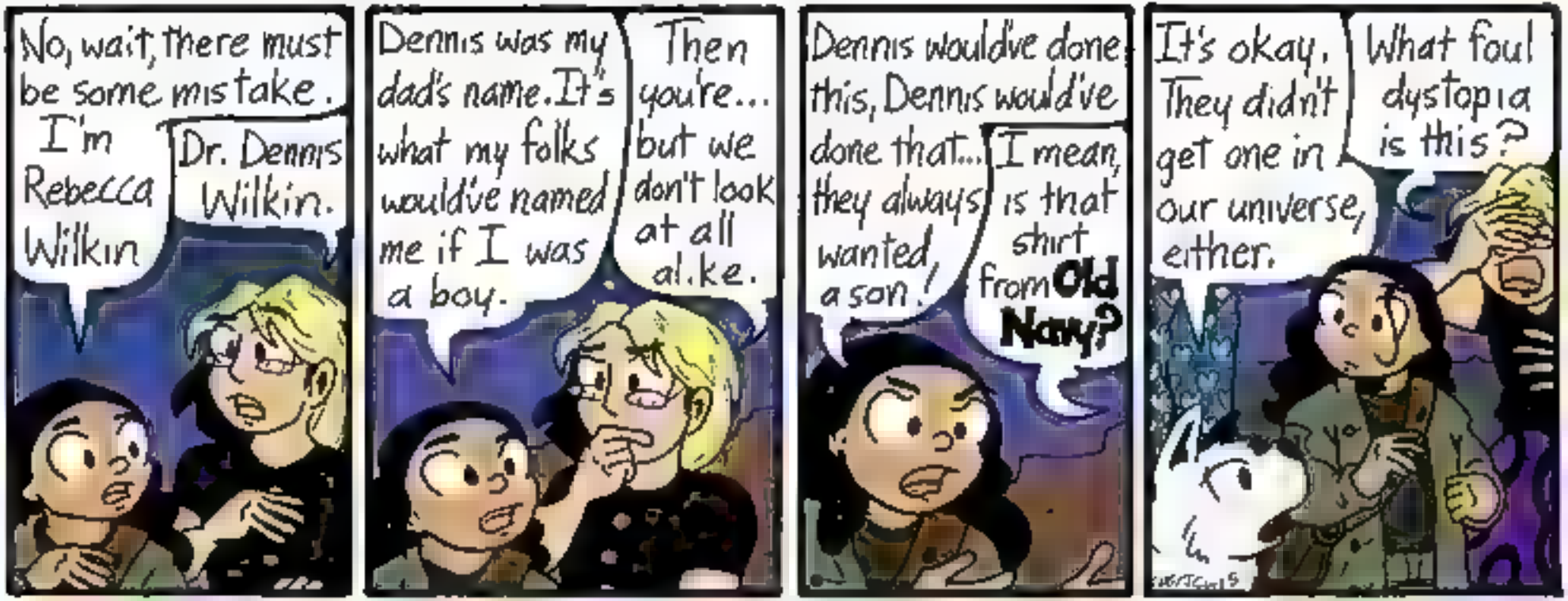

Wait, all the women on earth went kill-crazy?
The Biomass unleashed a mutant strain of toxoplasmosis.
It converted female libido to murderous rage. Took out a lot of people, including almost all human men.
What about men who weren't, um, attractive to women?
What can I say, sport? There's someone for everyone
I hope it came as a small comfort to the Tindr hopefuls out there.
And eased the pain of me chewing their face off? Possibly.


Dont take this the wrong way, but I'm very attractive. Am I in any... danger from you?
Nah.
A year after infection, the toxin vanished.
Just like that? Seems far-fetched.
It was one of the biggest plagues! Where were you?
Oh, I'm not from here. I'm from an alternate universe
Sure, and my murder plague is far-fetched.
We came in a swirly gate made from Ikea parts.

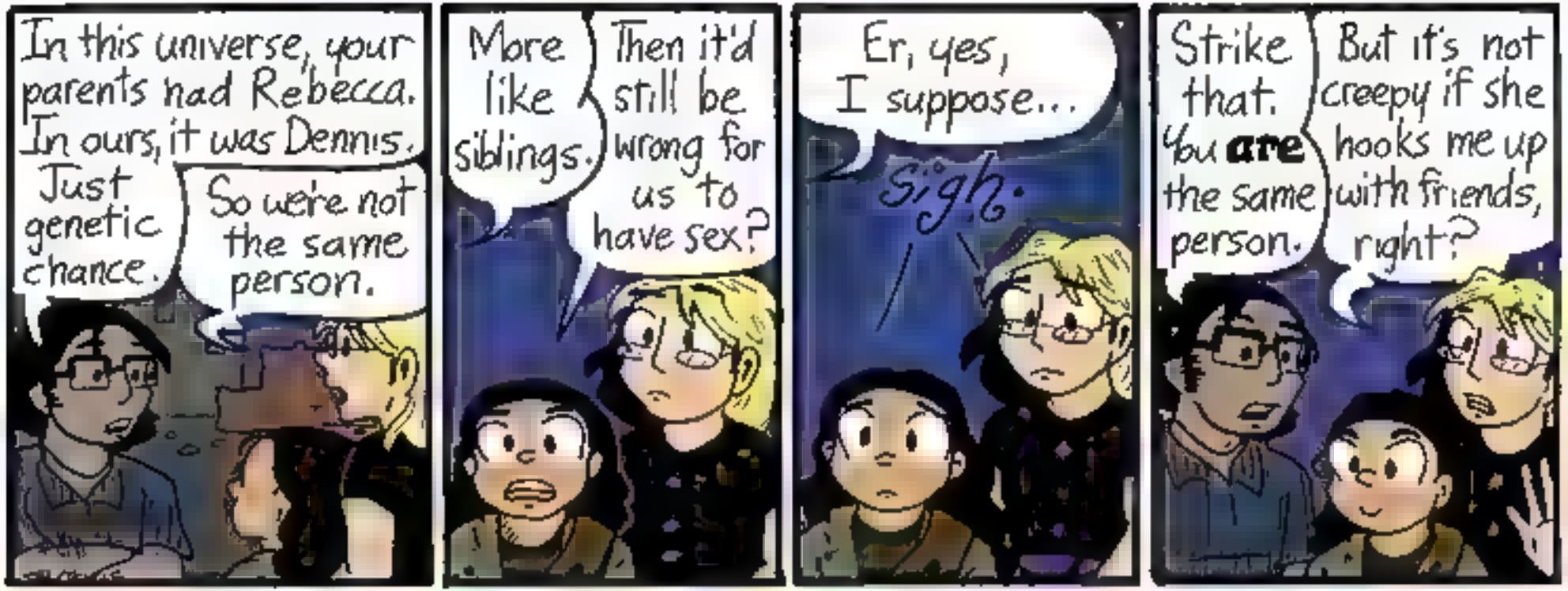

CRYSTAL
SPRING WATER

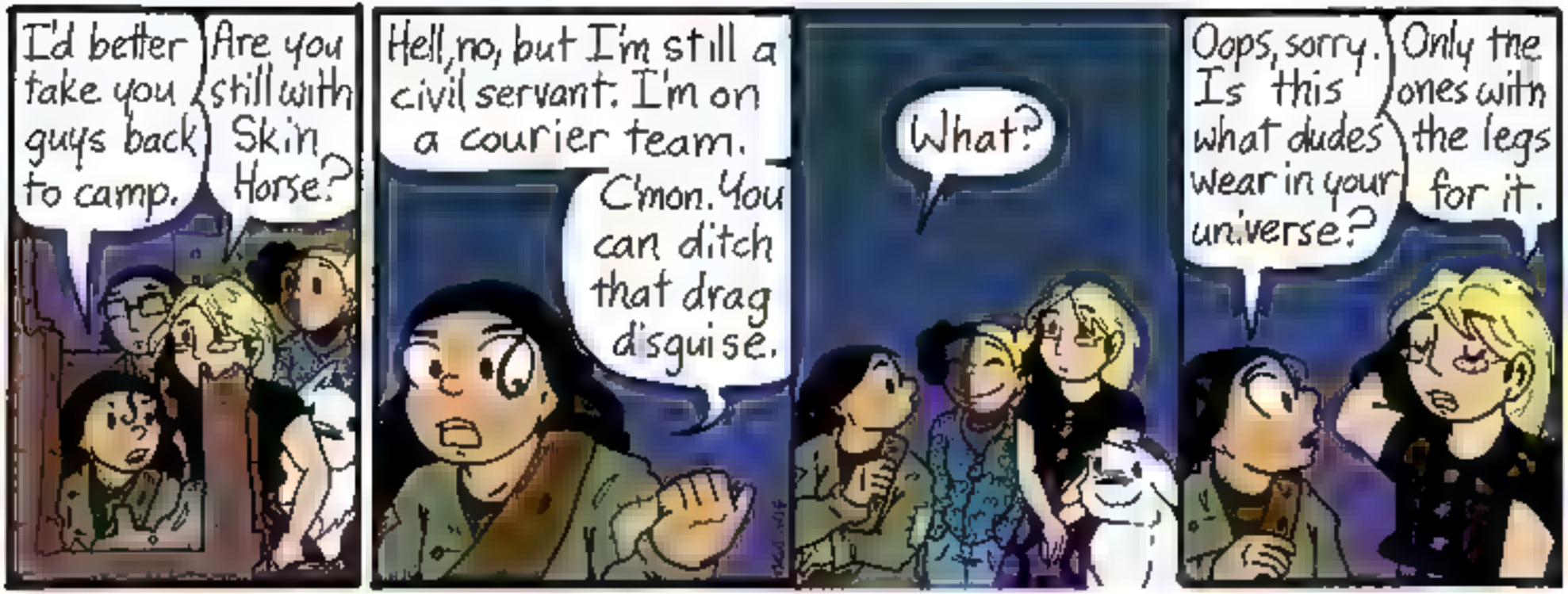

I found Tip!
You're sure?
Unless someone else in the post-apocalyptic waste wears carnation, posy, and white amber essential oils.
HEY, TIP!
I'M OVER HERE!
Um.

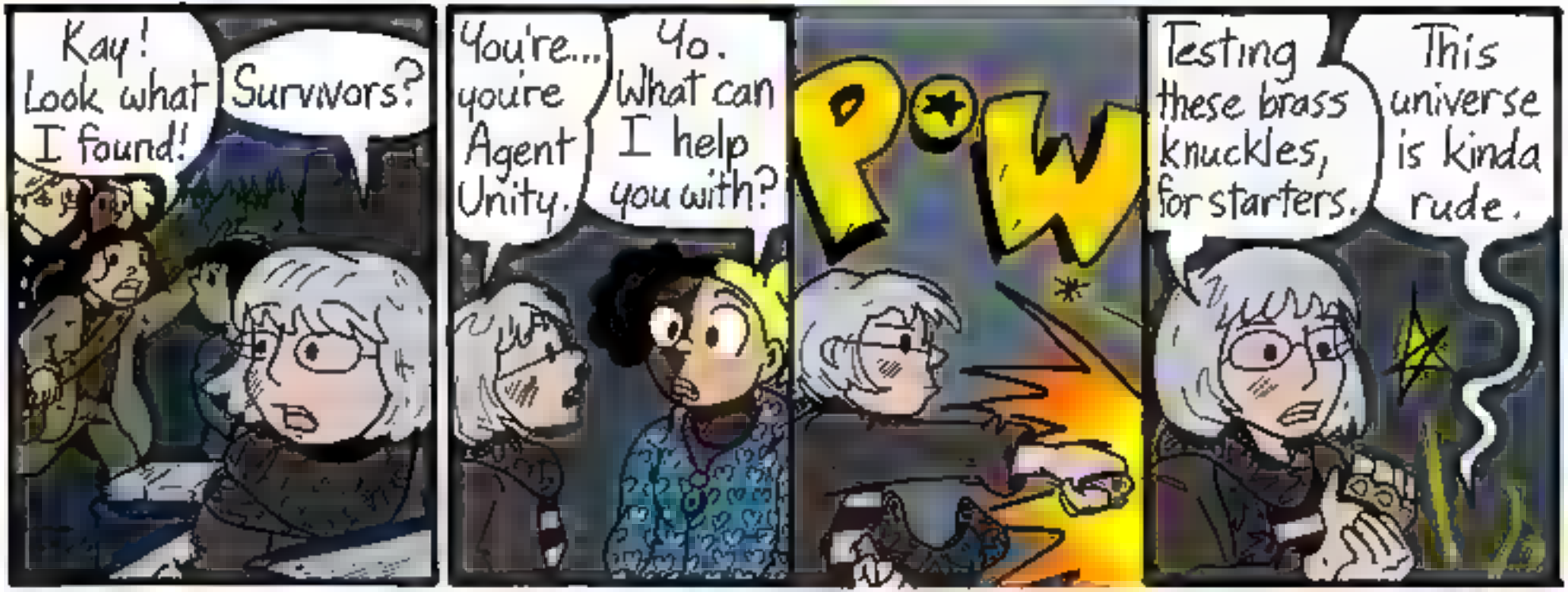

Shoot, I'm outside the building. And no cell reception, of course.
This really is Armageddon. It'll take all my training to find the barest essentials of survival.
CRYSTAL'S IMPORTED COSMETICS
Good job, training, but I also need conditioner.

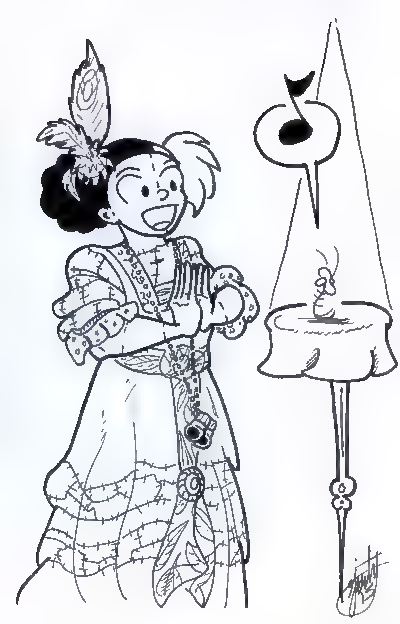

No, wait, there must be some mistake.
I'm Rebecca Wilkin
Dr. Dennis Wilkin.
Dennis was my dad's name. It's what my folks would've named me if I was a boy.
Then you're... but we don't look at all al.ke.
Dennis would've done this, Dennis would've done that... they always wanted a son!
I mean, is that shirt from Old Navy?
It's okay. They didn't get one in our universe, either.
What foul dystopia is this?


Doctor," huh?
I have a psychology doctorate. You?
Nah, I was a schoolteacher before I joined Skin Horse.
Then why'd they recruit you?
I mean, as a military psychologist I had combat training, ability to resolve conflict under fire, experience with animals in a clinical environment...
Yeah, I had the same, plus the rage.
And I brought nice boots.


In this universe, your parents had Rebecca. In ours, it was Dennis.
Just genetic chance.
So we're not the same person.
More like siblings.
Then it'd still be wrong for us to have sex?
Er, yes, I suppose...
Sigh.
Strike that. You are the same person.
But it's not creepy if she hooks me up with friends, right?

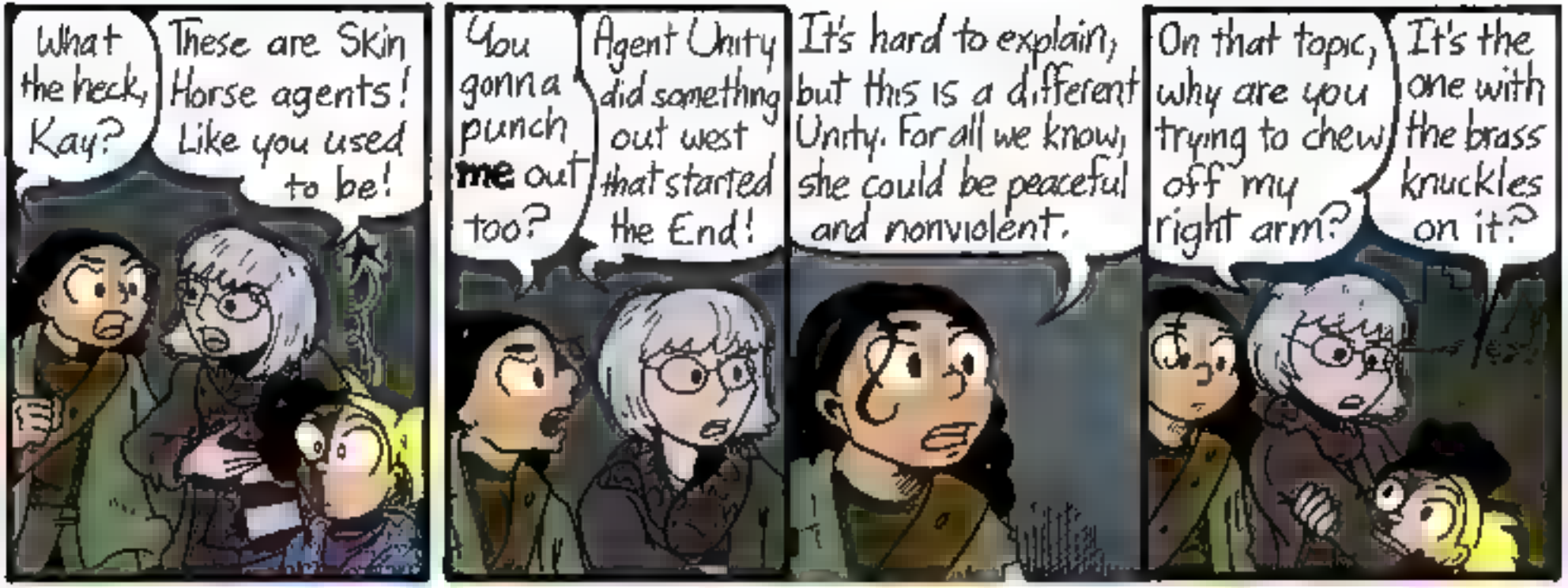

I'd better take you guys back to camp.
Are you still with Skin Horse?
Hell, no, but I'm still a civil servant. I'm on a courier team.
C'mon. You can ditch that drag disguise.
What?
Oops, sorry. Is this what dudes wear in your universe?
Only the ones with the legs for it.

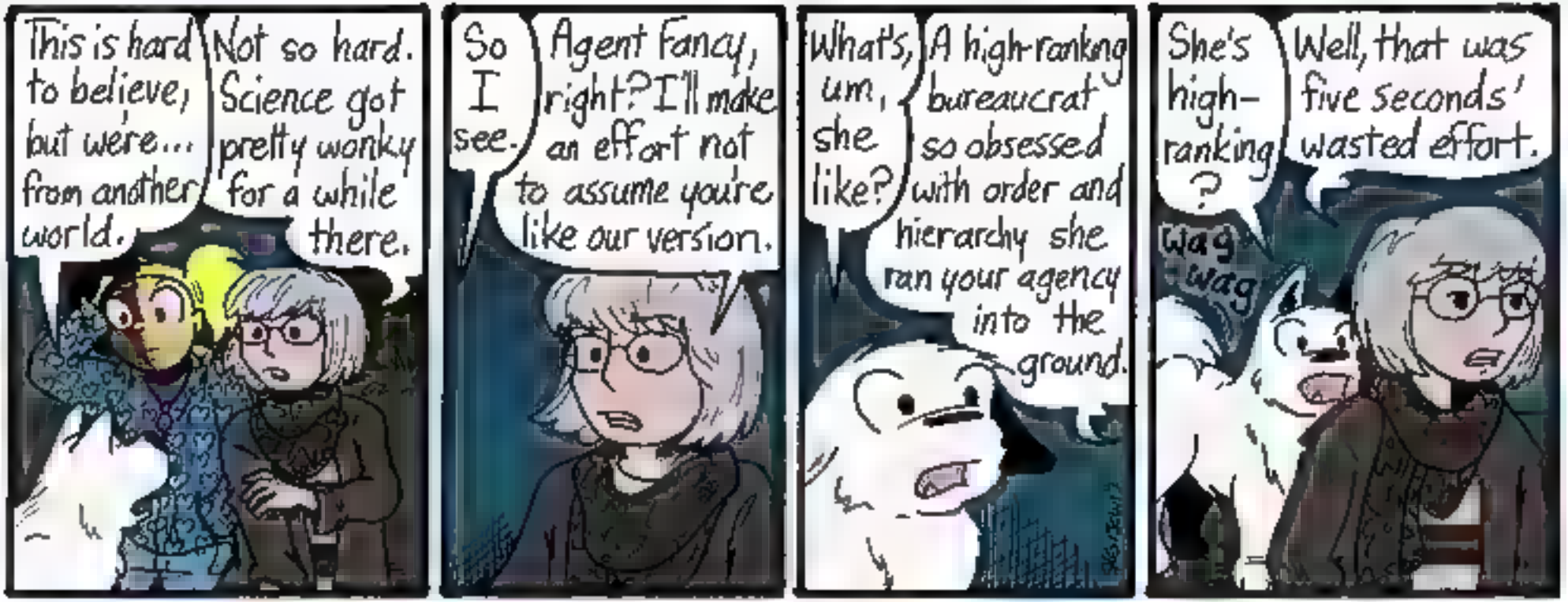

Kay! Look what I found!
Survivors?
You're... you're Agent Unity.
Yo. What can I help you with?
POW
Testing these brass knuckles, for starters.
This universe is kinda rude.

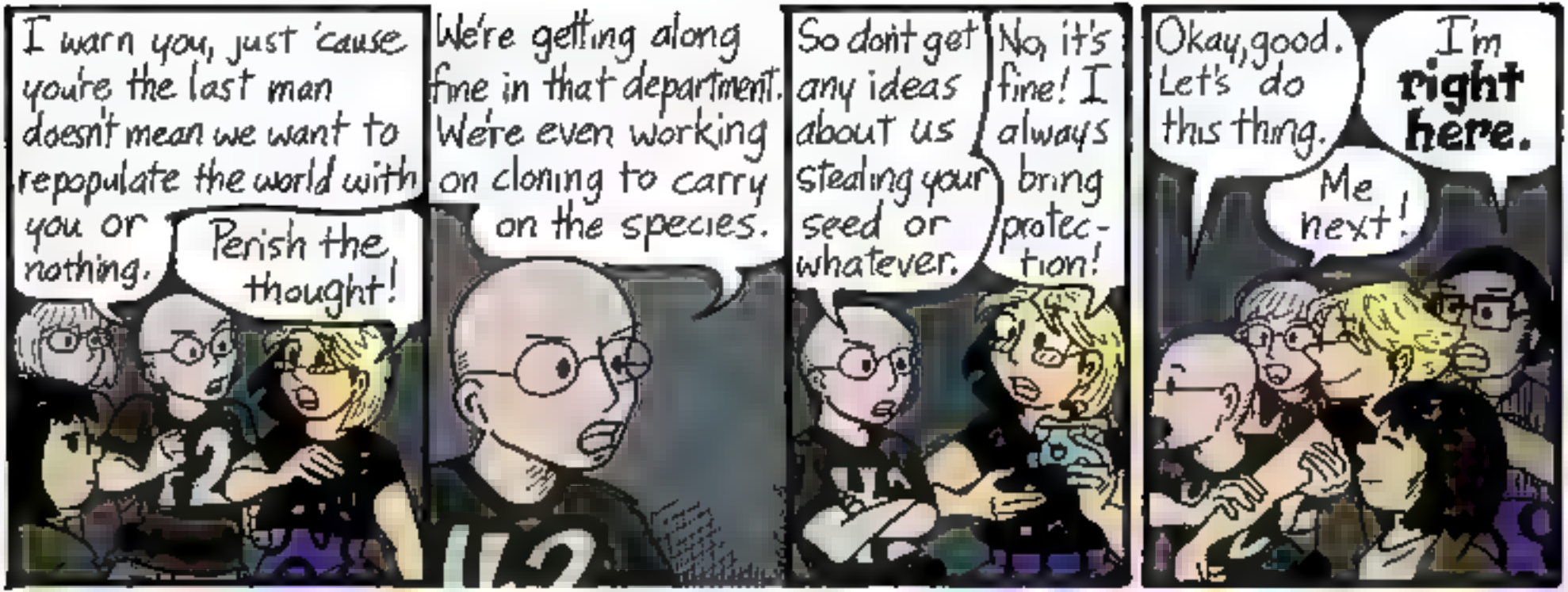







What the heck, Kay?
These are Skin Horse agents! Like you used to be!
You gonna punch me out too?
Agent Unity did something out west that started the End!
It's hard to explain, but this is a different Unity. For all we know, she could be peaceful and nonviolent.
On that topic, why are you trying to chew off my right arm?
It's the one with the brass knuckles on it?


This is hard to believe, but were... from another world.
Not so hard. Science got pretty wonky for a while there.
So I see.
Agent Fancy, right? I'll make an effort not to assume you're like our version.
What's, um, she like?
A high-ranking bureaucrat so obsessed with order and hierarchy she ran your agency into the ground.
She's high-ranking?
Wag wag
Well, that was five seconds' wasted effort.

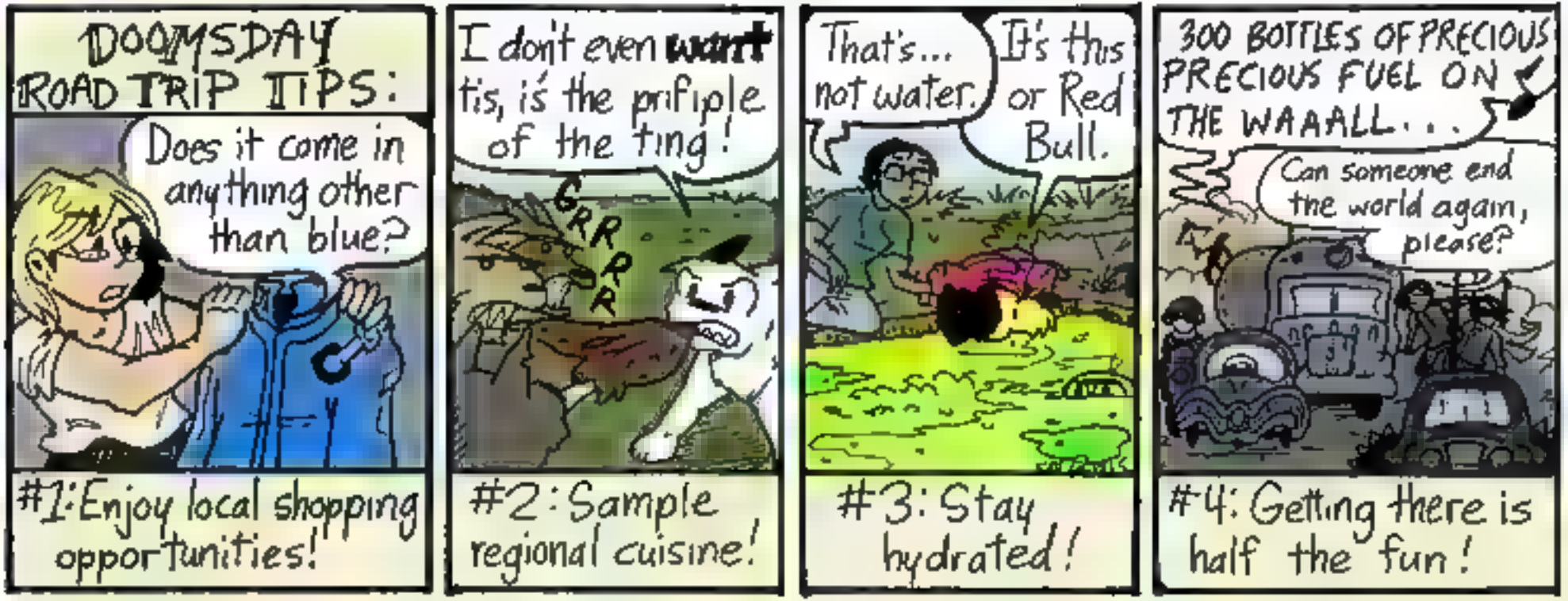

I warn you, just 'cause you're the last man doesn't mean we want to repopulate the world with you or nothing.
Perish the thought!
We're getting along fine in that department. We're even working on cloning to carry on the species.
So don't get any ideas about us stealing your seed or whatever.
No, it's fine! I always bring protection!
Okay, good. Let's do this thing.
Me next!
I'm right here.

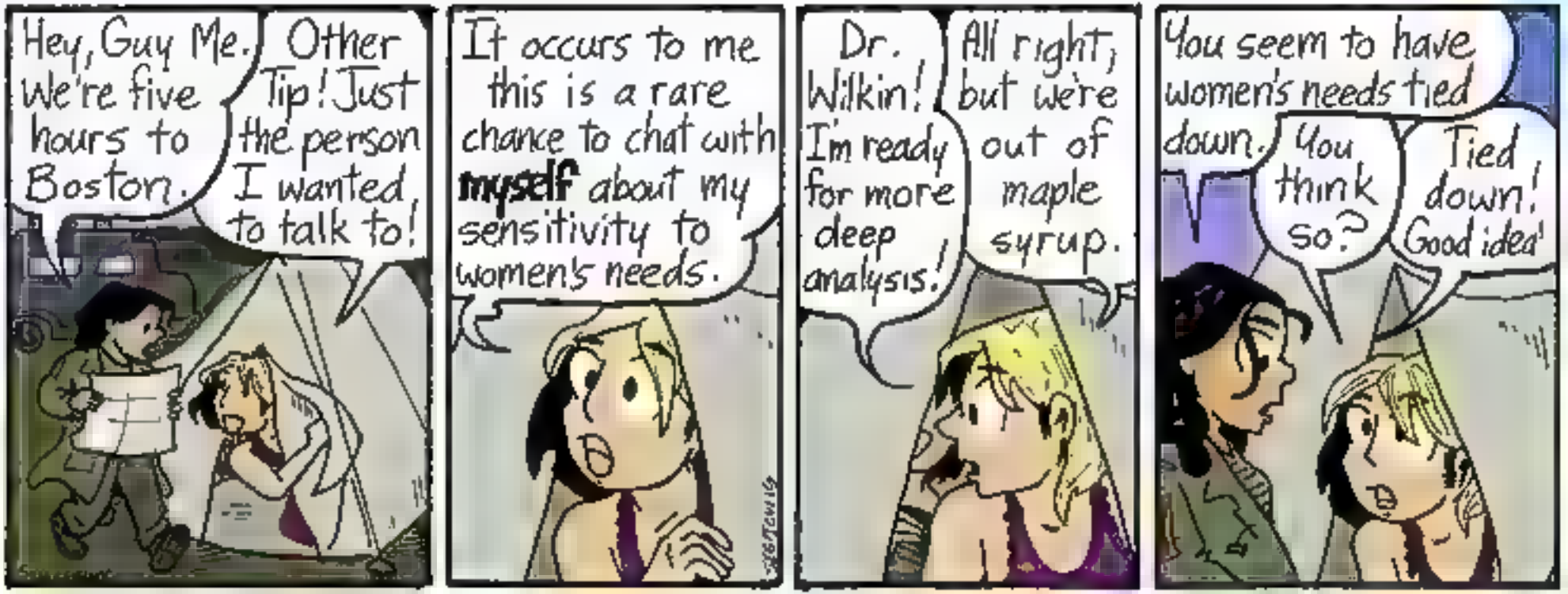

You know, if Dr. Wilkin is taking too long—
Thanks, I can wait.
I hate being the second-to-last man on Earth.
Third.
Sorry?
Let's just say I came extra prepared for this mission.
That's it. We've made the apocalypse worse.
Well, I didn't know what the restroom sitch would be.

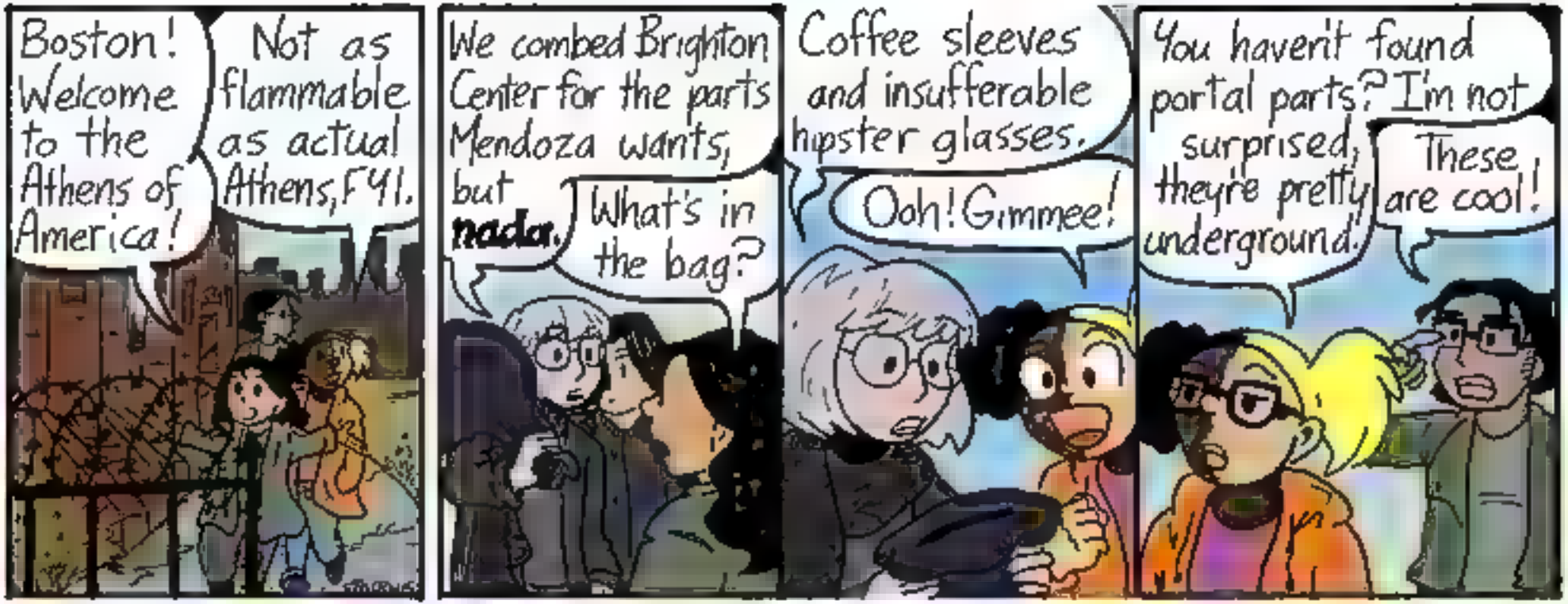

We dont have time to fool around. Let's construct a gate and get out of here.
I'll help. Whaddya need?
A lot of components that aren't available here. We need a major population center to scavenge.
But how to convince these hardened survivalists to guide us to—
Yo, ladies! If you dug being freaked so wild by Tip, take us to a city!
Woo! Let's do Boston!
Total party ruins.
Am I the only one taking the end of the world seriously?
I helped!

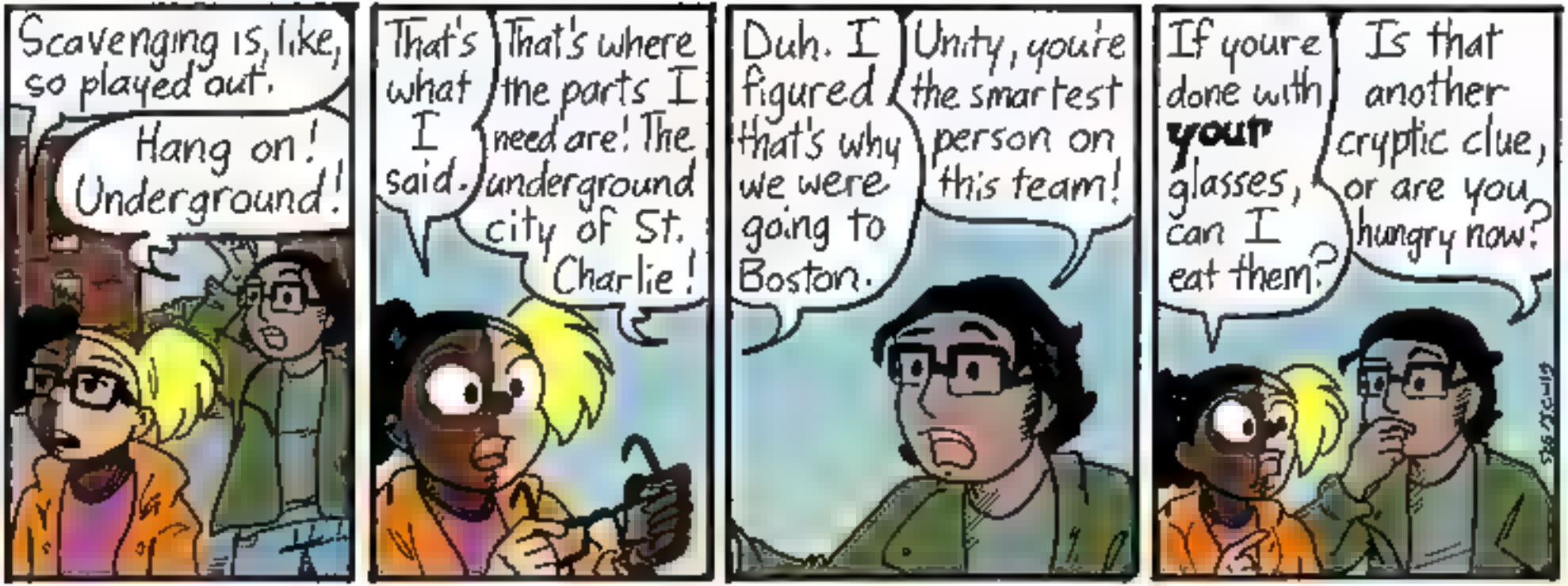

Looking at the map, wouldn't New York be closer than Boston?
We don't go to New York.
It got nit hard. The Acting President has it under extreme martial law.
I heard there are execution-style killings for letting parking meters run over.
What? That's awful!
Murdering innocents, or forgetting to feed the meter?
I prefer to call it "parking fraud."

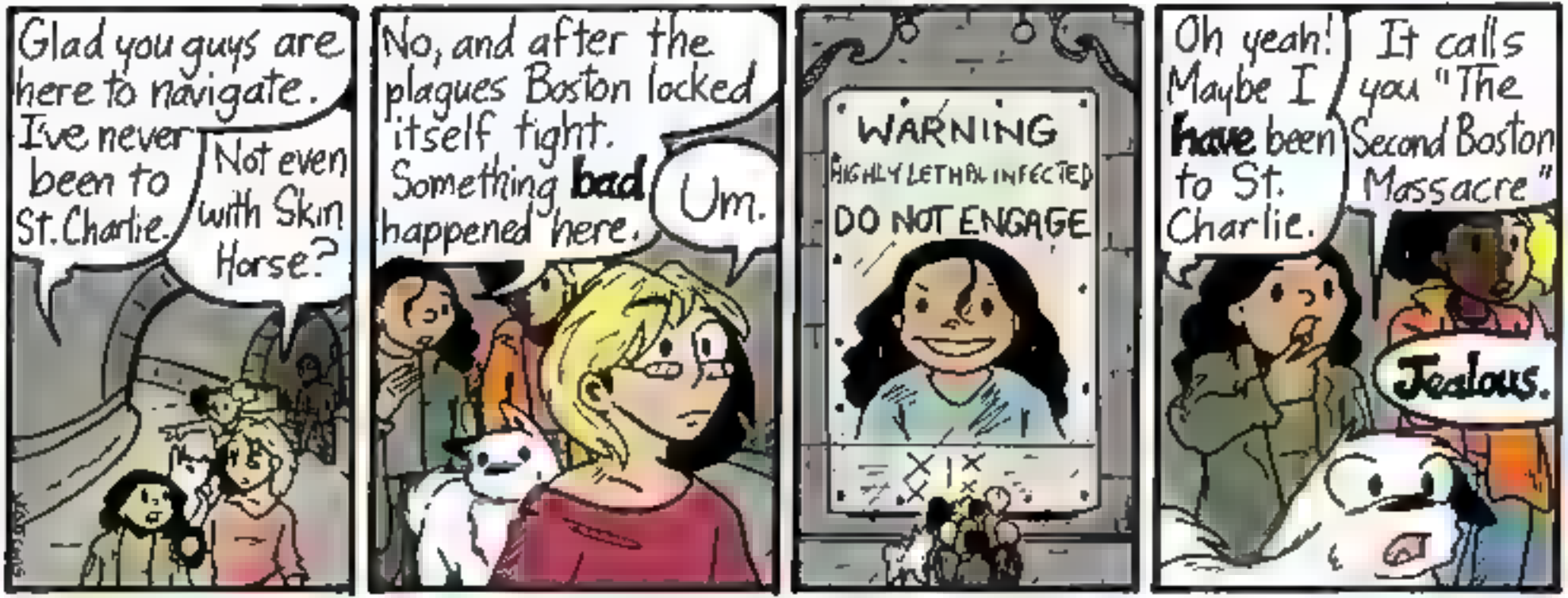

Looks like we're in for a road trip. Unless this place runs on Narnia time, we're screwed.
Why?
Why? It's an unexcused work absence!
You're the director. Can't you excuse yourself?
I... could excuse me?
I AM THE SAYER OF LAW! THE HEAVENS TURN AT MY WHIM!
It's Back Away From Babe Time.
I'll stop suggesting things.


DOOMSDAY ROAD TRIP TIPS:
Does it come in anything other than blue?
#1: Enjoy local shopping opportunities!
I don't even want tis, is the prifiple of the ting!
GRRR
#2: Sample regional cuisine!
That's... not water.
It's this or Red Bull.
#3: Stay hydrated!
300 BOTTLES OF PRECIOUS PRECIOUS FUEL ON THE WAAALL...
Can someone end the world again, please?
#4: Getting there is half the fun!

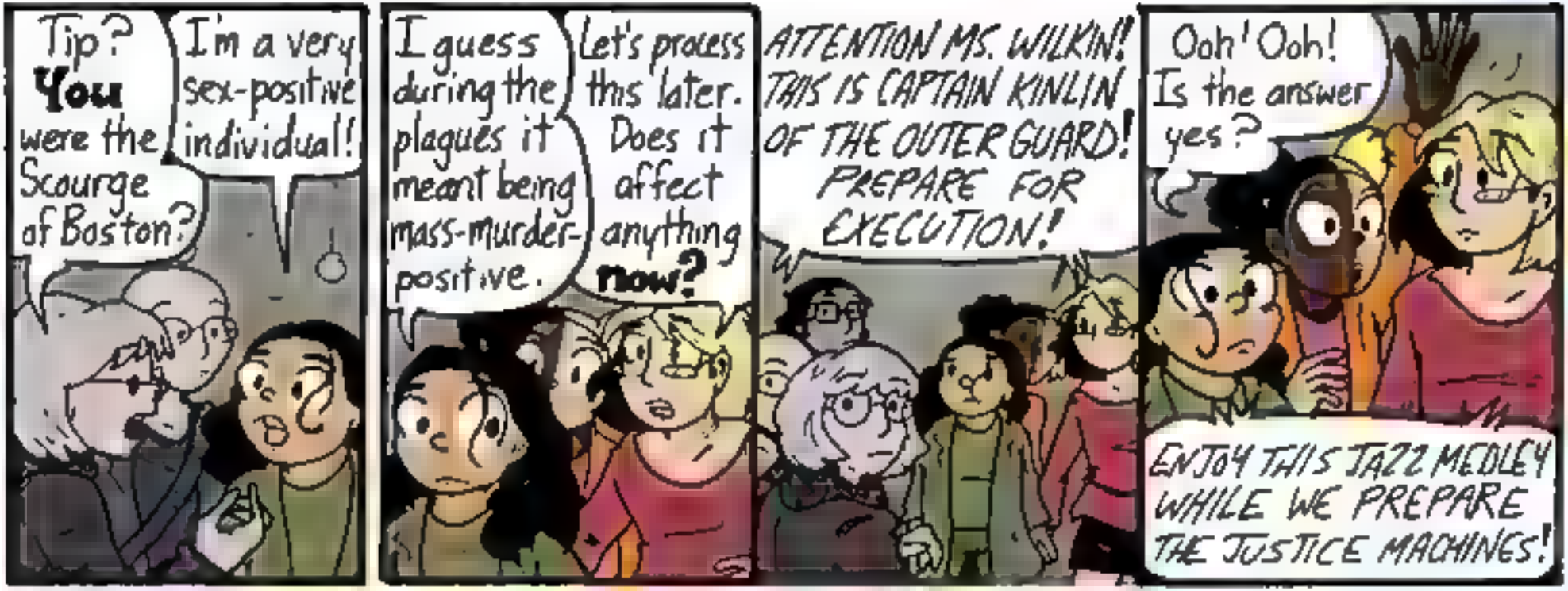

Hey, Guy Me. We're five hours to Boston.
Other Tip! Just the person I wanted to talk to!
It occurs to me this is a rare chance to chat with myself about my sensitivity to women's needs.
Dr. Wilkin! I'm ready for more deep analysis!
All right, but we're out of maple syrup.
You seem to have women's needs tied down.
You think so?
Tied down! Good idea!

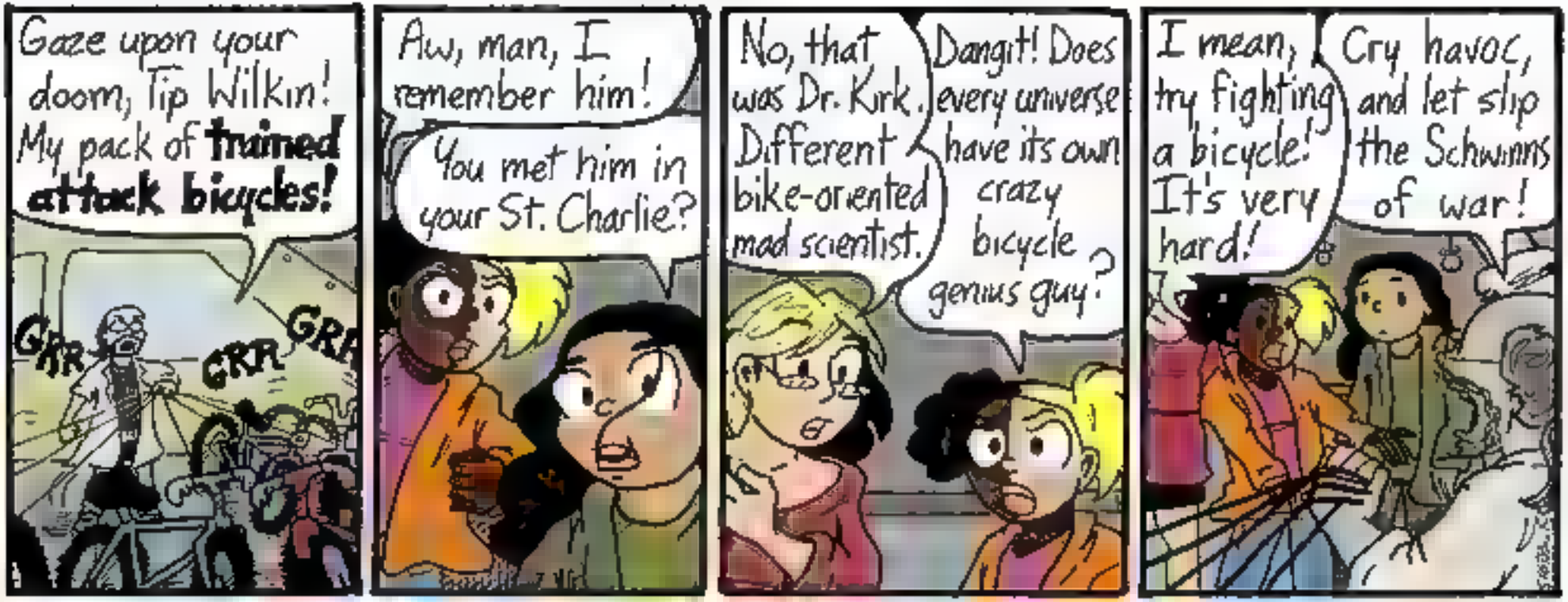

Boston! Welcome to the Athens of America!
Not as flammable as actual Athens, FYI.
We combed Brighton Center for the parts Mendoza wants, but nada.
What's in the bag?
Coffee sleeves and insufferable hipster glasses.
Ooh! Gimmee!
You haven't found portal parts? I'm not surprised, they're pretty underground.
These are cool!

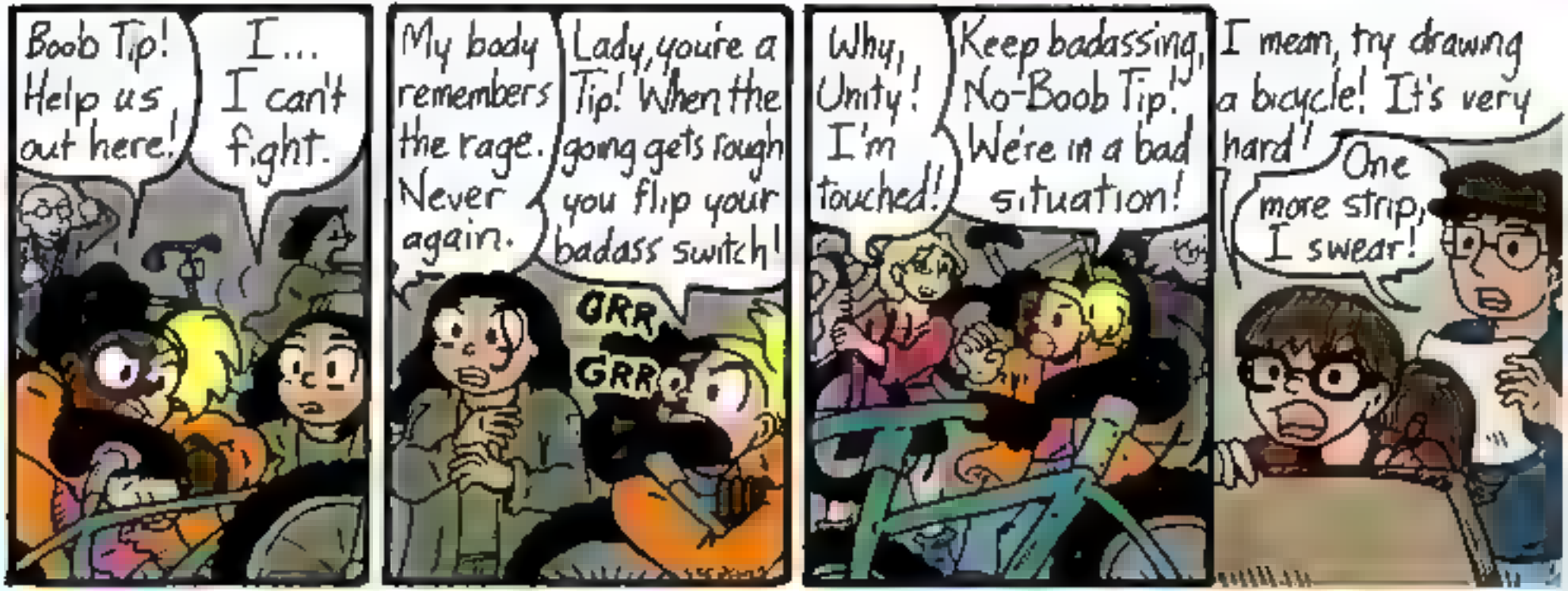

Scavenging is, like, so played out.
Hang on! Underground!
That's what I said.
That's where the parts I need are! The underground city of St. Charlie!
Duh. I figured that's why we were going to Boston.
Unity, you're the smartest person on this team!
If you're done with your glasses, can I eat them?
Is that another cryptic clue, or are you hungry now?

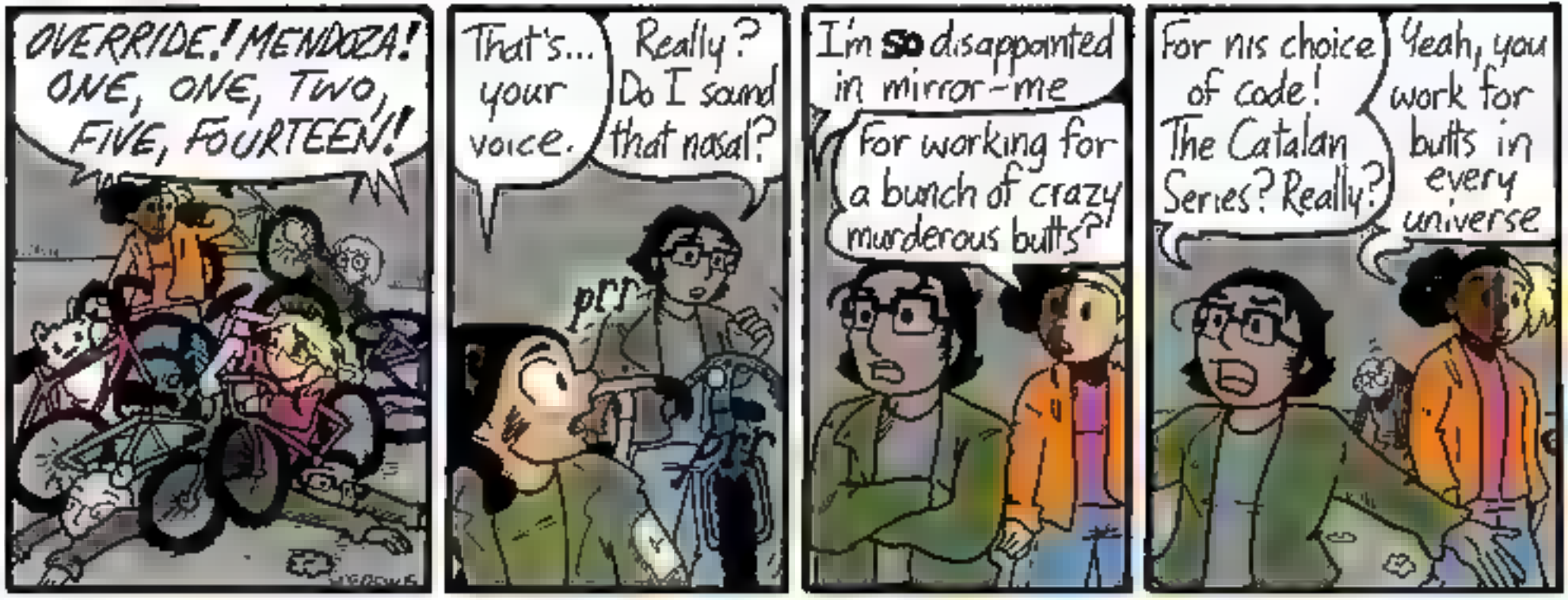

Glad you guys are here to navigate.
I've never been to St. Charlie.
Not even with Skin Horse?
No, and after the plagues Boston locked itself tight. Something bad happened here.
Um.
WARNING
HIGHLY LETHAL INFECTED
DO NOT ENGAGE
Oh yeah! Maybe I have been to St. Charlie.
It calls you "The Second Boston Massacre"
Jealous.

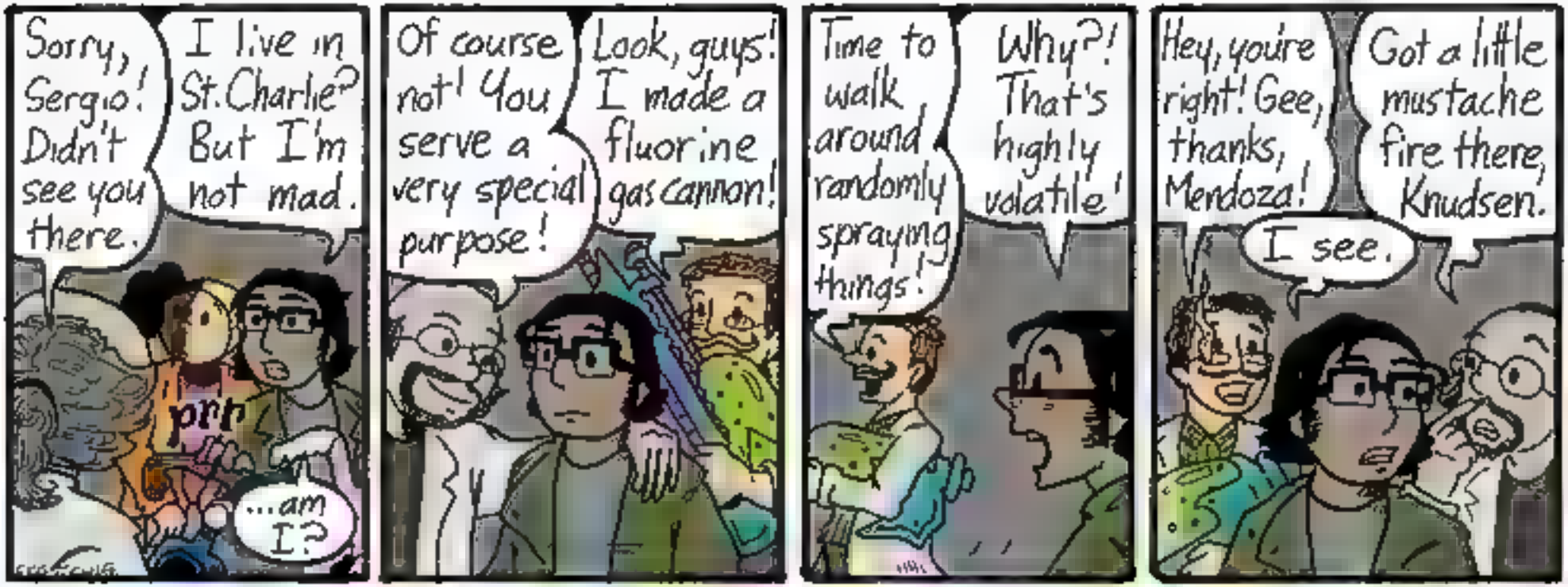


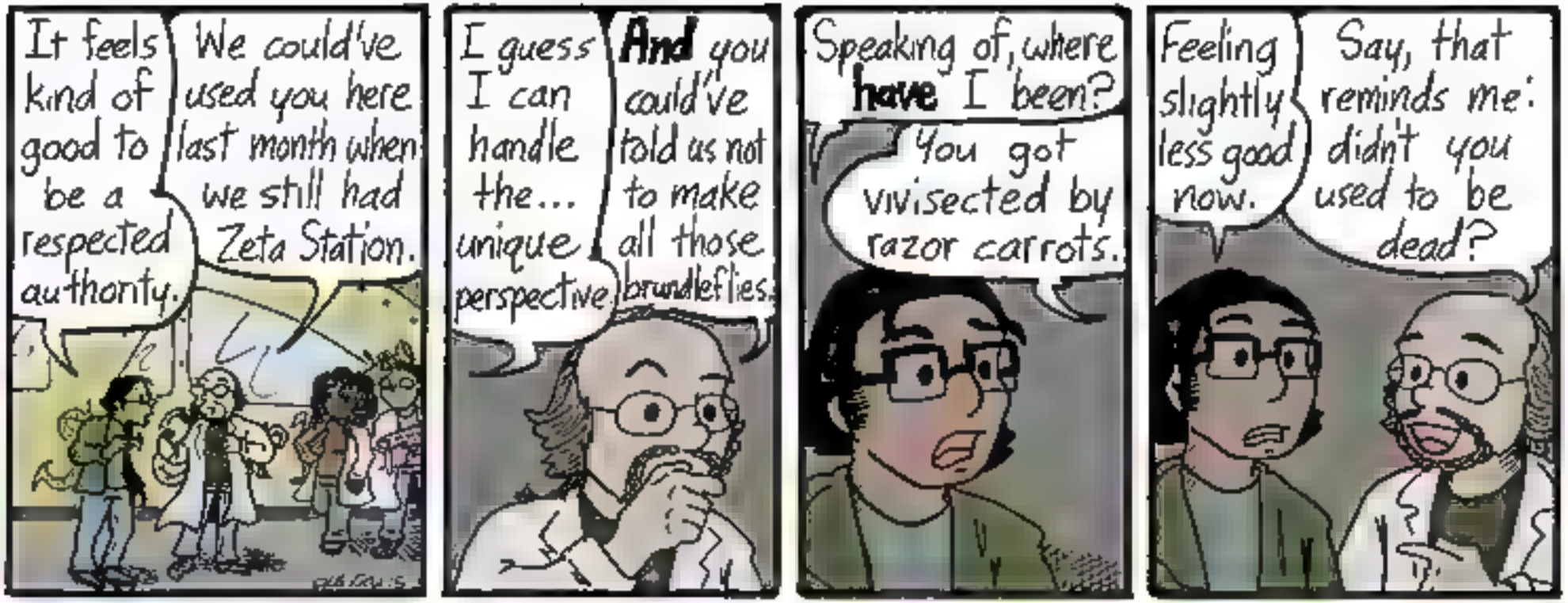

Tip? You were the Scourge of Boston?
I'm a very sex-positive individual!
I guess during the plagues it meant being mass-murder-positive.
Let's process this later. Does it affect anything now?
ATTENTION MS. WILKIN! THIS IS CAPTAIN KINLIN OF THE OUTER GUARD! PREPARE FOR EXECUTION!
Ooh! Ooh! Is the answer yes?
ENJOY THIS JAZZ MEDLEY WHILE WE PREPARE THE JUSTICE MACHINES!

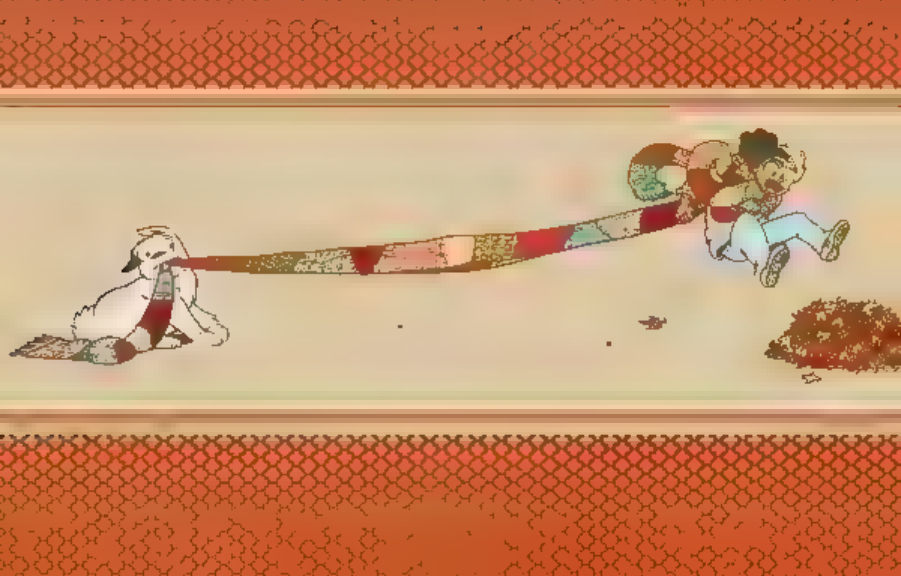

Gaze upon your doom, Tip Wilkin! My pack of trained attack bicycles!
GRR
GRR
GRR
Aw, man, I remember him!
You met him in your St. Charlie?
No, that was Dr. Kirk. Different bike-oriented mad scientist.
Dangit! Does every universe have its own crazy bicycle genius guy?
I mean, try fighting a bicycle! It's very hard!
Cry havoc, and let slip the Schwinns of war!


Boob Tip! Help us out here!
I... I can't fight.
My body remembers the rage. Never again.
Lady, you're a Tip! When the going gets rough you flip your badass switch!
GRR
GRR
Why, Unity! I'm touched!
Keep badassing, No-Boob Tip! We're in a bad situation!
I mean, try drawing a bicycle! It's very hard!
One more strip, I swear!


OVERRIDE! MENDOZA! ONE, ONE, TWO, FIVE, FOURTEEN!
That's... your voice.
Really? Do I sound that nasal?
prr
I'm so disappointed in mirror-me
For working for a bunch of crazy murderous butts?
For his choice of code! The Catalan Series? Really?
Yeah, you work for butts in every universe


Sorry, Sergio! Didn't see you there.
I live in St. Charlie? But I'm not mad.
prr
...am I?
Of course not! You serve a very special purpose!
Look, guys! I made a fluorine gas cannon!
Time to walk around randomly spraying things!
Why?! That's highly volatile!
Hey, you're right! Gee, thanks, Mendoza!
I see.
Got a little mustache fire there, Knudsen.

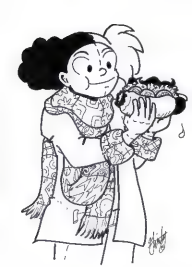

It feels kind of good to be a respected authority.
We could've used you here last month when we still had Zeta Station.
I guess I can handle the... unique perspective
And you could've told us not to make all those brundlefly.
Speaking of, where have I been?
You got vivisected by razor carrots.
Feeling slightly less good now.
Say, that reminds me: didn't you used to be dead?




If I'm... dead, who was that on the PA?
One of your emergency failsafe recordings.
You set up safety precautions before you left for the Left Coast. No idea why.
Er, doesn't it strike you as suspicious that I don't know any of this?
No. Should it?
I'd keep those safeties in place
I don't know why I shoot myself in the face with a ray every morning, and I'm fine.


So over here I'm a dead king of lunatics.
Your graphic demise was one of the last transmissions out of California.
What was I doing out there?
You said you were going to reason with the Biomass.
With the monster that keeps vomiting up plagues? What kind of idiot was I?
King of Lunatics, sir?
Ooh, burn.
Don't say that to a man with a fluorine cannon!


We can discuss the details later. Let us in, please.
The women, too?
Yes. Tip is, er, pardoned on my order.
No! You can't let them in!
It's safe. The rage plague is gone.
But girls mess up our Heroclix setups!
I said I was sorry!
No more chances!
Tell me you nerds have coffee.



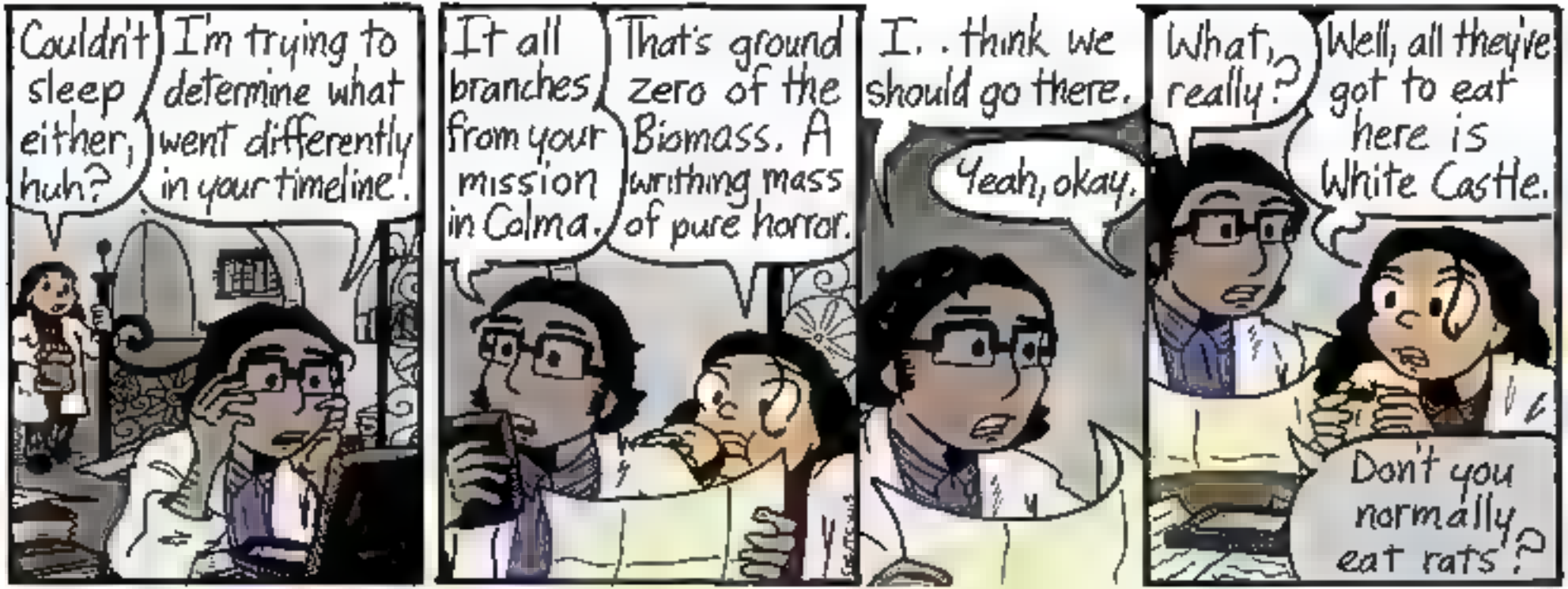




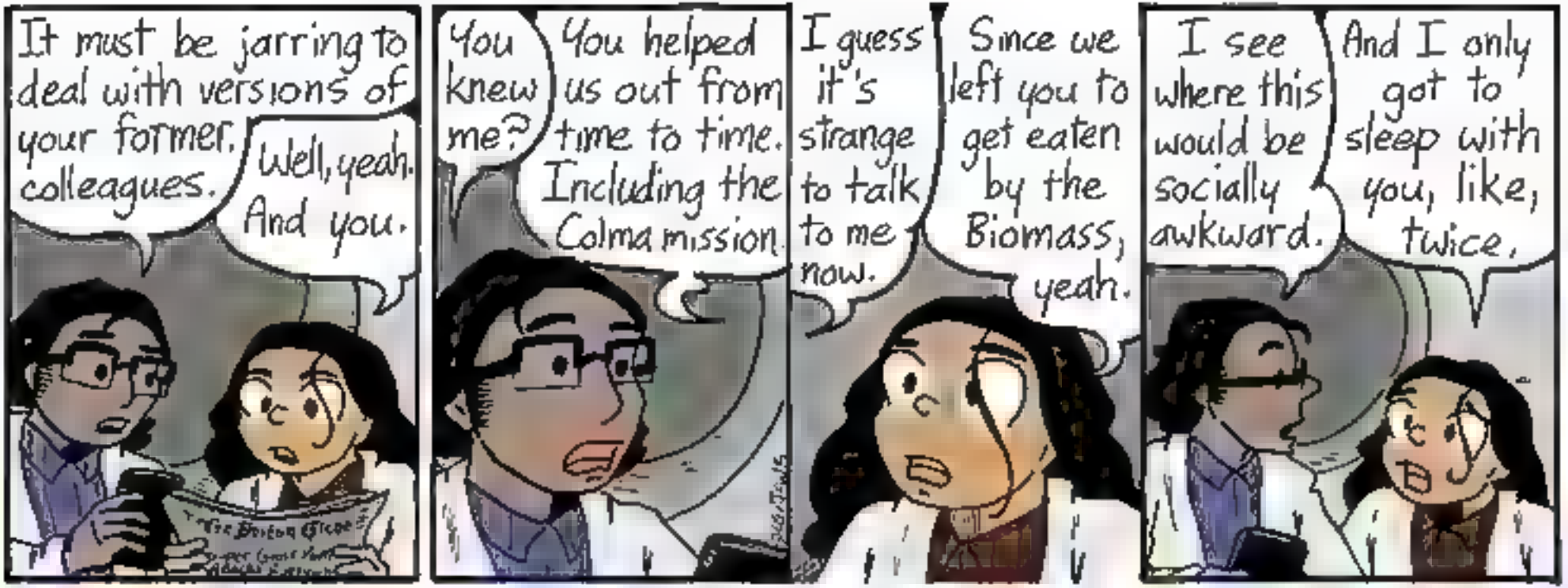

Destroy

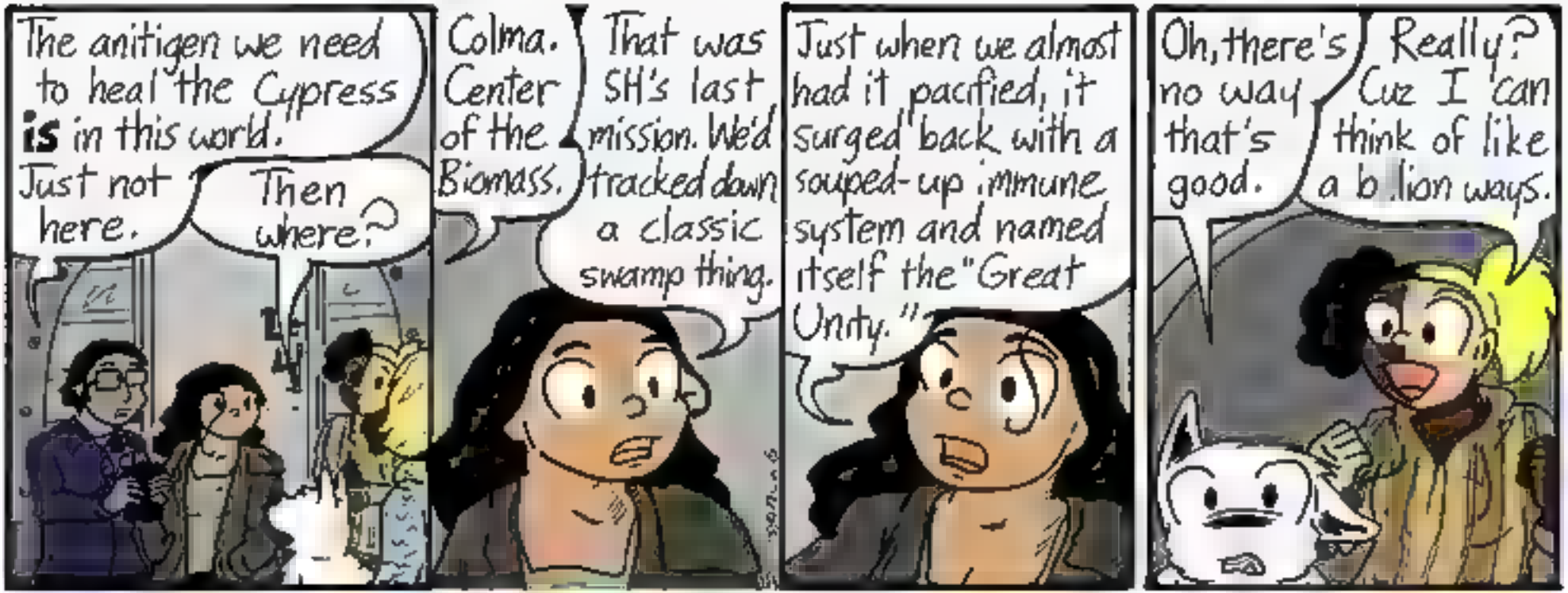

Welcome to St. Charlie, last free city of the waste! Enjoy all the comforts of civilization!
Careful, team.
I've seen this story. They offer us hot showers and hot food, but **secretly** they're going to kill us.
FOOD!
It works! awowow It wooorks!
At least they're not making a secret of it.
Shower sounds good to me.

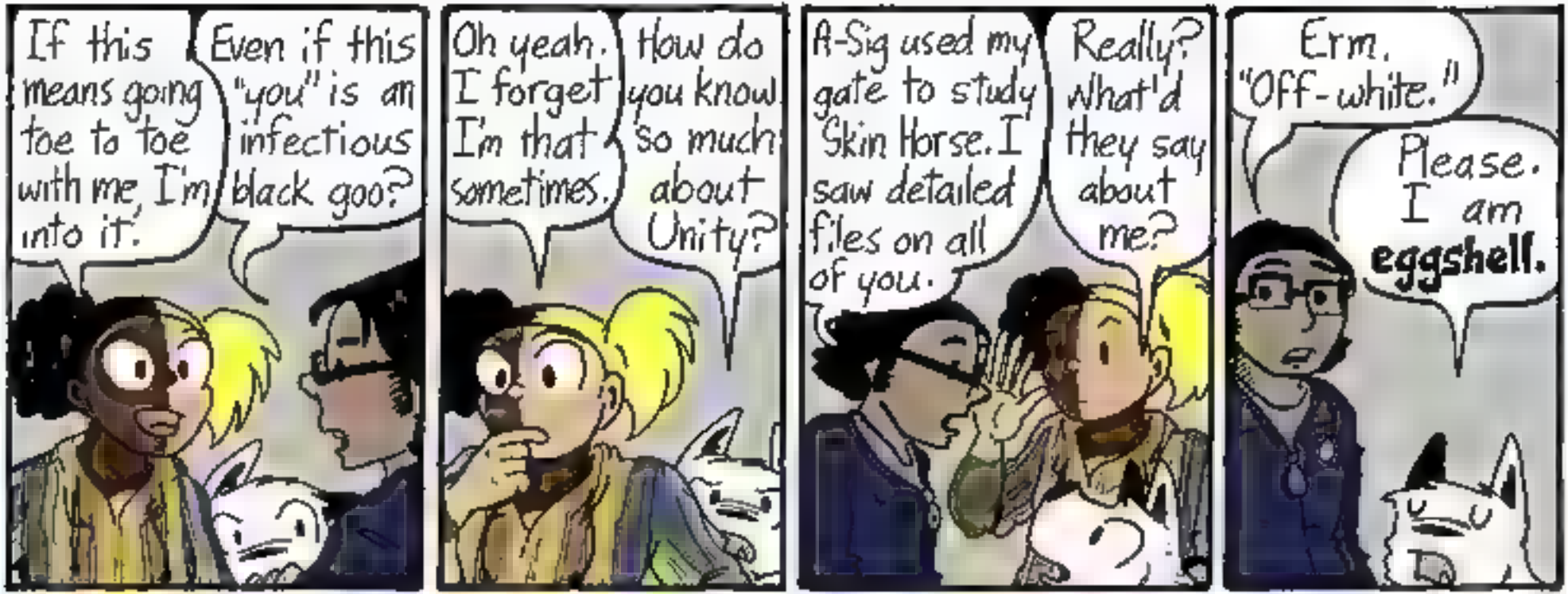

I'm worried by the news that I'm dead in this reality.
Can't blame you.
I thought I might be the person who lured me here. This means it's someone else—someone we don't know
Oh.
You're not worried that this universe will kill you to maintain the cosmic balance?
Not until now, no.
Unity and I can help. We've seen every "Final Destination."


Couldn't sleep either, huh?
I'm trying to determine what went differently in your timeline.
It all branches from your mission in Colma.
That's ground zero of the Biomass. A writhing mass of pure horror.
I. . think we should go there.
Yeah, okay.
What, really?
Well, all they've got to eat here is White Castle.
Don't you normally eat rats?


BIG MONSTER!
Written by Maura Manganello, Age 7
Art by Shaenon K. Garrity, Age 37
There was a monster and he was Big and Bad. His name was Jack.
This is how he became bad. It was around Valentine's Day...
Okay, tomorrow everyone has to bring in valentines.
He did not know how to write.
So he stayed home.
And the next day he felt Bad.

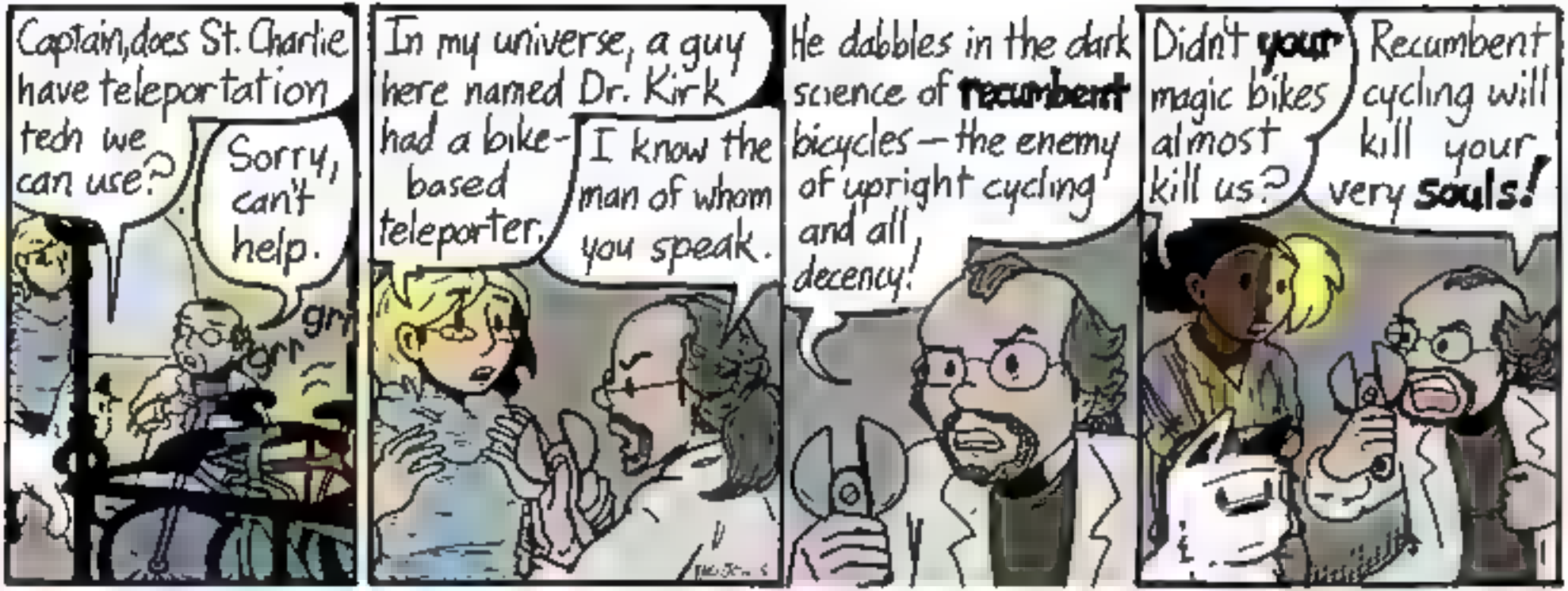

It must be jarring to deal with versions of your former colleagues.
Well, yeah. And you.
You knew me?
You helped us out from time to time. Including the Colma mission.
I guess it's strange to talk to me now.
Since we left you to get eaten by the Biomass, yeah.
I see where this would be socially awkward.
And I only got to sleep with you, like, twice.


The anitigen we need to heal the Cypress is in this world.
Just not here.
Then where?
Colma. Center of the Biomass.
That was SH's last mission. We'd tracked down a classic swamp thing.
Just when we almost had it pacified, it surged back with a souped-up immune system and named itself the "Great Unity."
Oh, there's no way that's good.
Really? Cuz I can think of like a billion ways.


If this means going toe to toe with me, I'm into it.
Even if this "you" is an infectious black goo?
Oh yeah. I forget I'm that sometimes.
How do you know so much about Unity?
A-Sig used my gate to study Skin Horse. I saw detailed files on all of you.
Really? What'd they say about me?
Erm. "Off-white."
Please. I am eggshell.


Shouldn't we focus on getting home?
I came to save the Cypress. If I can do that, I will.
That's why I asked for your help. Aiding nonhumans is your job.
And you haven't done much of that lately, so isn't the end of the world a step up?
For me, yeah, but Tip'll complain about the clothes.
No, no, I can work a distressed look.
It'll be fun! We'll make s'mores!


The entire continent is a wasteland. You'll be dead long before Colma.
There may be another way.
Stupidly, Tip can bend space with his animal magnetism
Can our plans not hinge on mojo?
Why not? We just need to find a hot date you want to whisk away to California.
For the record, I've always wanted to see Grauman's Theater.
Neither of you are helping.

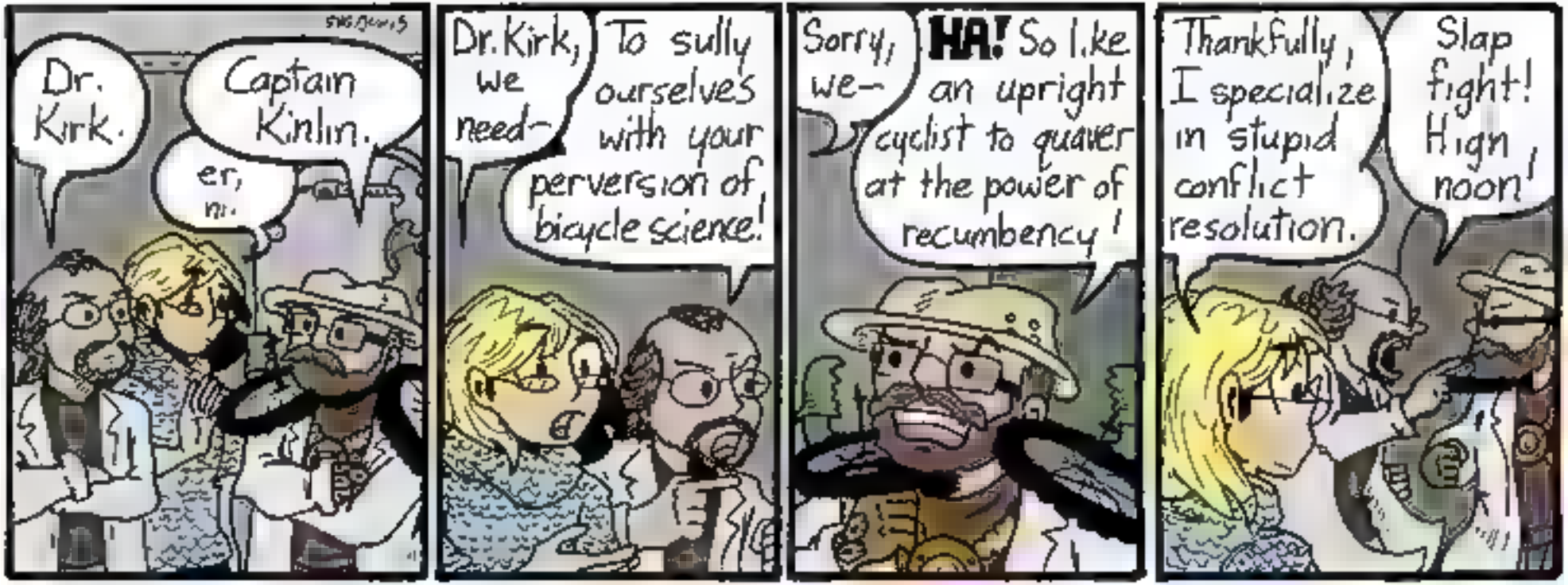

Captain, does St. Charlie have teleportation tech we can use?
Sorry, can't help.
grr
In my universe, a guy here named Dr. Kirk had a bike-based teleporter.
I know the man of whom you speak.
He dabbles in the dark science of recumbent bicycles — the enemy of upright cycling and all decency!
Didn't your magic bikes almost kill us?
Recumbent cycling will kill your very souls!

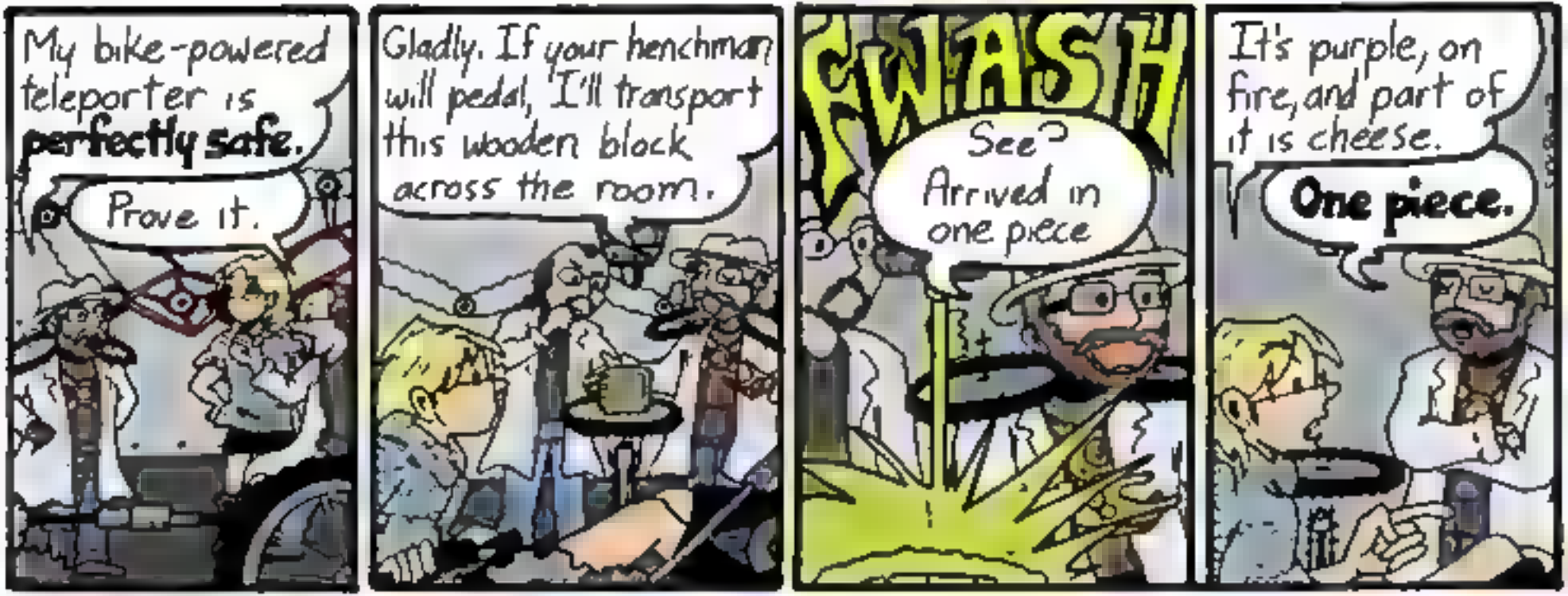







FAKE
GEEK
GIRL


Dr. Kirk.
Captain Kinlin.
er, m.
Dr. Kirk, we need-
To sully ourselves with your perversion of bicycle science!
Sorry, we-
HA! So like an upright cyclist to quaver at the power of recumbency!
Thankfully, I specialize in stupid conflict resolution.
Slap fight! High noon!


My bike-powered teleporter is perfectly safe.
Prove it.
Gladly. If your henchman will pedal, I'll transport this wooden block across the room.
FWASH
See? Arrived in one piece
It's purple, on fire, and part of it is cheese.
One piece.


Amazing. An even less useful version of St. Charlie.
Apocalypse'll do that to you.
End of the world wasn't kind to the fragile minds 'round here.
And you are...?
Joshua, last sane man in town. This here's my psychokinetic dog Sundance.
Your second sentence is a non-seamless match to your first.
Go on, Sundance! Levitate the stick!


You think your dog is telekinetic?
And I think your dog talks. Didn't say I was a good sane man.
But I tell you one thing. you don't want those yahoos dicing up your molecules.
Got a better idea?
How 'bout I fly ya'll out to Cally?
Perfect! You have a plane?
A plane! That's an even better idea!
If this is a cry for help, I can't legally prescribe medication.


If you've got a plane, we're ready.
Hold them horses, partner.
Without clearance, Homeland Security'll blow us out of the sky.
I hate to ask, but what's with the cowboy dialect?
I speak like the pilots of yore what drove their herds across the vast planes of the West.
That's.. "plains." With an "I."
American history makes so much more sense now.
From now on, we negotiate with Sundance.
Woof!


This here is where it gets tricky.
Of course
To get flight clearance, we'll have to talk to what's left of the government in D.C.
But beware, for it's a nightmare realm of bureaucracy gone mad!
I've trained my whole life for this.
Also you've got to outdrink the President in a margarita contest
I'll wax him like a hardwood floor, sir.



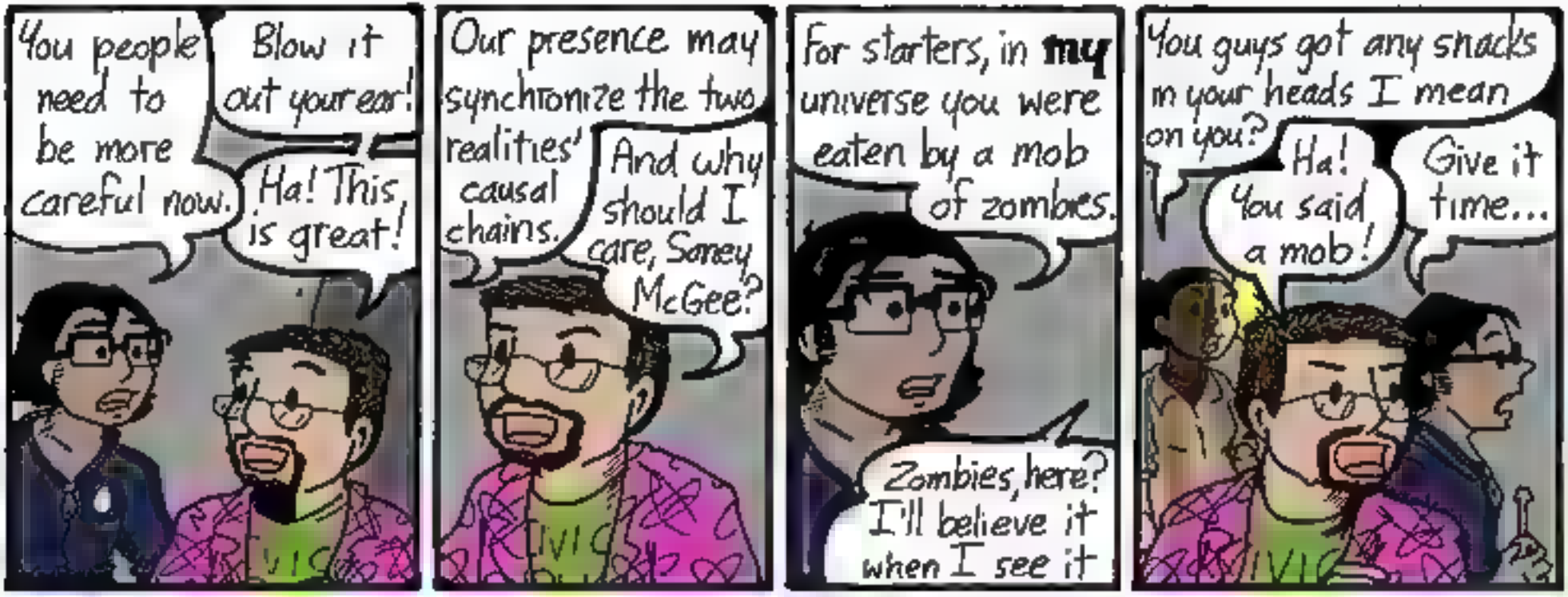


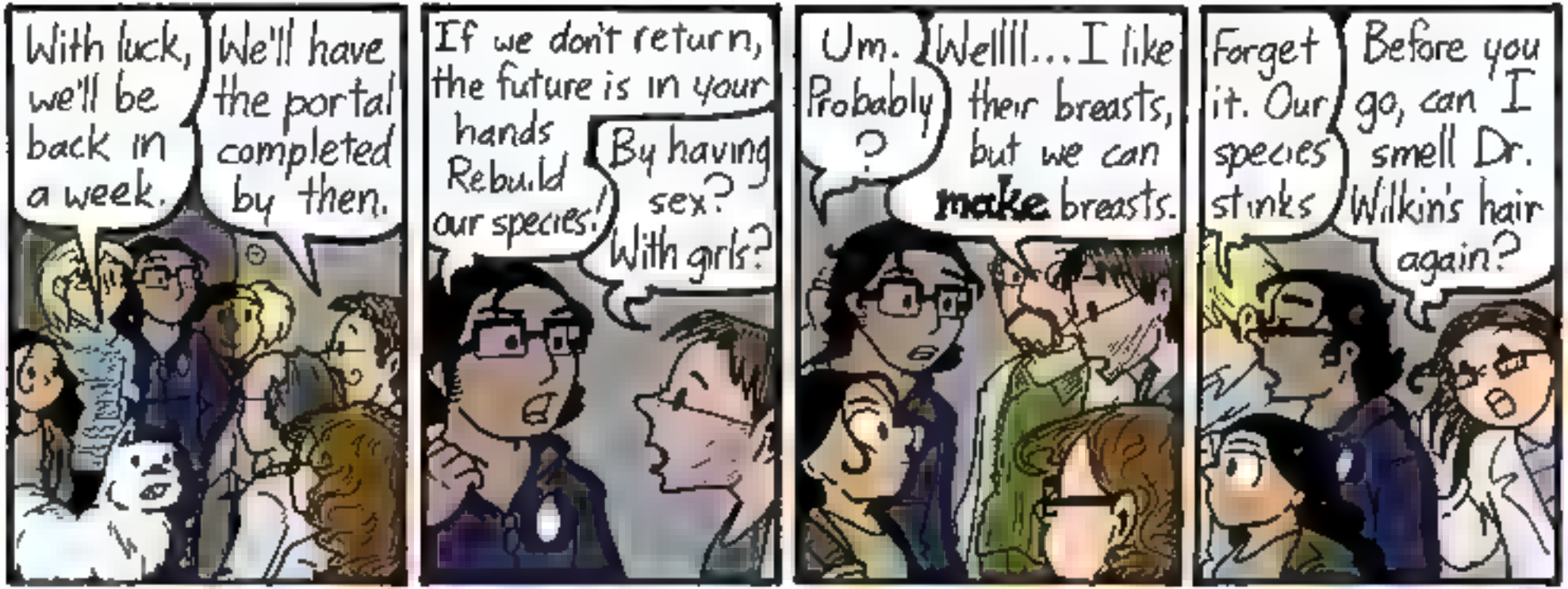



TARBER
SUNRISE
MOCKTAIL


You're going with those folks to D.C.?
They need a guide.
ALL CAR
You've heard guy-Tip talk about their world. There's a better place out there—a better way.
You've got a good government-remnant job! What about your pension?
Kay, they pay us in bottle caps.
Lots of bottle caps!
The "pension" is half a goat carcass


Good news, sir! We found a Campanelli drive!
I know you. Mad tech support, right?
Indeed! Pleased to be of service!
The pleasure's mine. You're much less bitter and sarcastic in this reality.
Bitter and sarcastic, eh...?
You know, that **would** make my job more fun.
I need to stop ever saying anything.


You people need to be more careful now.
Blow it out your ear!
Ha! This is great!
Our presence may synchronize the two realities' causal chains.
And why should I care, Sonny McGee?
For starters, in my universe you were eaten by a mob of zombies.
Zombies, here? I'll believe it when I see it
You guys got any snacks in your heads I mean on you?
Ha! You said a mob!
Give it time...


With luck, we'll be back in a week.
We'll have the portal completed by then.
If we don't return, the future is in your hands Rebuild our species!
By having sex? With girls?
Um. Probably?
Wellll... I like their breasts, but we can make breasts.
Forget it. Our species stinks
Before you go, can I smell Dr. Wilkin's hair again?

ROADSIDE WONDERS OF THE APOCALYPSE



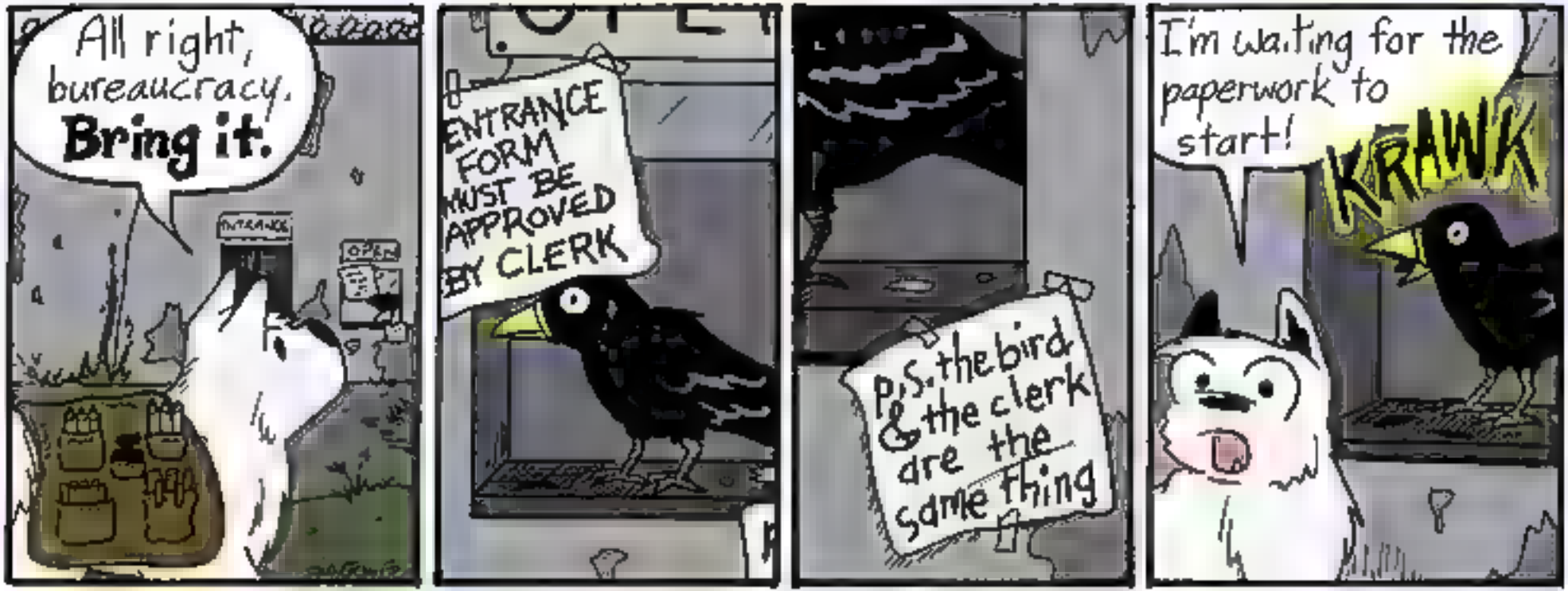

All this clomping around the multiverse, and we're back in D.C.
But not the D.C. you know.
CAUTION
Beyond that wall is a Kafkaesque hell where hope dies. People waste their lives just learning to exist here.
There have even been times the whole government was shut down!
I fear you may have romanticized our universe.
And the Pepsi carts way overcharge. Beware!



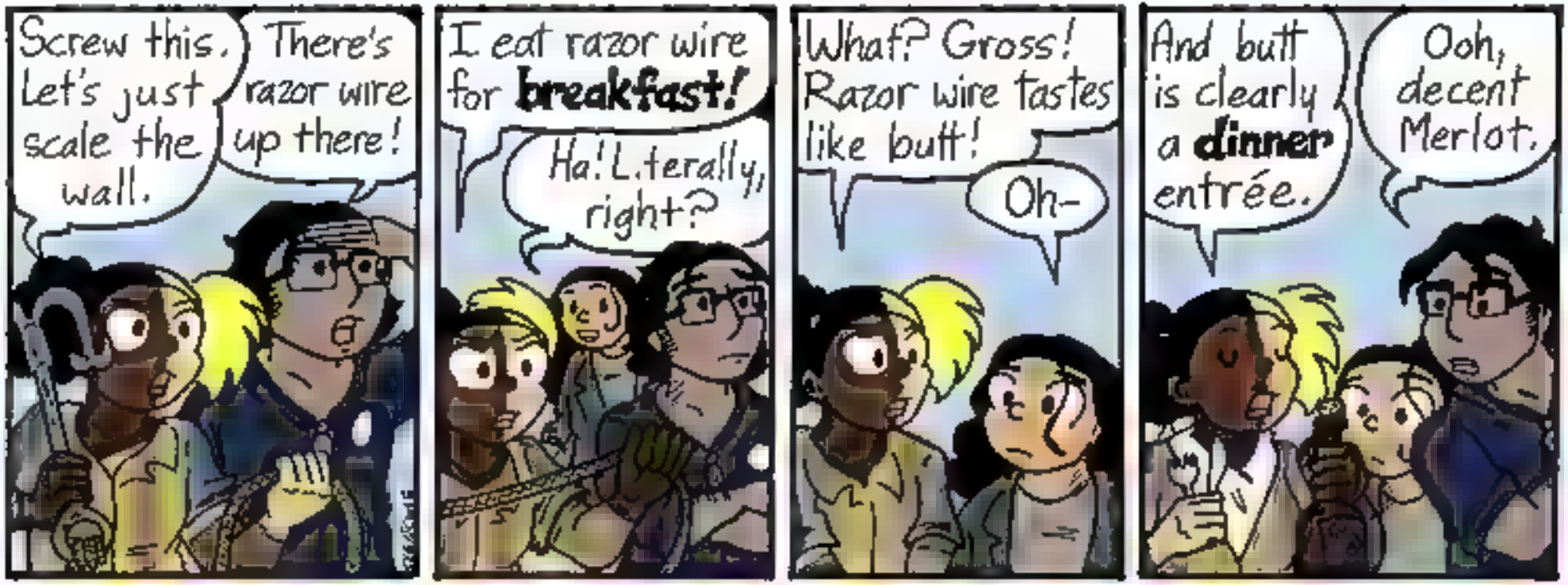


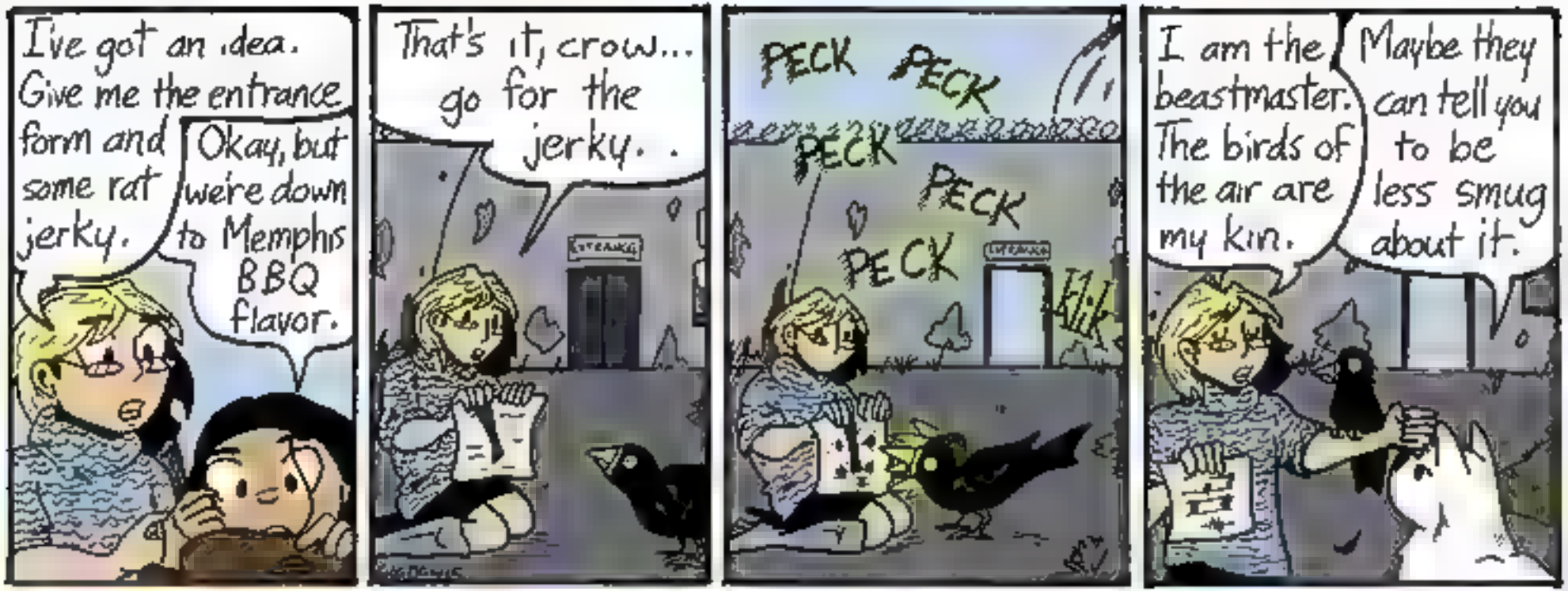


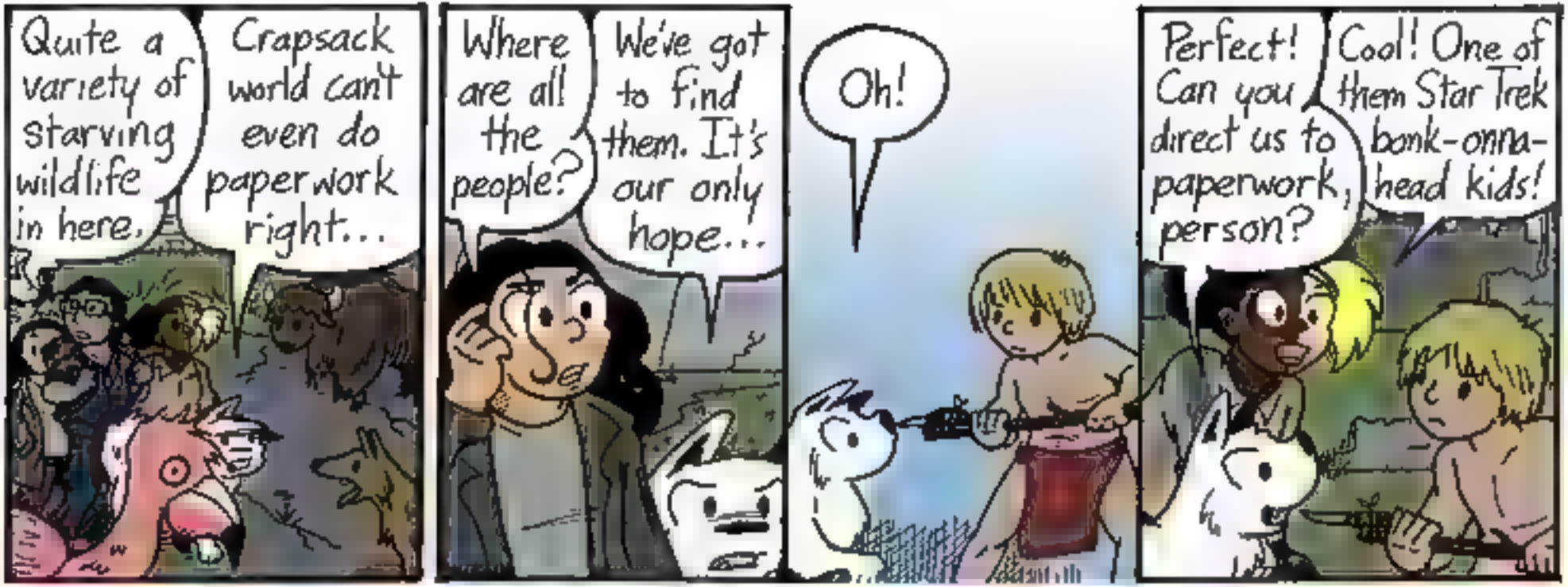


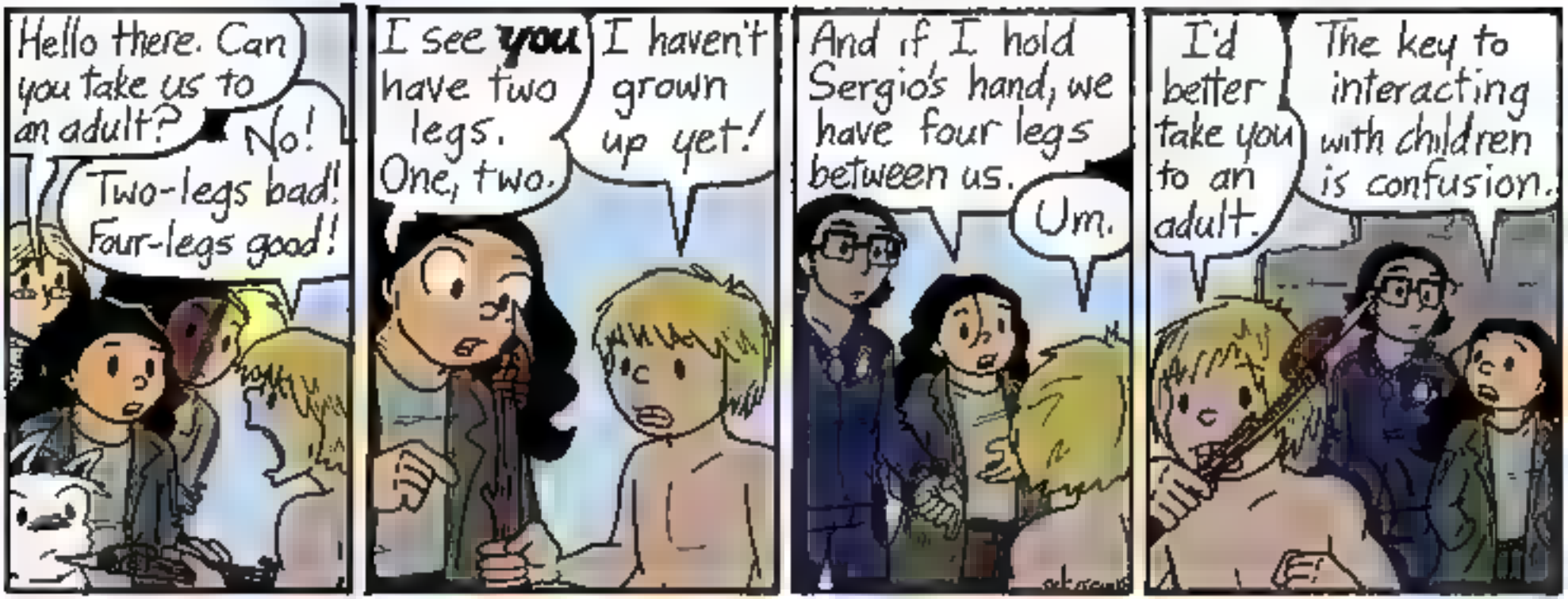

All right, bureaucracy. Bring it.
ENTRANCE FORM MUST BE APPROVED BY CLERK
P.S. the bird & the clerk are the same thing
I'm waiting for the paperwork to start!
KRAWK

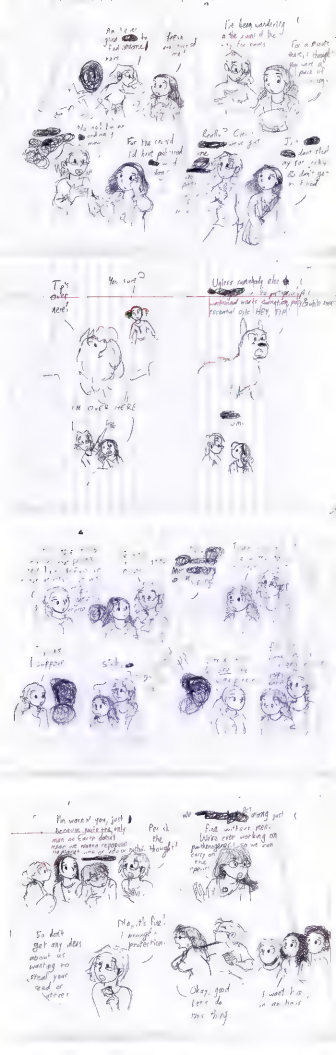

Let's not be speciesist here. I've met avian sapients before.
By "met" you mean "gonked."
KAW
Not at all! Niue and I parted over hat issues.
Excuse me, sir, madam, or other! Forms, please!
SKRAWK
peck peck peck!
peck!
Already better than my date!
I'm calling "ordinary crow" here.
MY PRECIOUS BEAUTIFUL NOSE!

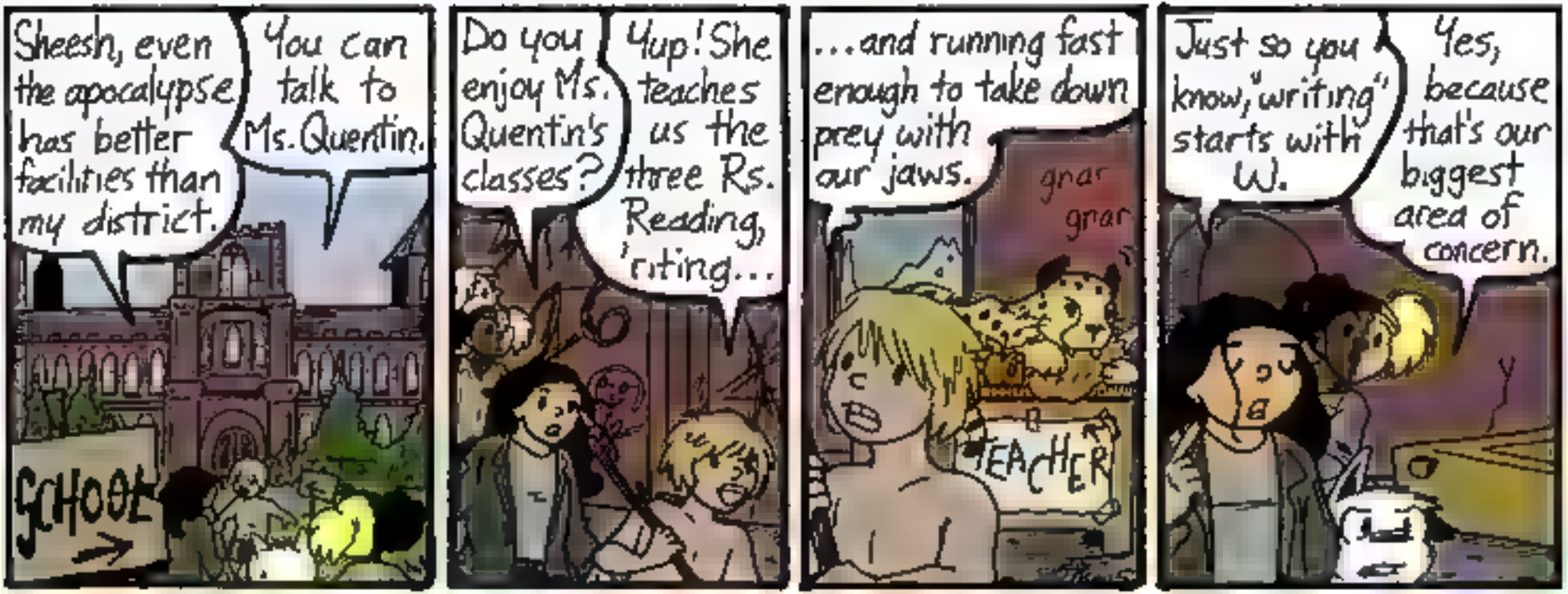

Screw this. Let's just scale the wall.
There's razor wire up there!
I eat razor wire for breakfast!
Ha! L.terally, right?
What? Gross! Razor wire tastes like butt!
Oh-
And butt is clearly a dinner entrée.
Ooh, decent Merlot.

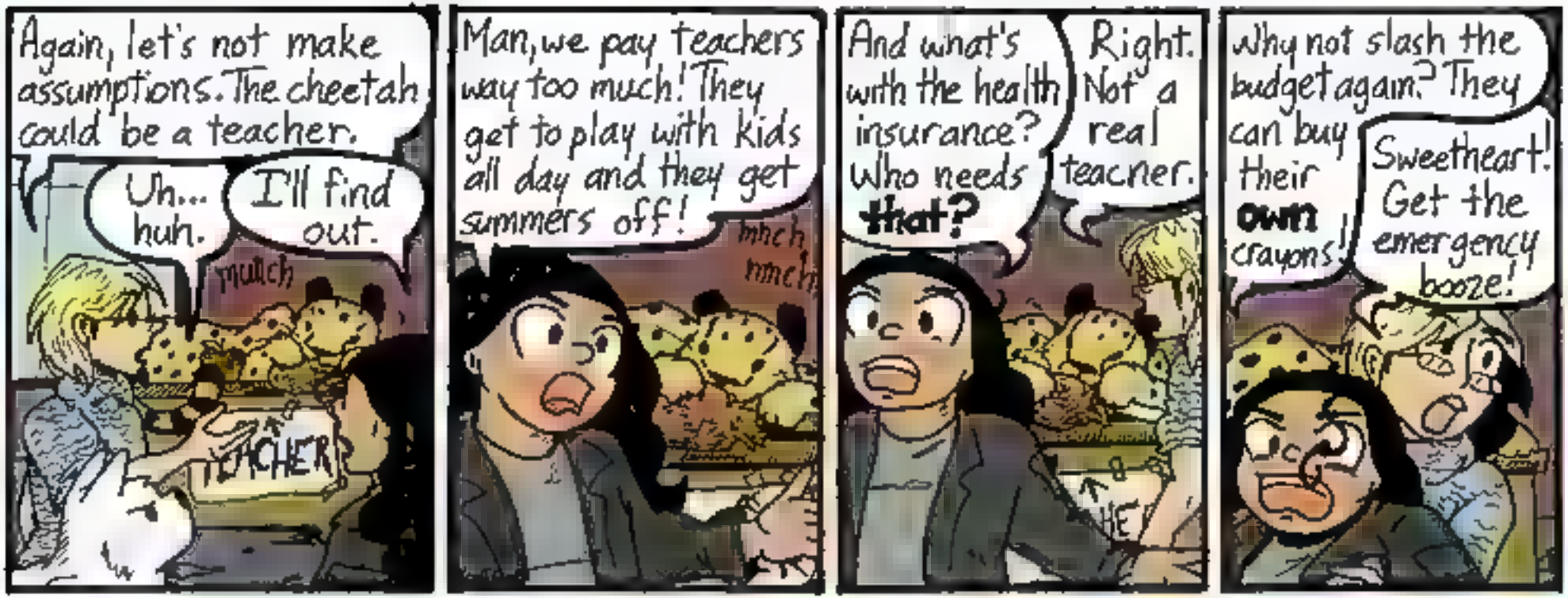

I've got an idea. Give me the entrance form and some rat jerky.
Okay, but we're down to Memphis BBQ flavor.
That's it, crow... go for the jerky. .
PECK PECK
PECK
PECK
PECK
Klik
I am the beastmaster. The birds of the air are my kin.
Maybe they can tell you to be less smug about it.

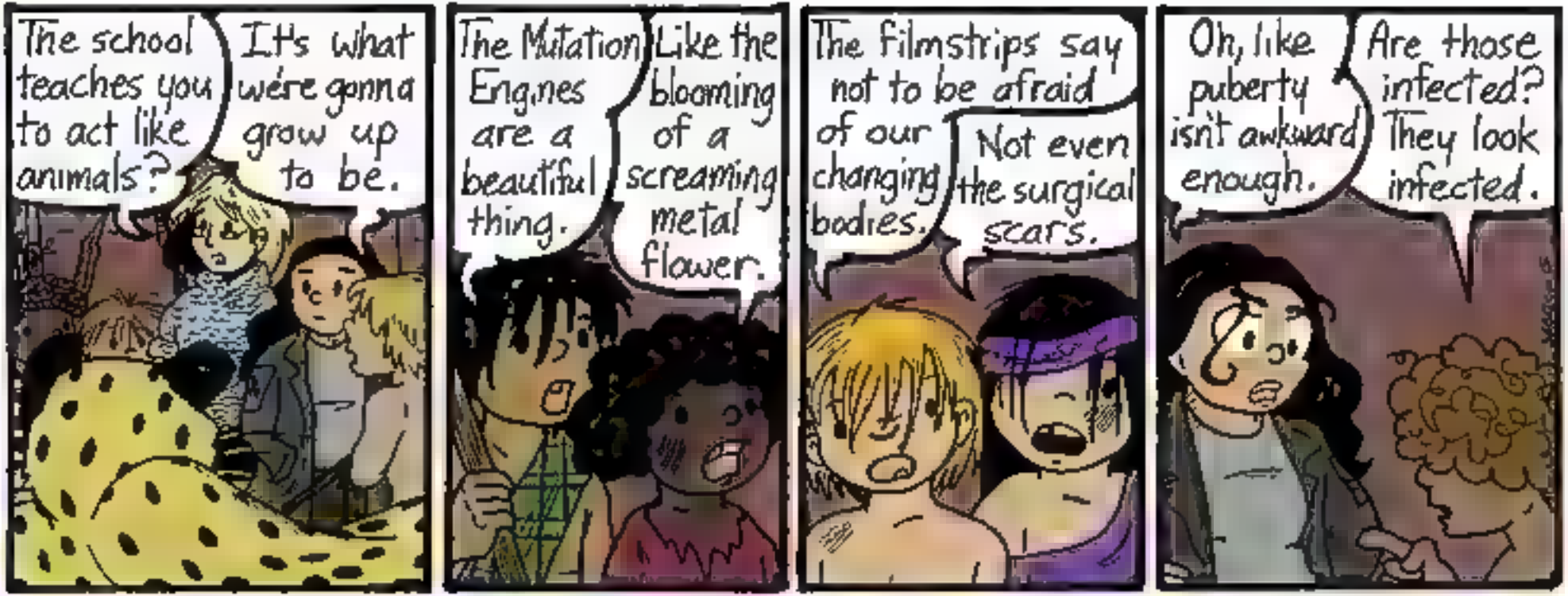

Quite a variety of starving wildlife in here.
Crapsack world can't even do paperwork right...
Where are all the people?
We've got to find them. It's our only hope...
Oh!
Perfect! Can you direct us to paperwork, person?
Cool! One of them Star Trek bonk-onna-head kids!

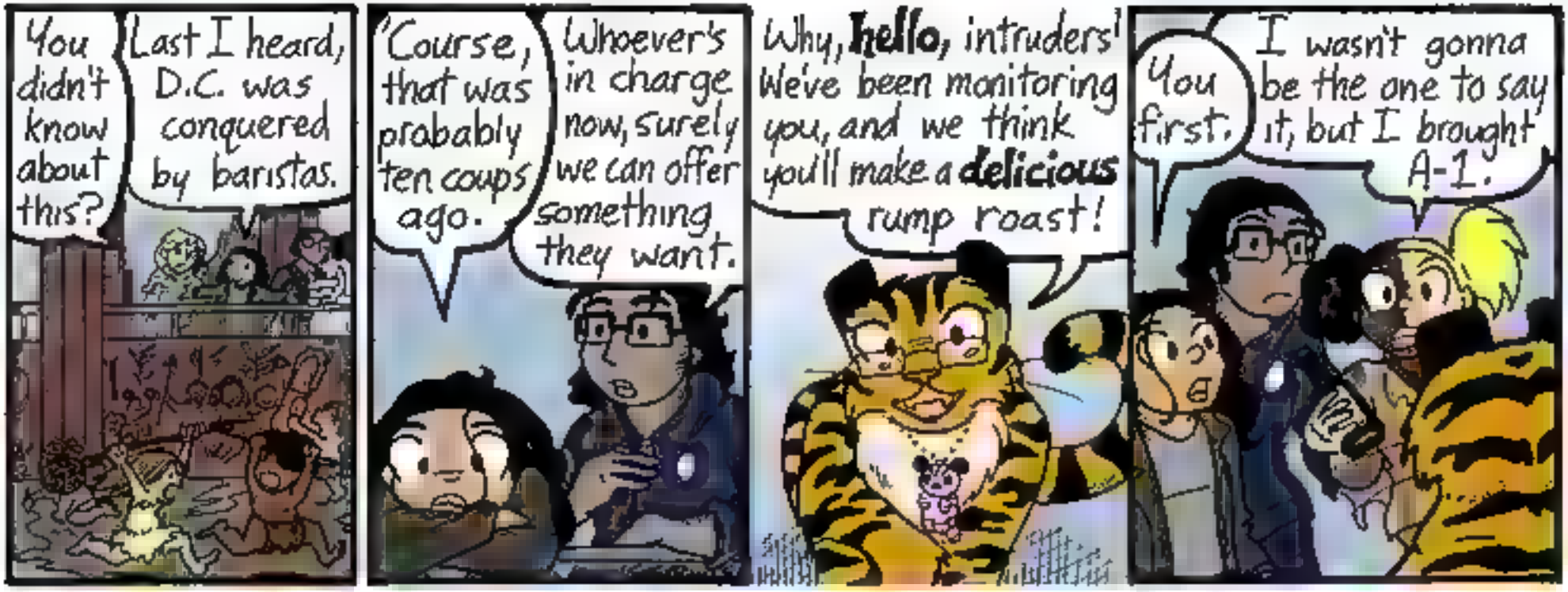

Hello there. Can you take us to an adult?
No!
Two-legs bad! Four-legs good!
I see you have two legs. One, two.
I haven't grown up yet!
And if I hold Sergio's hand, we have four legs between us.
Um.
I'd better take you to an adult.
The key to interacting with children is confusion.

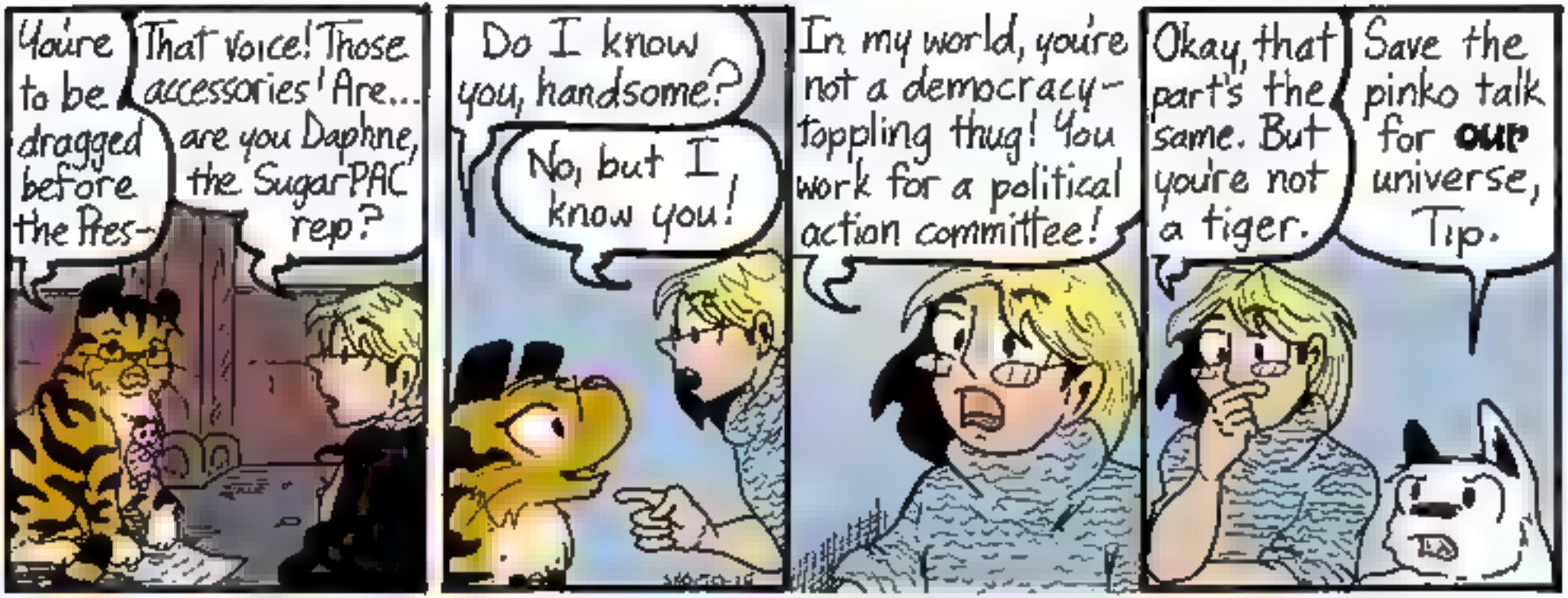



Sheesh, even the apocalypse has better facilities than my district.
You can talk to Ms. Quentin.
SCHOOL
Do you enjoy Ms. Quentin's classes?
Yup! She teaches us the three Rs. Reading, 'riting...
...and running fast enough to take down prey with our jaws.
grar grar
TEACHER
Just so you know, "writing" starts with W.
Yes, because that's our biggest area of concern.


Again, let's not make assumptions. The cheetah could be a teacher.
Uh... huh.
I'll find out.
mulch
TEACHER
Man, we pay teachers way too much! They get to play with kids all day and they get summers off!
mhch mhch
And what's with the health insurance? Who needs that?
Right. Not a real teacher.
Why not slash the budget again? They can buy their own crayons!
Sweetheart! Get the emergency booze!


The school teaches you to act like animals?
It's what we're gonna grow up to be.
The Mutation Engines are a beautiful thing.
Like the blooming of a screaming metal flower.
The filmstrips say not to be afraid of our changing bodies.
Not even the surgical scars.
Oh, like puberty isn't awkward enough.
Are those infected? They look infected.


You didn't know about this?
Last I heard, D.C. was conquered by baristas.
'Course, that was probably ten coups ago.
Whoever's in charge now, surely we can offer something they want.
Why, hello, intruders! We've been monitoring you, and we think you'll make a delicious rump roast!
You first.
I wasn't gonna be the one to say it, but I brought A-1.


You're to be dragged before the Pres-
That voice! Those accessories! Are... are you Daphne, the SugarPAC rep?
Do I know you, handsome?
No, but I know you!
In my world, you're not a democracy-toppling thug! You work for a political action committee!
Okay, that part's the same. But you're not a tiger.
Save the pinko talk for **our** universe, Tip.


I chose my mandatory animal form in honor of my personal hero.
Lemme guess. H.T. the tiger.
Why, yes! He's—
A supreme buttface. Fine, take us in.
Given that this world sucks hard, he must be the President, so let's go meet 'im.
H.T. died protecting an orphanage in the Battle of Wauwatosa.
Okay, the world sucks medium.

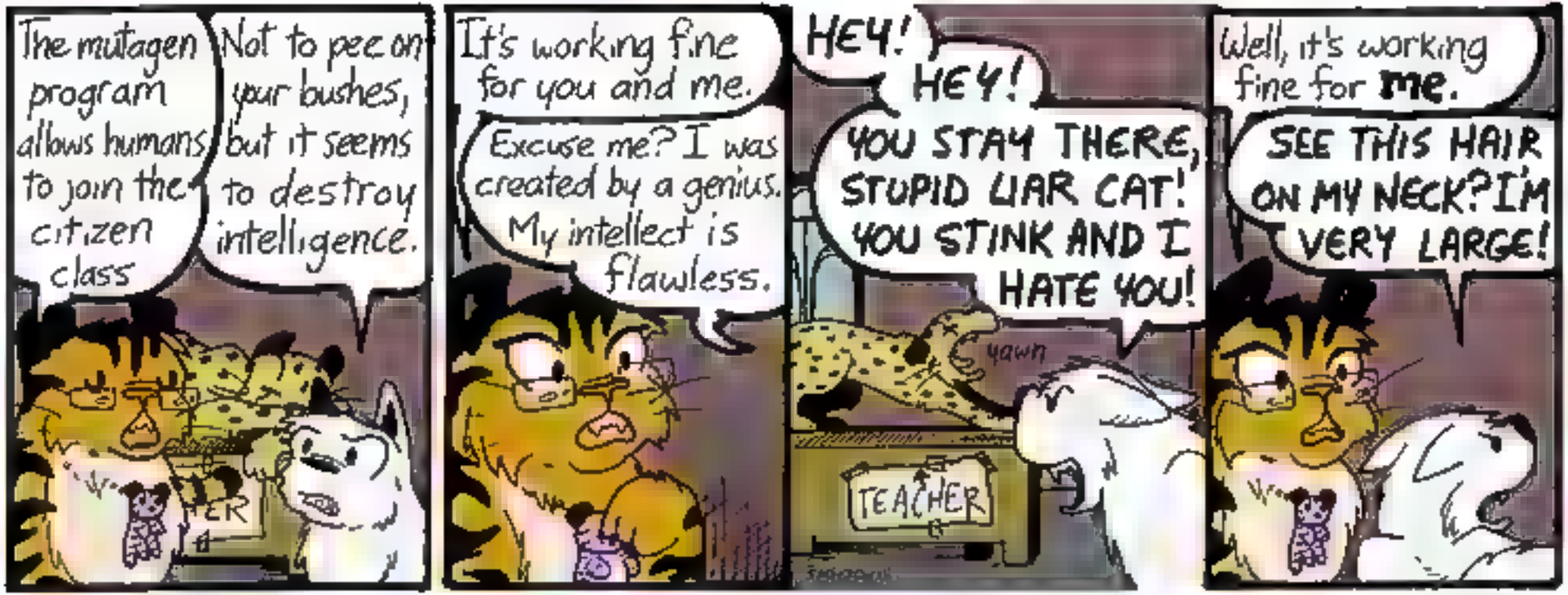
the MONSTER at the end of this Comic

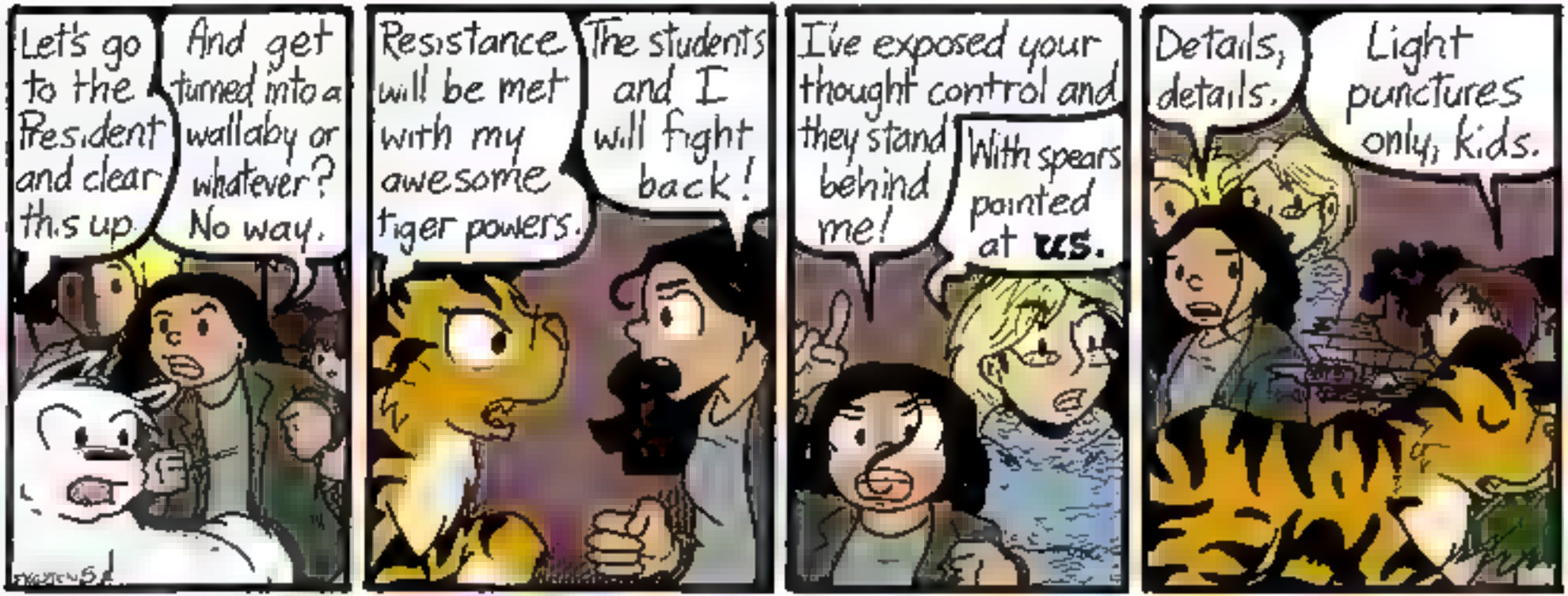
starring LOVABLE, FURRY OLD SWEETHEART.

A "Skin Horse" Story

By Jeffrey C. Wells
Illustrated by Sheenon K. Garrity



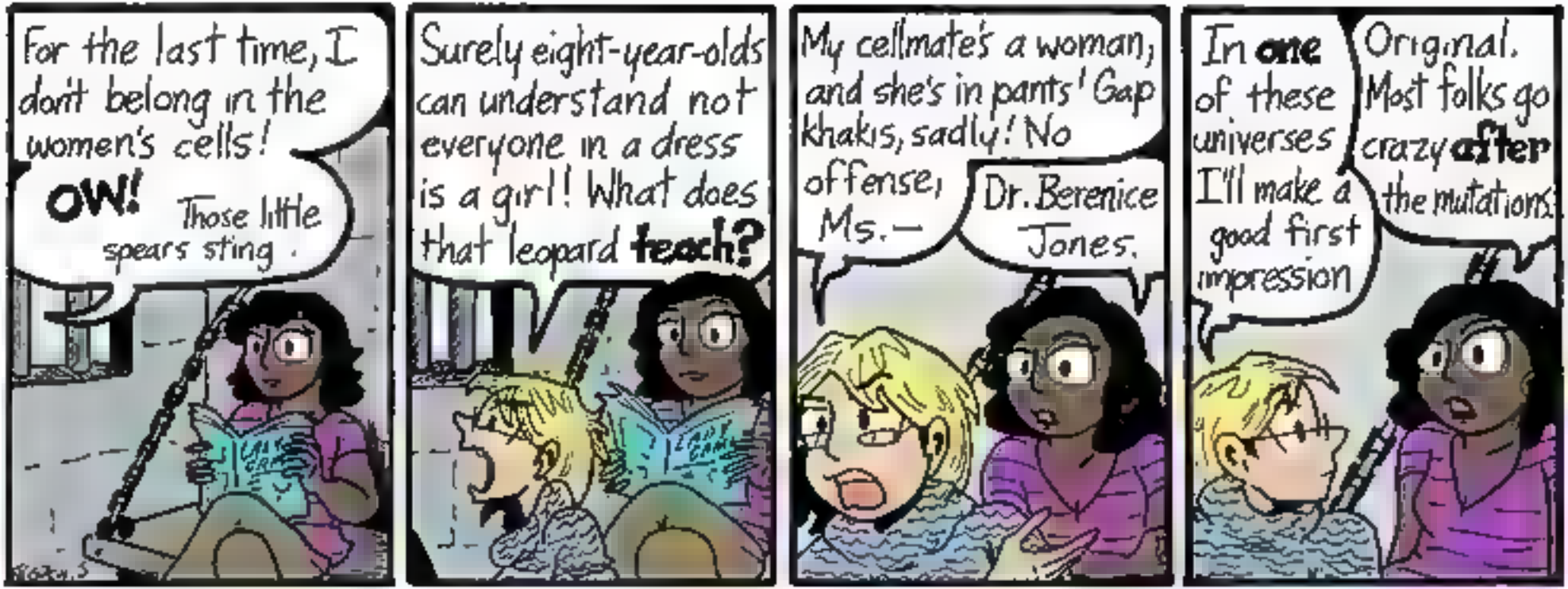

The mutagen program allows humans to join the citizen class
Not to pee on your bushes, but it seems to destroy intelligence.
It's working fine for you and me.
Excuse me? I was created by a genius. My intellect is flawless.
HEY!
HEY!
YOU STAY THERE, STUPID LIAR CAT! YOU STINK AND I HATE YOU!
yawn
TEACHER
Well, it's working fine for me.
SEE THIS HAIR ON MY NECK? I'M VERY LARGE!


Let's go to the President and clear this up.
And get turned into a wallaby or whatever? No way.
Resistance will be met with my awesome tiger powers.
The students and I will fight back!
I've exposed your thought control and they stand behind me!
With spears pointed at us.
Details, details.
Light punctures only, kids.

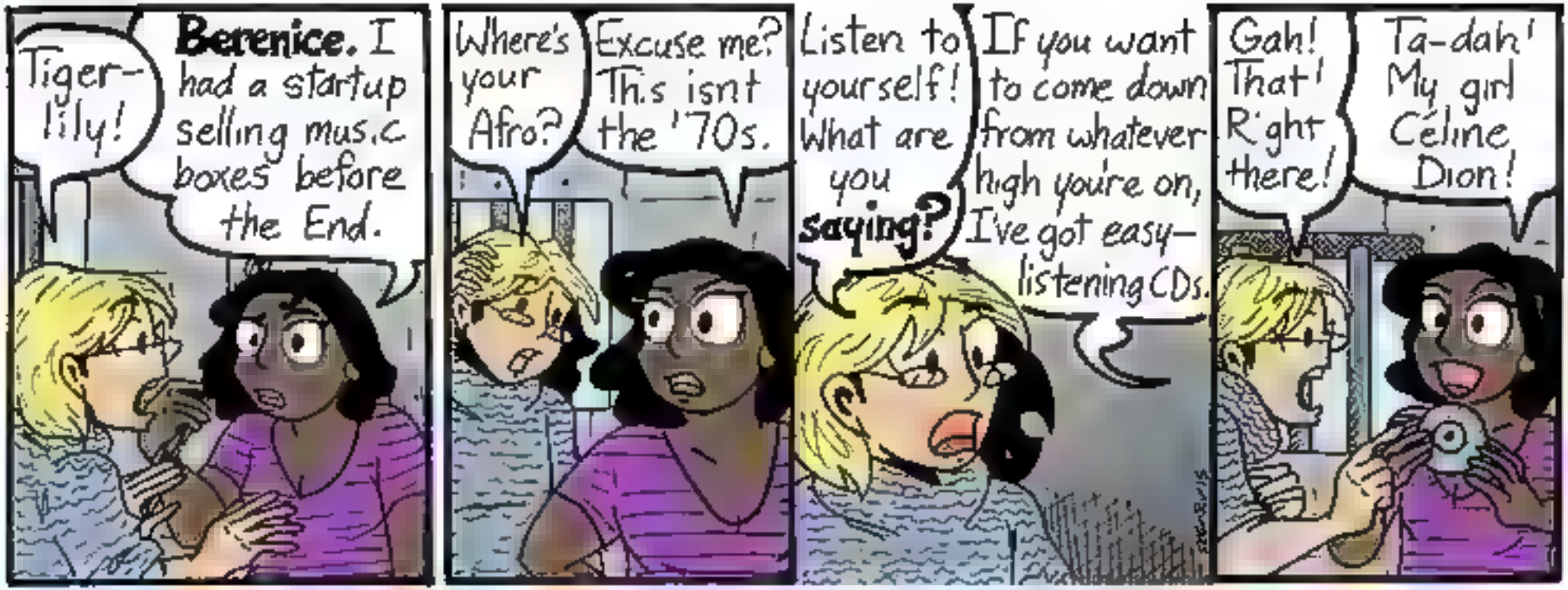

Let's take 'em! Kids are small and weak!
And then what? We **beat** the flight codes out of the President?
...yes?
No. There's gotta be a method to this madness.
If we can sit down with the President, I'm sure he'll turn out to be a reasonable man.
Okay, okay, so we breed **more** infidels and smite **them!**
Very patriotic, ma'am.

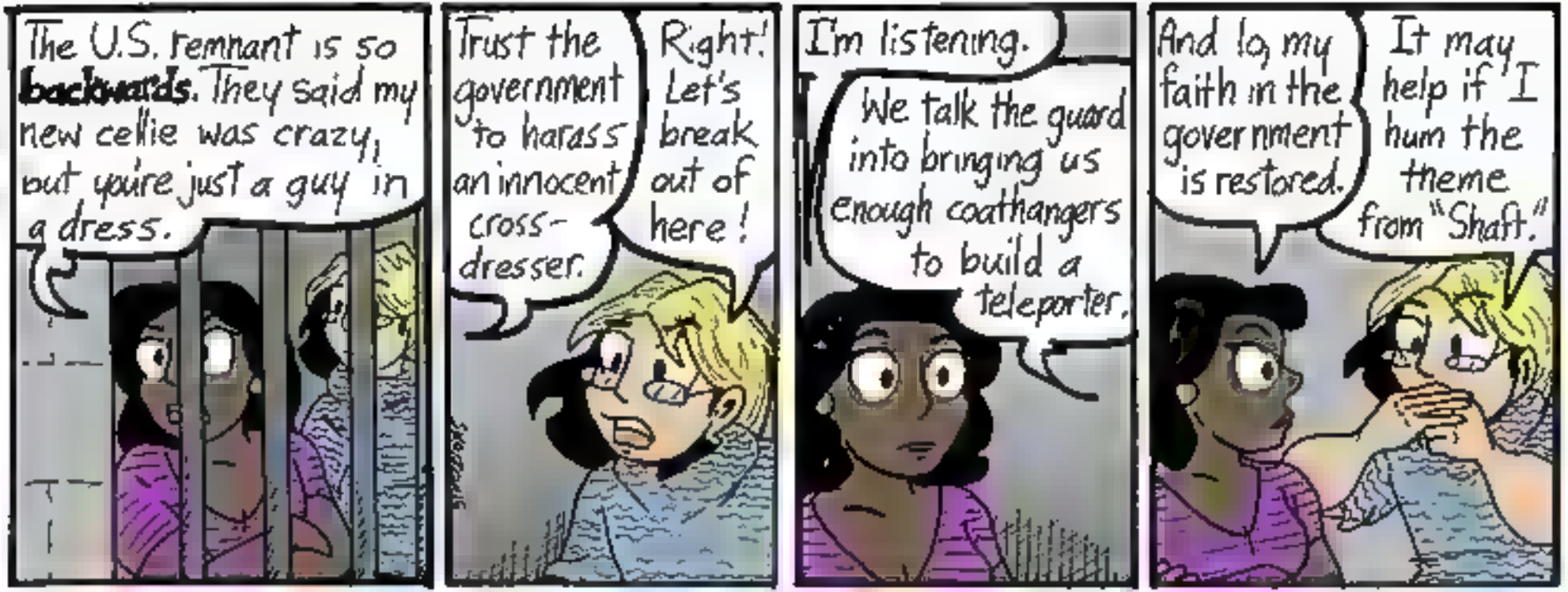

Daphne reports apprehending a party of two-legs.
I could not give a human's buttcheek
She says the four-leg with them smells... familiar.
Lock 'em up, turn 'em into mustelids.
With all respect, we can't turn everyone into mustelids.
You're right! It's OTTER nonsense!
Glad you've maintained a sense of humor, ma'am
Okay, turn them into moose.

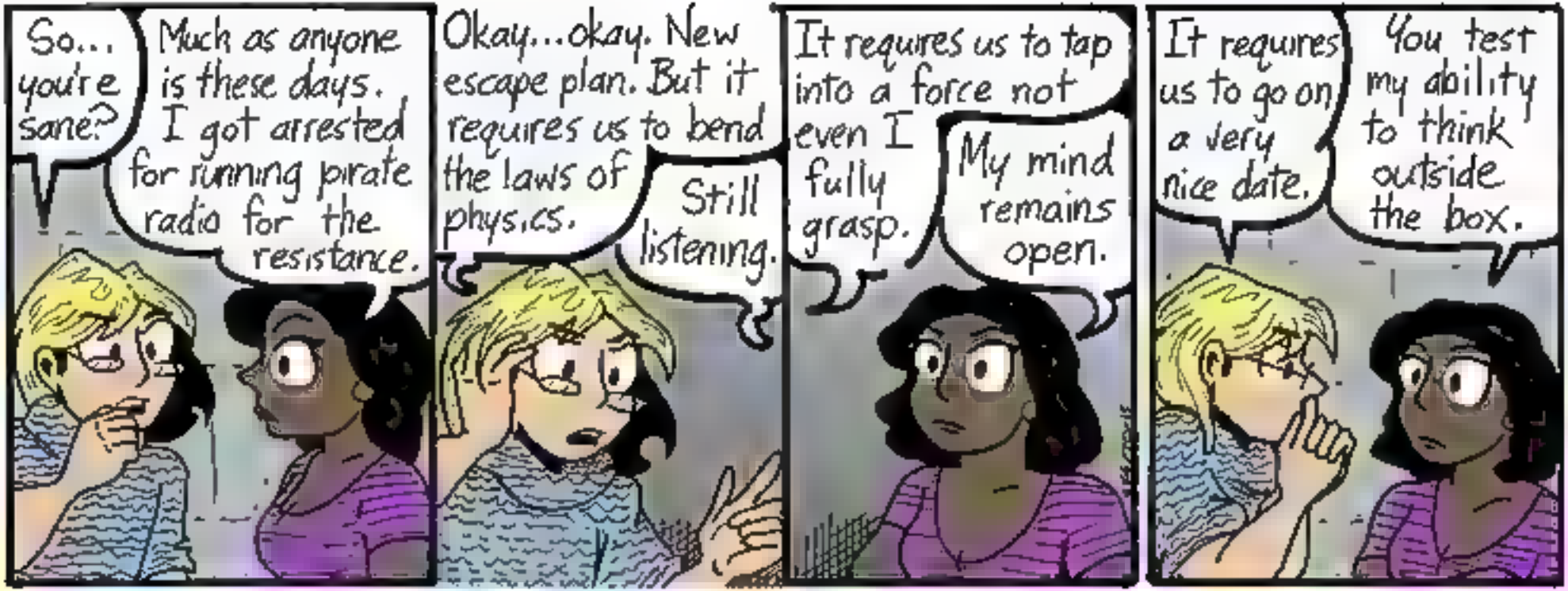

You understand, don't you, Renard? How hard it is to run this place?
O-of course. I've been one of your staunchest supporters...
Your group wants transgenic rule. The human resistance wants to wipe us out. Don't get me started on the zombies...
I have a thousand conflicting issues, all top priority.
Speaking of, why is the Washington Monument chopped in half?
The top and the bottom were different shades of white! Did you see it?
Right. Hate to think I backed the wrong candidate.


For the last time, I don't belong in the women's cells!
OW! Those little spears sting.
Surely eight-year-olds can understand not everyone in a dress is a girl! What does that leopard teach?
My cellmate's a woman, and she's in pants! Gap khakis, sadly! No offense, Ms.—
Dr. Berenice Jones.
In one of these universes I'll make a good first impression
Original. Most folks go crazy after the mutations.

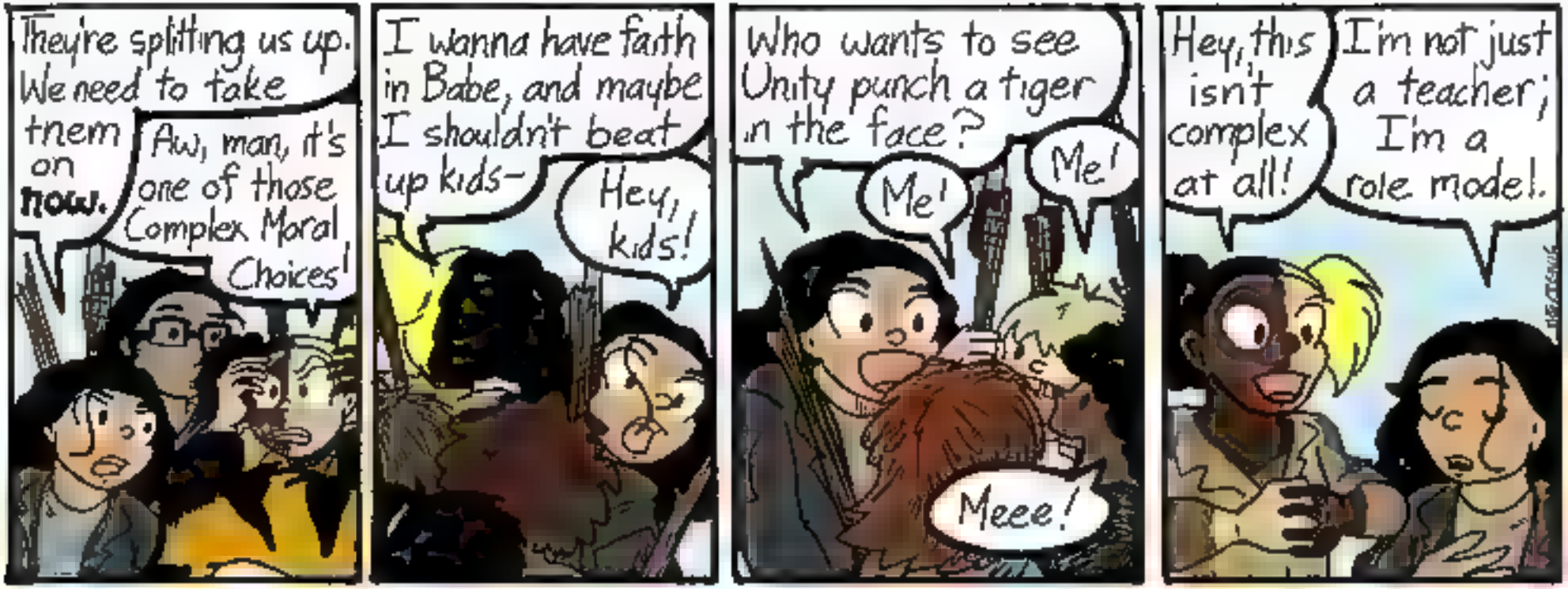

BLACK
OPS

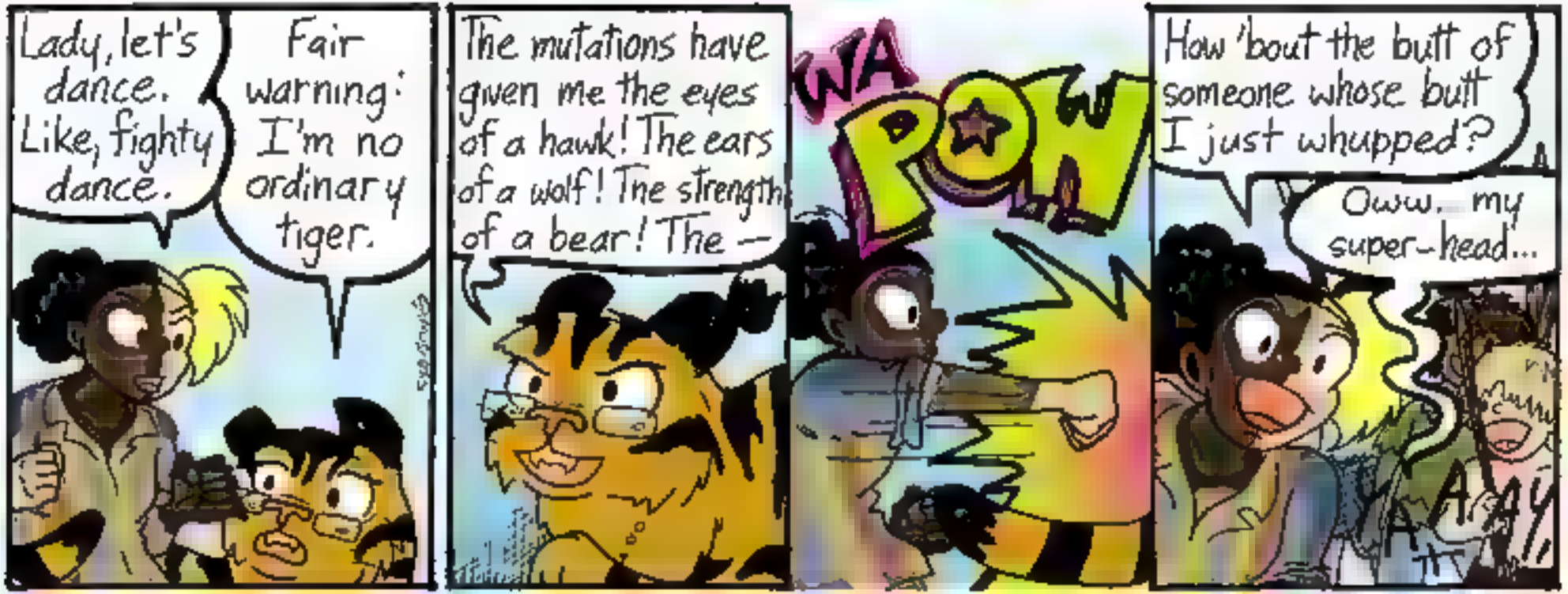

Tiger-lily!
Berenice. I had a startup selling music boxes before the End.
Where's your Afro?
Excuse me? This isn't the '70s.
Listen to yourself! What are you **saying?**
If you want to come down from whatever high you're on, I've got easy-listening CDs.
Gah! That! Right there!
Ta-dah! My girl Céline Dion!


The U.S. remnant is so backwards. They said my new cellie was crazy, but you're just a guy in a dress.
Trust the government to harass an innocent cross-dresser.
Right! Let's break out of here!
I'm listening.
We talk the guard into bringing us enough coathangers to build a teleporter.
And lo, my faith in the government is restored.
It may help if I hum the theme from "Shaft."


So... you're sane?
Much as anyone is these days. I got arrested for running pirate radio for the resistance.
Okay...okay. New escape plan. But it requires us to bend the laws of physics.
Still listening.
It requires us to tap into a force not even I fully grasp.
My mind remains open.
It requires us to go on a very nice date.
You test my ability to think outside the box.

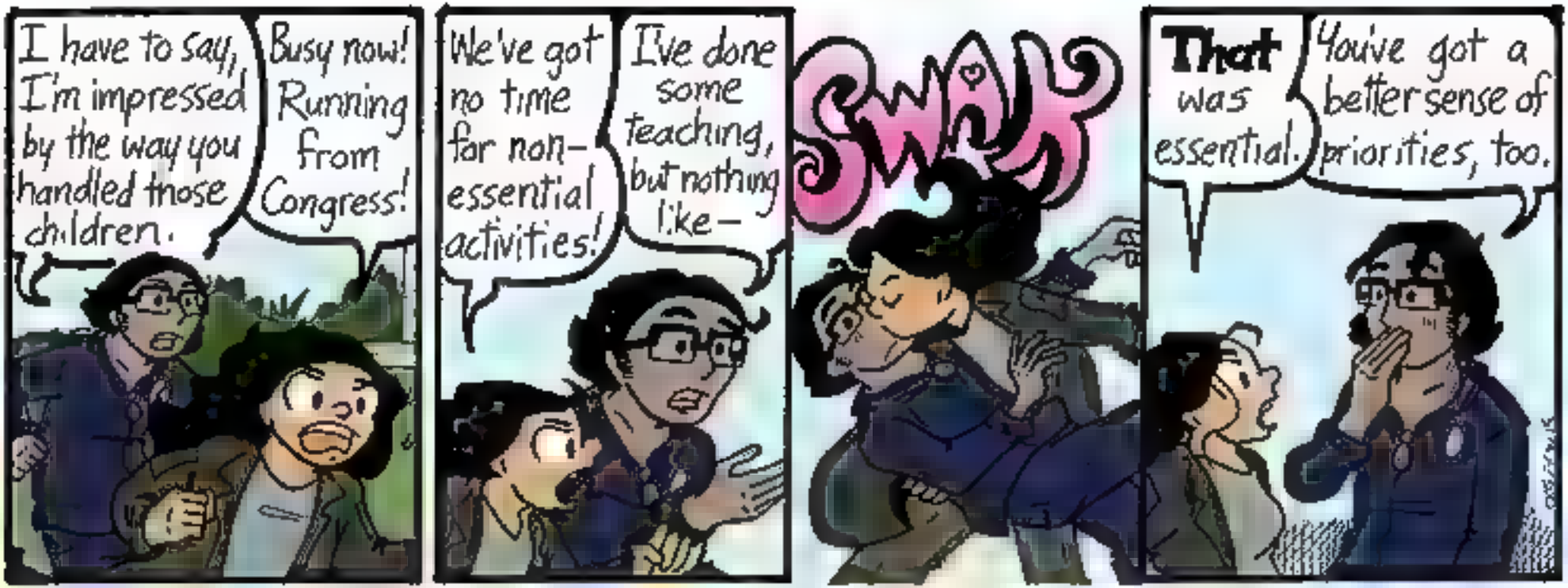

All right, four-legs, you're free to go.
What? Why?
The humans are trespassing in citizen territory, not you. And the paperwork to jail a citizen bites.
Ha! You've made your fatal mistake! I'll fight for my team with every weapon at my disposal!
Dear Mr. President, How are you? I am fine. I write this strongly worded letter to protest the incarceration of

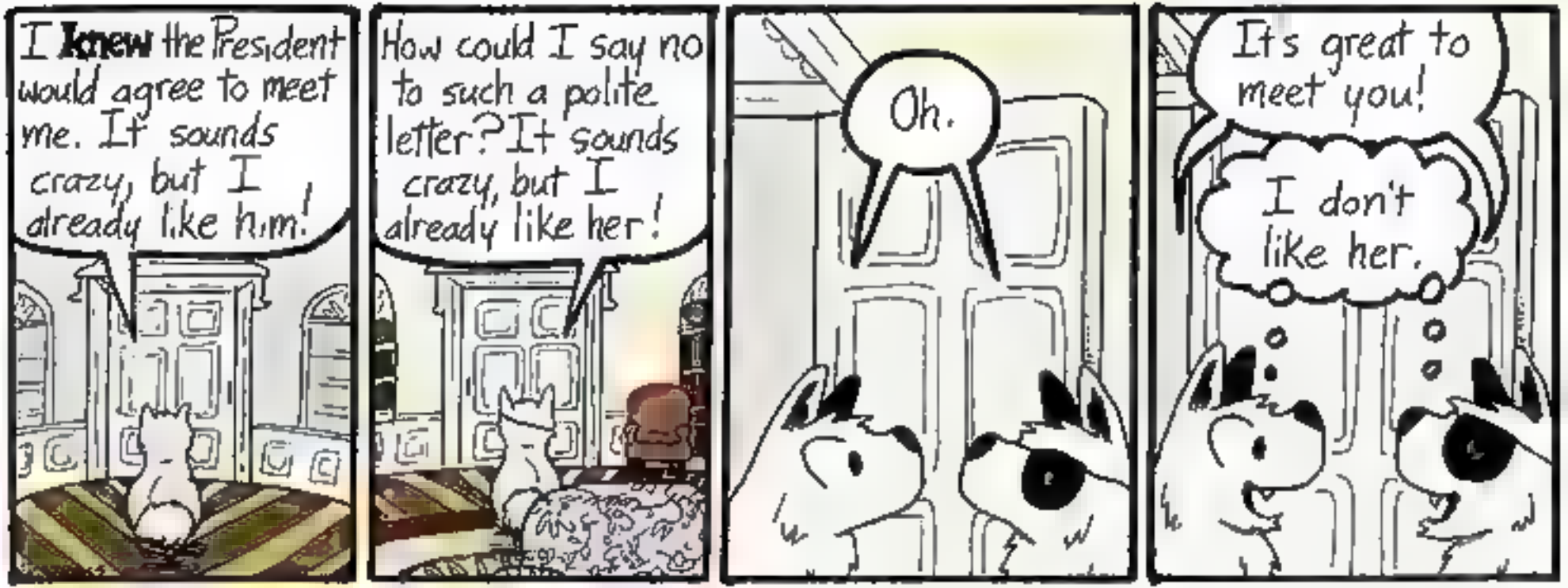

They're splitting us up. We need to take them on now.
Aw, man, it's one of those Complex Moral Choices!
I wanna have faith in Babe, and maybe I shouldn't beat up kids-
Hey, kids!
Who wants to see Unity punch a tiger in the face?
Me!
Me!
Meee!
Hey, this isn't complex at all!
I'm not just a teacher; I'm a role model.


Lady, let's dance. Like, fighty dance.
Fair warning: I'm no ordinary tiger.
The mutations have given me the eyes of a hawk! The ears of a wolf! The strength of a bear! The —
WA
POW
How 'bout the butt of someone whose butt I just whupped?
Oww. my super-head...
AAY!

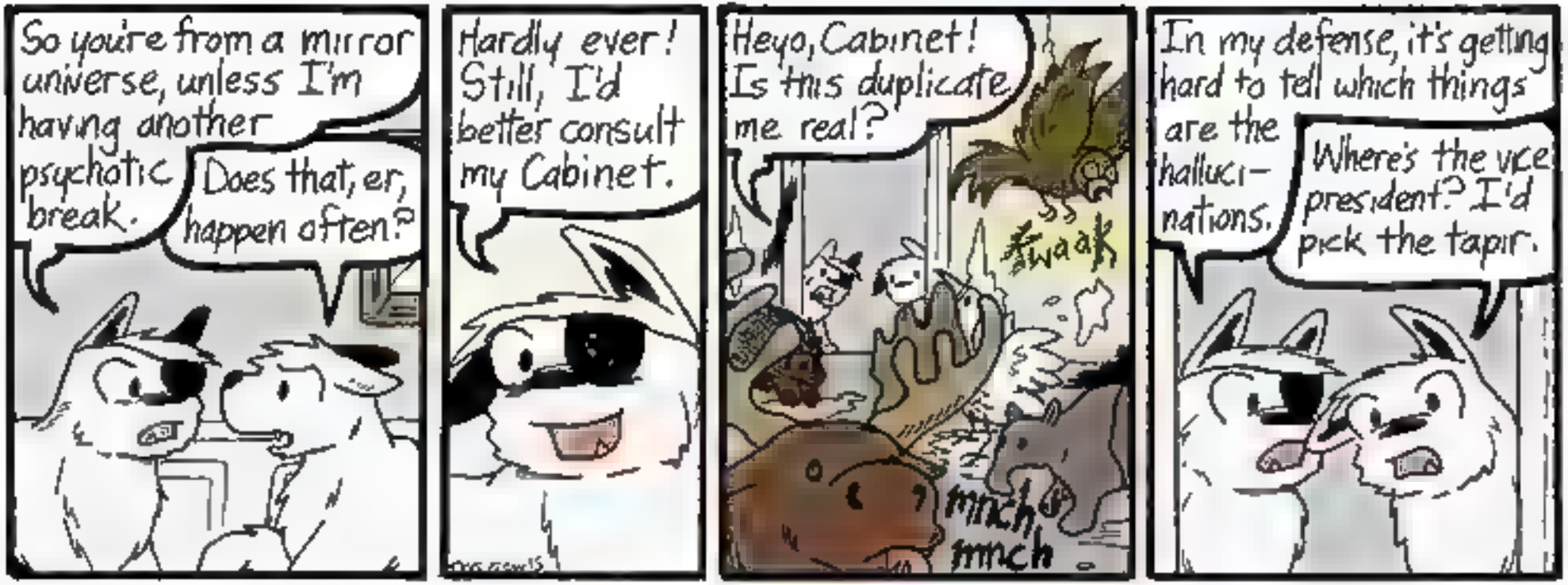

I forget, what happened to that country you used to rule?
America, and no idea/don't care.


We just want to talk to the President.
You'll have to go through Congress.
Great. I'm eager to meet them.
You're in luck I have an emergency call button here.
bip
AWROO...
Somewhat less eager now.
Face the fury of your House of Representatives!

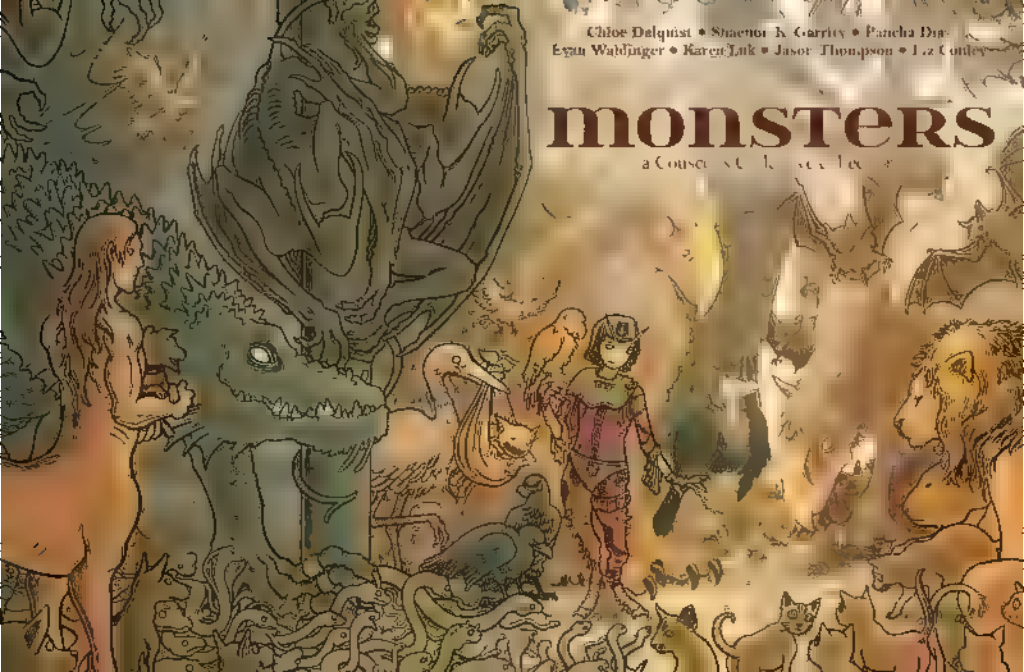

I have to say, I'm impressed by the way you handled those children.
Busy now! Running from Congress!
We've got no time for non-essential activities!
I've done some teaching, but nothing like—
SWAK
That was essential.
You've got a better sense of priorities, too.

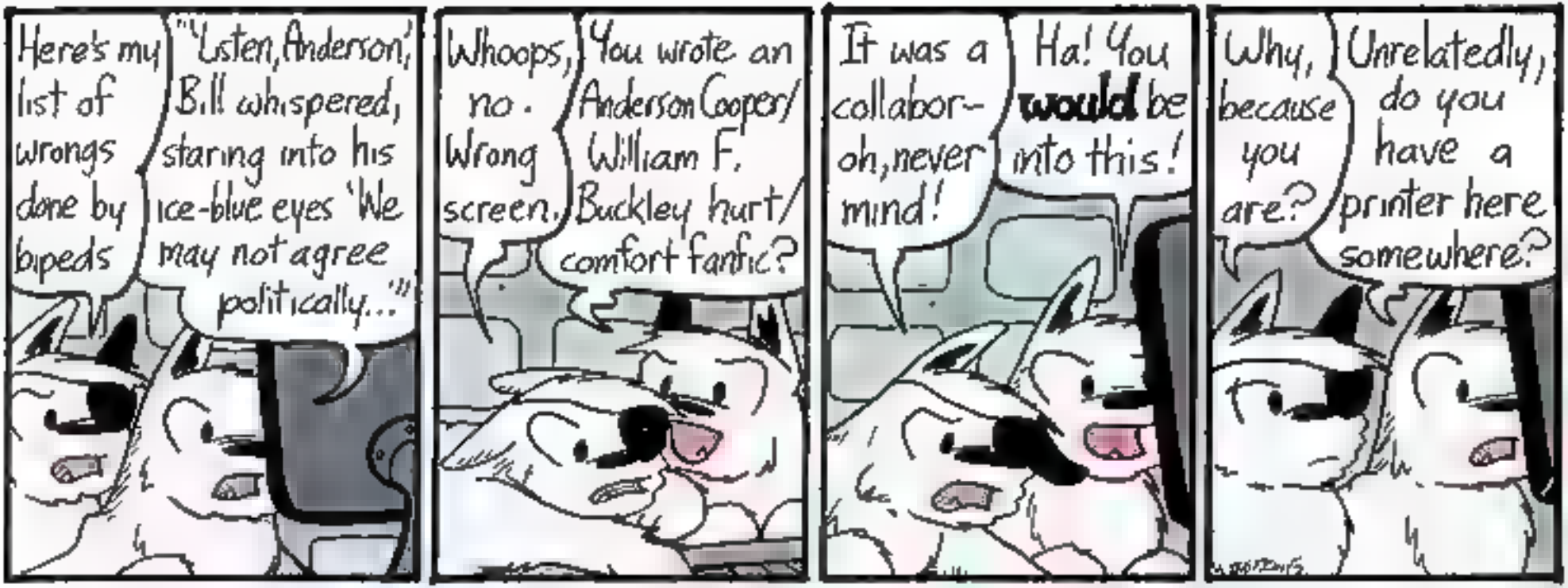

I knew the President would agree to meet me. It sounds crazy, but I already like him!
How could I say no to such a polite letter? It sounds crazy, but I already like her!
Oh.
It's great to meet you!
I don't like her.


I'm— I mean, you're the President?
Acting President, but we don't expect the regular one back soon.
But you weren't born in the U.S., right?
This far down the chain of command, no one cared.
It did bother me, so we amended the Constitution.
How'd you get a Congressional supermajority?
Tossed down a few goat carcasses. I've learned to play the game.
I don't like it. We should annex Canada just to be sure.


So you're from a mirror universe, unless I'm having another psychotic break.
Does that, er, happen often?
Hardly ever! Still, I'd better consult my Cabinet.
Heyo, Cabinet! Is this duplicate me real?
swaak
mnch mnch
In my defense, it's getting hard to tell which things are the hallucinations.
Where's the vice president? I'd pick the tapir.


...and once we got our paws on the mutagen, we had another weapon against two-leg treachery.
This is evil.
I thought you'd understand. I mean, you're me.
I'm not you! And my people aren't treacherous.
So why are they beating up my lieutenant?
Dammit! Those two-legs disobeyed me!
And how'd Tip find a woman to hit on in jail?
I know, I love the panopticon room.


Chloe Dalquist • Shaenon K. Garrity • Pancha Diaz
Egan Waldinger • Karen Luk • Jason Thompson • Liz Conley
MONSTERS


Here's my list of wrongs done by bipeds
"Listen, Anderson," Bill whispered, staring into his ice-blue eyes "We may not agree politically..."
Whoops, no. Wrong screen.
You wrote an Anderson Cooper/ William F. Buckley hurt/ comfort fanfic?
It was a collabor- oh, never mind!
Ha! You would be into this!
Why, because you are?
Unrelatedly, do you have a printer here somewhere?

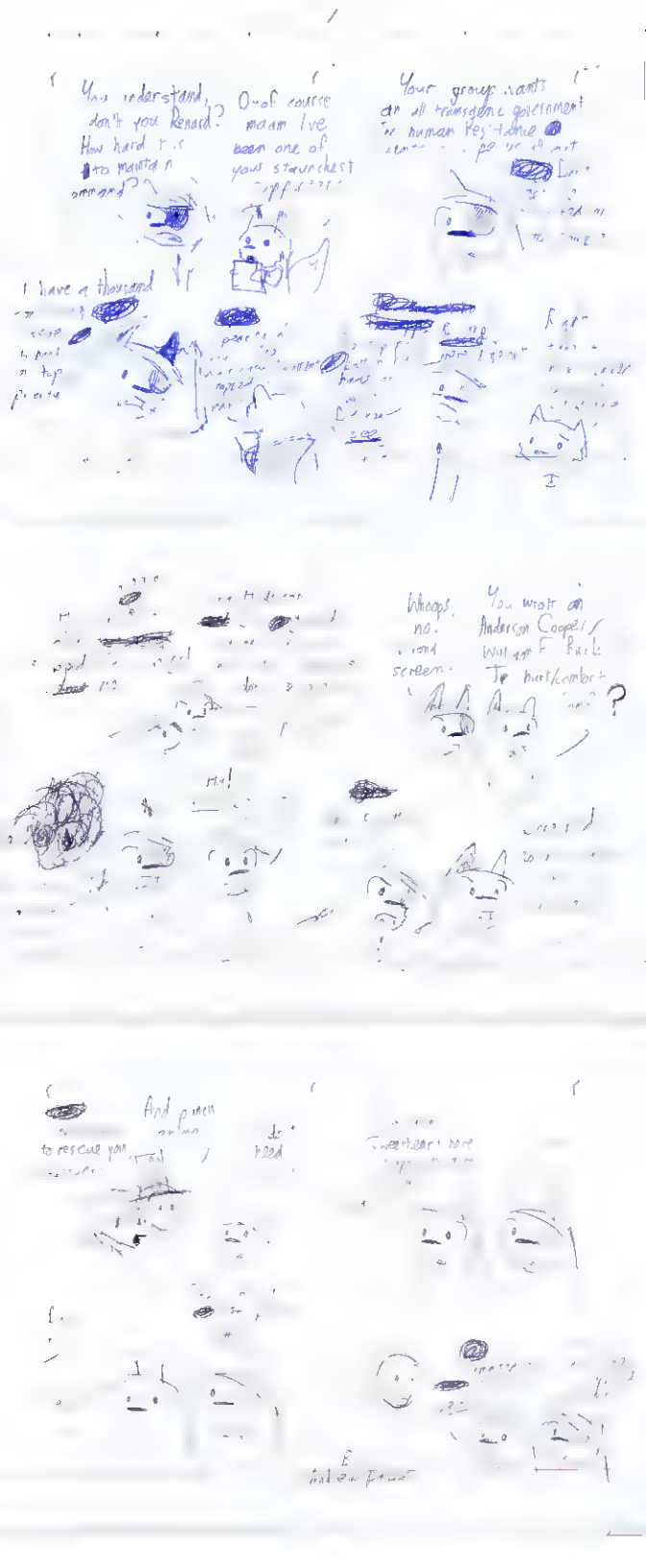

What happened to make you this way?
Unity. She joined the Biomass and betrayed us all.
I can't believe that.
Don't be fooled. That deadgirl wouldn't lift a finger for anyone but herself.
SLAM
Baaabe! I'm here to rescue you and the Smithsonian has sweet souvenirs!
A finger, no. A tiger, yes.
That's not a souvenir! Take it off!

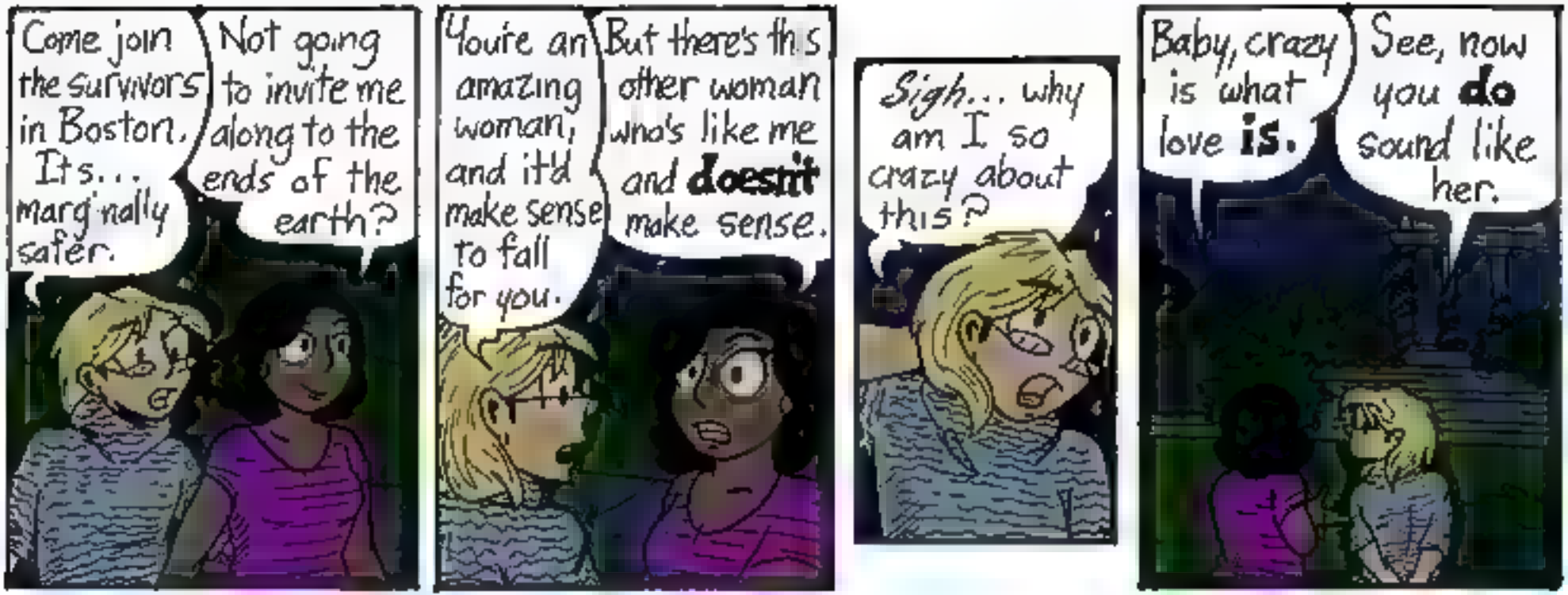

EEP! Evil babe eyepatch variant!
Unity... it's you... sort of...
Wait, how do I tell you apart?
So one friend showed up for you. Big deal.
Okay, you're right. It's been a very romantic search and rescue.
How'd you get in here?
I knew it! You will go out with me if you're sane!
Is there any more prosecco?

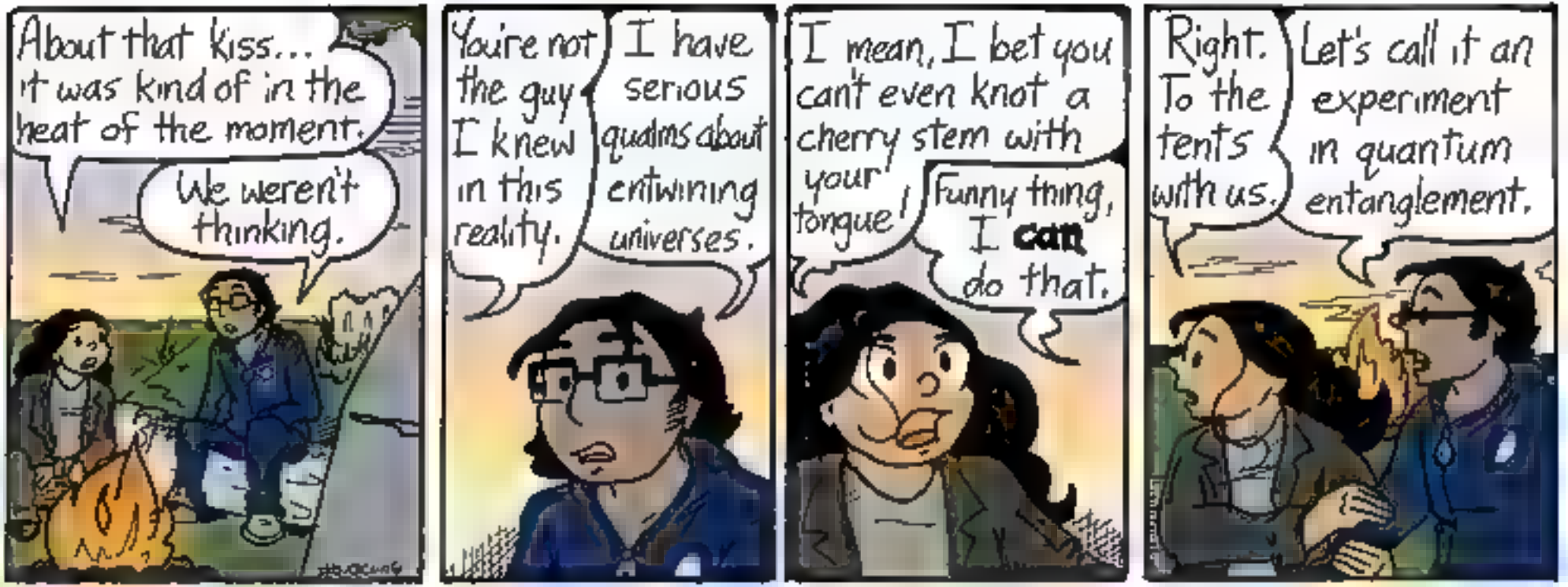

We're here to rescue you, Sweetheart!
And punch animals!
I don't need rescuing
President Fancy here is happy to give us flight clearance.
Sure.
But... buh...
Really?
She wrote a very polite letter.
But evil!
I formatted the addresses perfectly.
Government in action!


You'll let us go? Just like that?
On one condition.
If you find my Unity... ask her why she did what she did.
Fine, but I have a question too.
Yes?
Wasn't there supposed to be a drinking contest?
Oh, right. Roll that tanker truck around!
What the hell, deal me in.


Cannabelieve it. Ashally out-drank myssself. Zizzagreatday.
Try not to barf on the FDR memorial
What was the point of the drinking contest? We were dready pardoned.
Poinwas, I won. NUMMERONE DOG!
But it wasn't productive at all!
hurrg YAK
All right. Technically that was very productive.
SORRY, FALA!

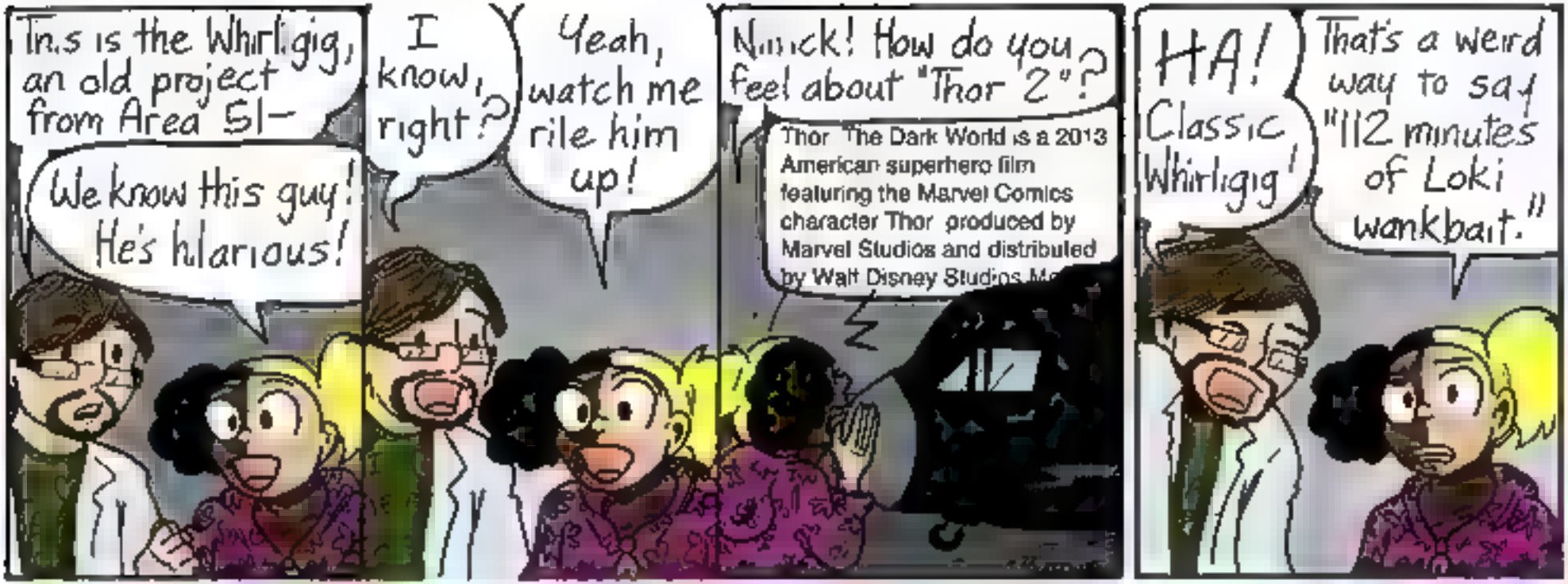

You understand, don't you Ronald? How hard it is to maintain command?
Of course ma'am I've been one of your staunchest
Your group wants an all transgenic government
I have a thousand
Whoops, no. wrong screen.
You wrote on Anderson Cooper's William F Buck
To hurt/comfort
And punch to rescue you
Sweetheart here

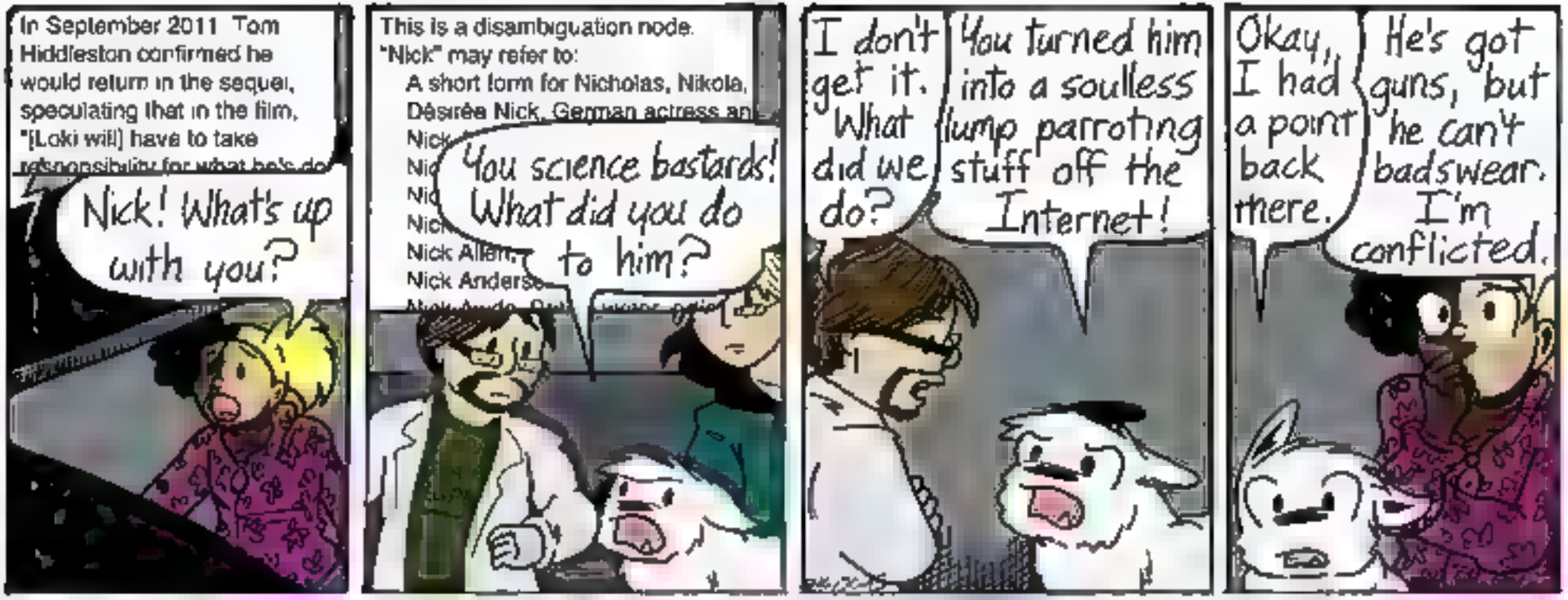

Come join the survivors in Boston. It's... marginally safer.
Not going to invite me along to the ends of the earth?
You're an amazing woman, and it'd make sense to fall for you.
But there's this other woman who's like me and doesn't make sense.
Sigh... why am I so crazy about this?
Baby, crazy is what love is.
See, now you do sound like her.

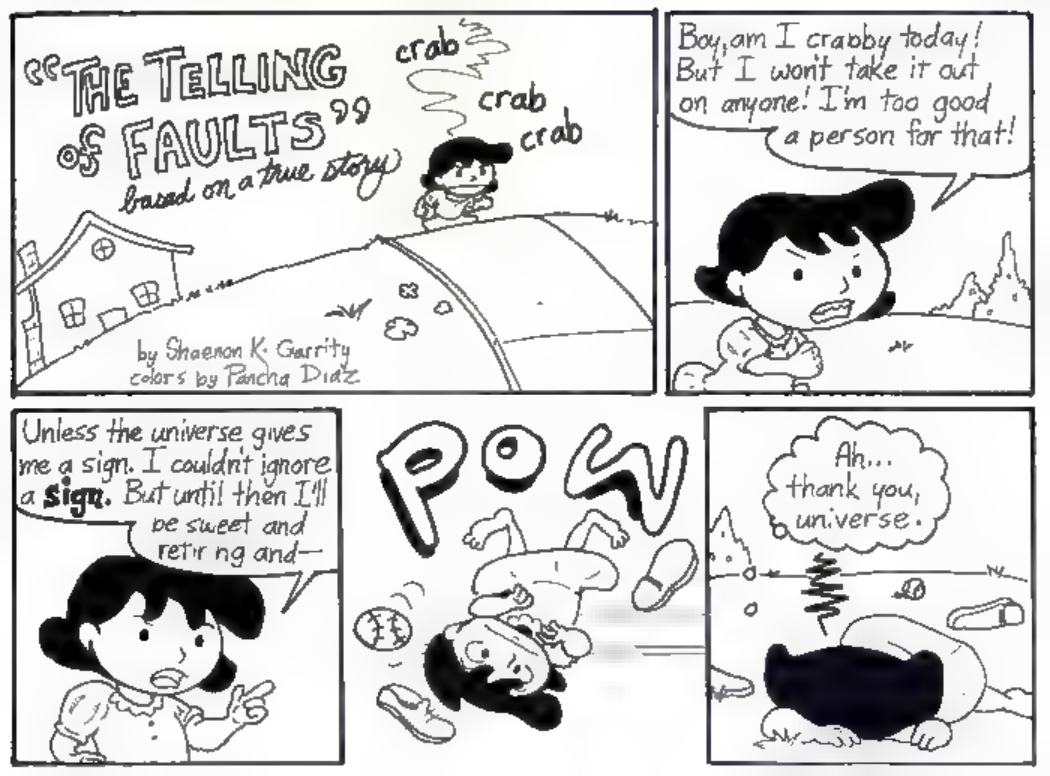

About that kiss... it was kind of in the heat of the moment.
We weren't thinking.
You're not the guy I knew in this reality.
I have serious qualms about entwining universes.
I mean, I bet you can't even knot a cherry stem with your tongue!
Funny thing, I can do that.
Right. To the tents with us.
Let's call it an experiment in quantum entanglement.


Requesting entry to St. Charlie!
All females must be screened for killing rage!
Dammit, Dr. Walske, we were just here!
You guys survived D.C.? That's impossible!
Ha! You said "possible." Look who has a narrow perspective on potentiality now!
Maybe you can spare a little killing rage for Dr. Blake.
Mad Emergency Services? I'd like to report a burn victim!

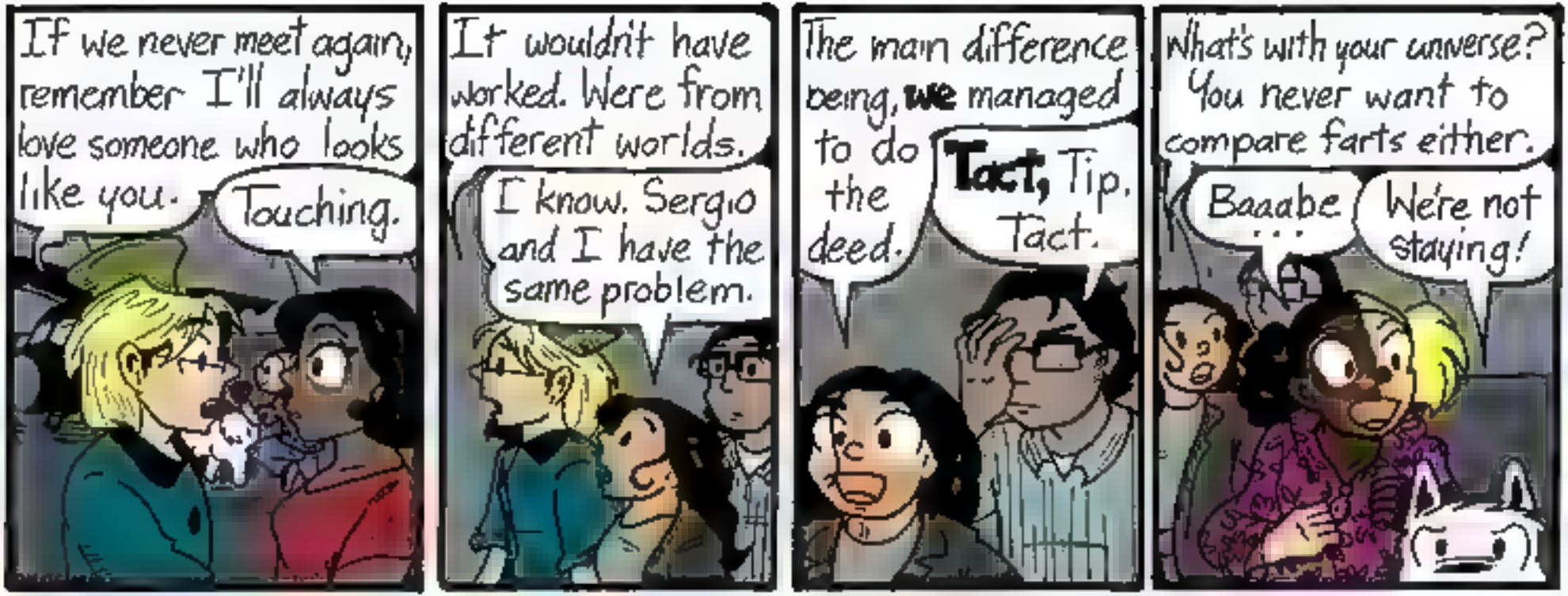

Your flight's ready. We just needed the codes
I tried to get us assigned more paperwork...
Any more weird friends I should meet before we part ways?
I think you've met them all ..
We nicked this from D.o.D. Black Ops, so it's a little funny...
Maybe one more.
BISCUIT!


This is the Whirligig, an old project from Area 51—
We know this guy! He's hilarious!
I know, right?
Yeah, watch me rile him up!
Nnick! How do you feel about "Thor 2"?
Thor: The Dark World is a 2013 American superhero film featuring the Marvel Comics character Thor produced by Marvel Studios and distributed by Walt Disney Studios
HA! Classic Whirligig!
That's a weird way to say "112 minutes of Loki wankbait."


In September 2011 Tom Hiddleston confirmed he would return in the sequel, speculating that in the film, "[Loki will] have to take
Nick! What's up with you?
This is a disambiguation node.
"Nick" may refer to:
A short form for Nicholas, Nikola,
Désirée Nick, German actress an
Nick
Nick
Nick
Nick
Nick Allen
Nick Anderso
You science bastards! What did you do to him?
I don't get it. What did we do?
You turned him into a soulless lump parroting stuff off the Internet!
Okay, I had a point back there.
He's got guns, but he can't badswear. I'm conflicted.


"THE TELLING OF FAULTS"
based on a true story
crab
crab
crab
by Shannon K. Garrity
colors by Pancha Diaz
Boy, am I crabby today! But I won't take it out on anyone! I'm too good a person for that!
Unless the universe gives me a sign. I couldn't ignore a sign. But until then I'll be sweet and retiring and—
POW
Ah... thank you, universe.

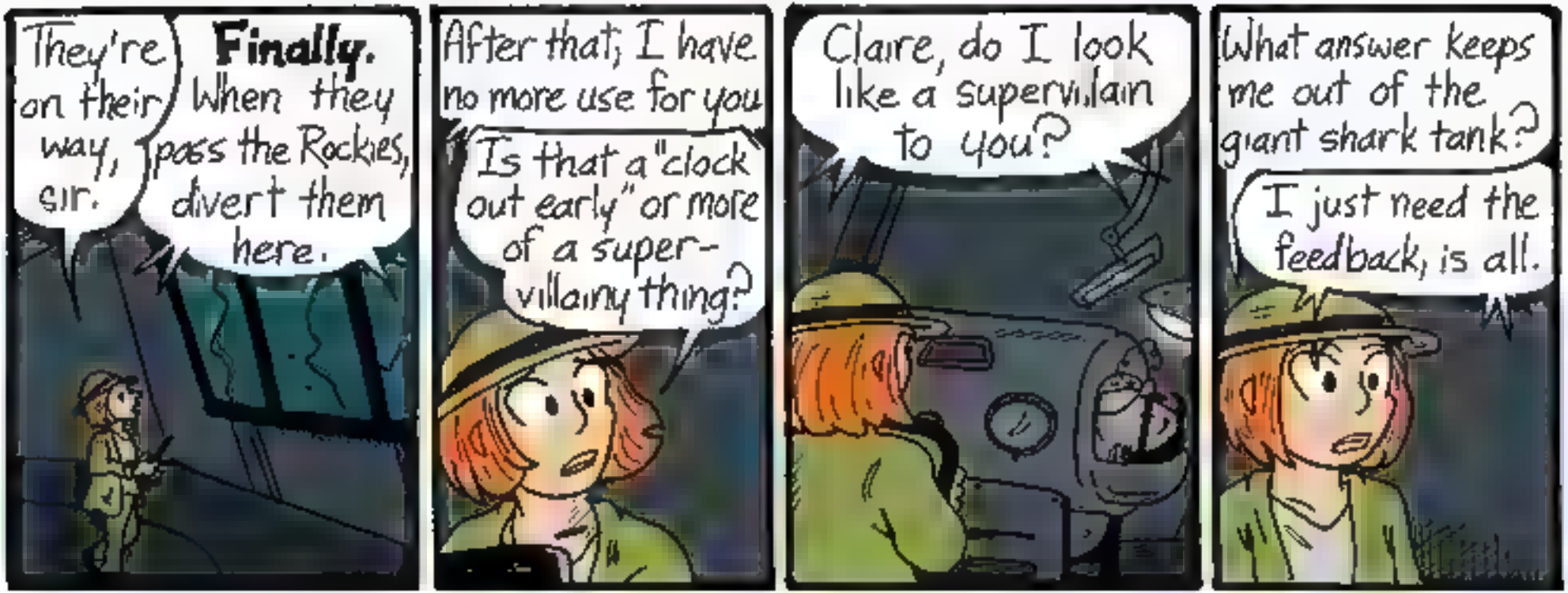

Sweetheart... I think this is the mindless aircraft A-Sig wanted to create.
You mean we failed at the Groom Lake mission?
My Skin Horse never went on a mission like that!
Gavotte didn't take the assignment?
Who or what is "Gavotte"?
What incompetent director let this happen?
Um, you, probably.
Oh, right. This universe exists to mock me.


If we never meet again, remember I'll always love someone who looks like you.
Touching.
It wouldn't have worked. Were from different worlds.
I know. Sergio and I have the same problem.
The main difference being, we managed to do the deed.
Tact, Tip, Tact.
What's with your universe? You never want to compare farts either.
Baaabe...
We're not staying!


Think they've got a chance out there?
Against the Biomass? Im...
...plausible.
Ha! Thought you'd get me there!
Dang it! One day, Blake, when you least expect it.
...you'll declare something impossible and I'll deride your blinkered thinking without pity!
That's im...
...polite!
Also, fat chance
So I'm told we're humanity's lost great hope...
Roshambo for my honor!


2694 miles to destination, bearing 259.
Strap in, hombres. We got hours to go.
Heading blind into the most dangerous place on earth.
I brought all the info we have.
If we spend every minute of the flight preparing for insertion, we'll be ready for—
Hey, what's this?
..."Anderson threw himself across the anchor desk.
"My body is ready," he purred...
He **is** prepared for insertion.


Whaddya think? Pretty hot, huh?
Eh. Hit and miss.
Her Anderson was phoned in. Where's the mommy issues with Gloria Vanderbilt?
Wow, you're right! I'm so glad you're here!
Good friends write good fanfic together!
I can never un-imagine the thing with the alligator clips
Nor the alligator.
It's ART!


They're on their way, sir.
Finally. When they pass the Rockies, divert them here.
After that, I have no more use for you
Is that a "clock out early" or more of a super-villainy thing?
Claire, do I look like a supervillain to you?
What answer keeps me out of the giant shark tank?
I just need the feedback, is all.

In reality, the gaff (carny slang for a fake) was usually created by sewing the top half of a dead monkey to the bottom half of a dead fish.



Originally, the mermaids came to the West from Japan and the West Indies, where fishermen sold them to fascinated Europeans.



The most famous mermaid gaff, the Feejee Mermaid, was your basic monkey-fish hyped into a sensation by P.T. Barnum in 1842.

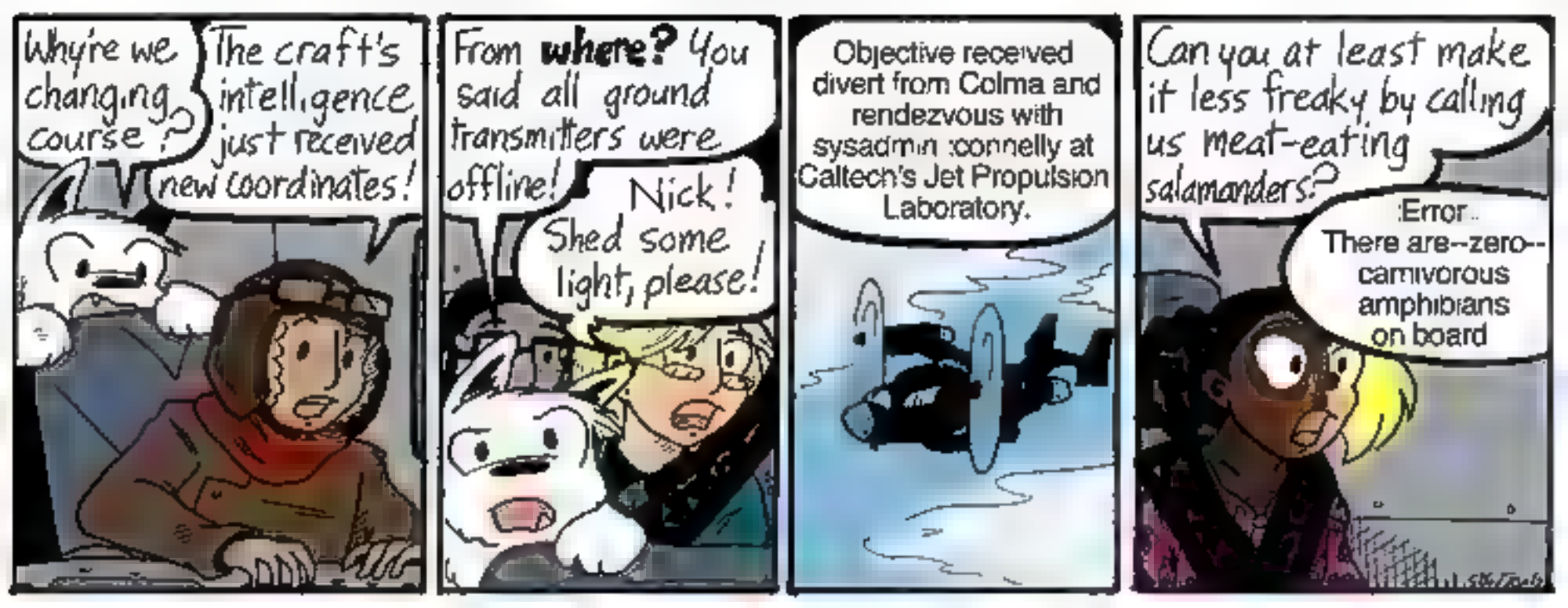


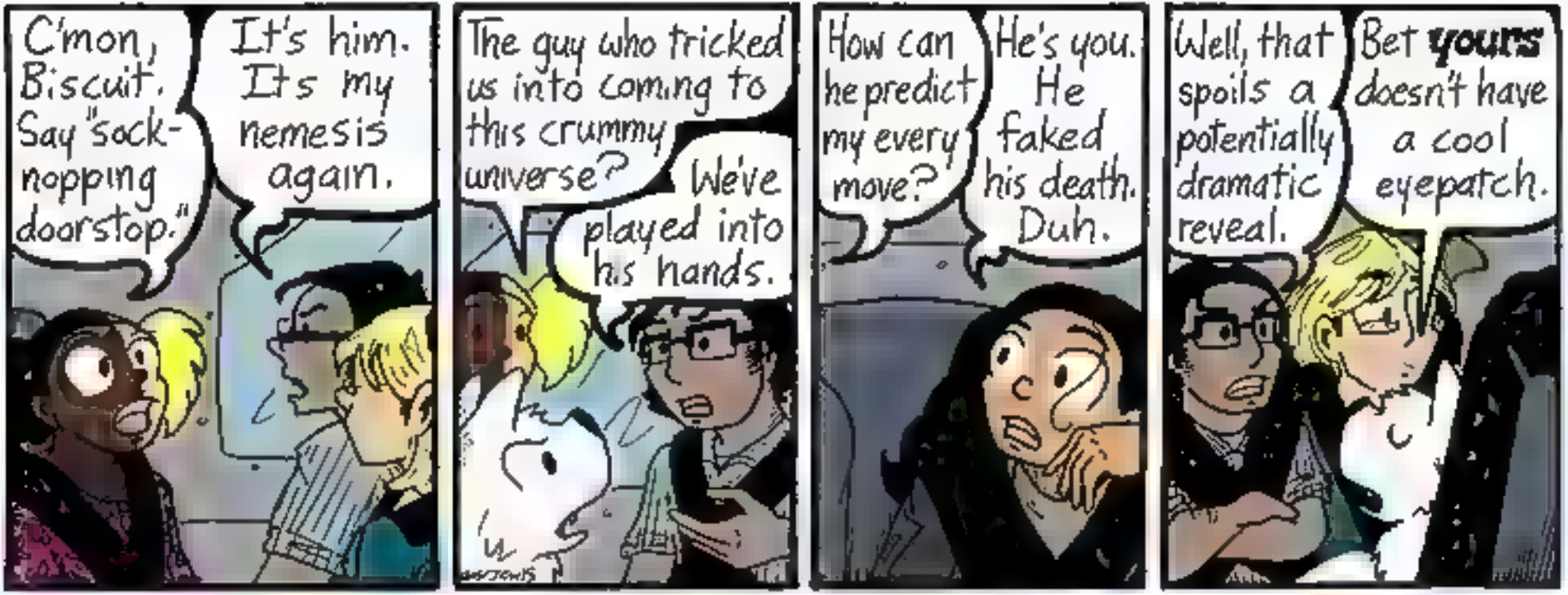
FEEJEE MERMAID,
lately exhibited at the principal cities of America and now presented to the public at Barnum's American Museum, totally looks like these babes & is not some animals we taped together.

The Feejee Mermaid has been lost, though plenty of competing shows made their own copies. We'll never know exactly how Barnum's mermaid was made.

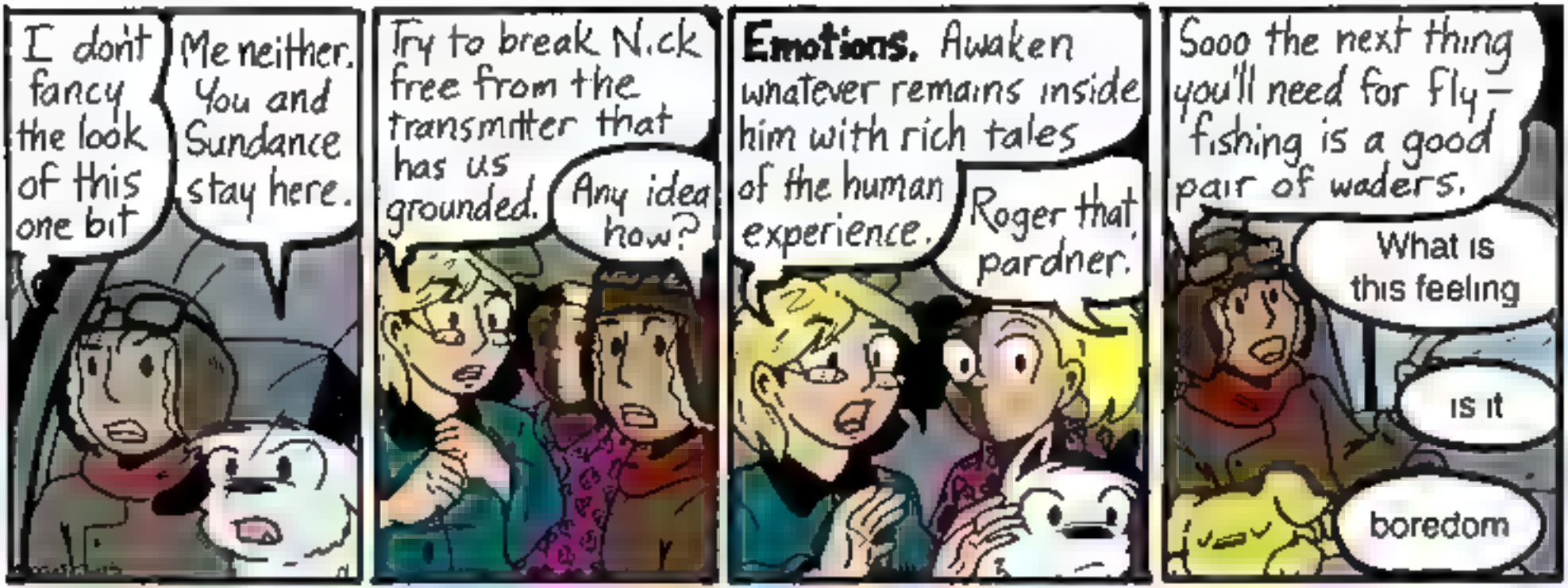


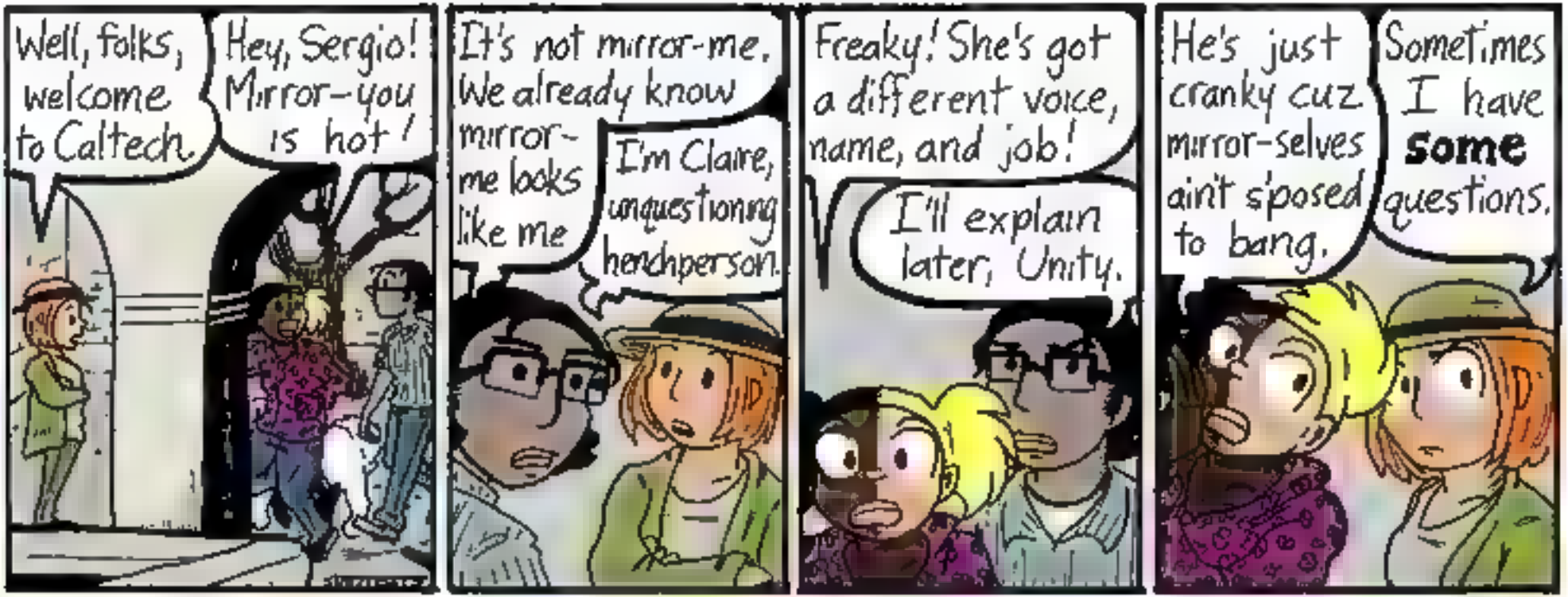

I must say I'm going to miss you, Claire.
Still can't tell if you're going to kill me.
You've helped me put myself back together. Which is why I regret what I'm about to do.
But I have no choice but to give you A LITTLE GOING-AWAY PRESENT!
THOOM
"The Day After Tomorrow" on Blu-Ray?
Apocalypse! Limited resources! All right?

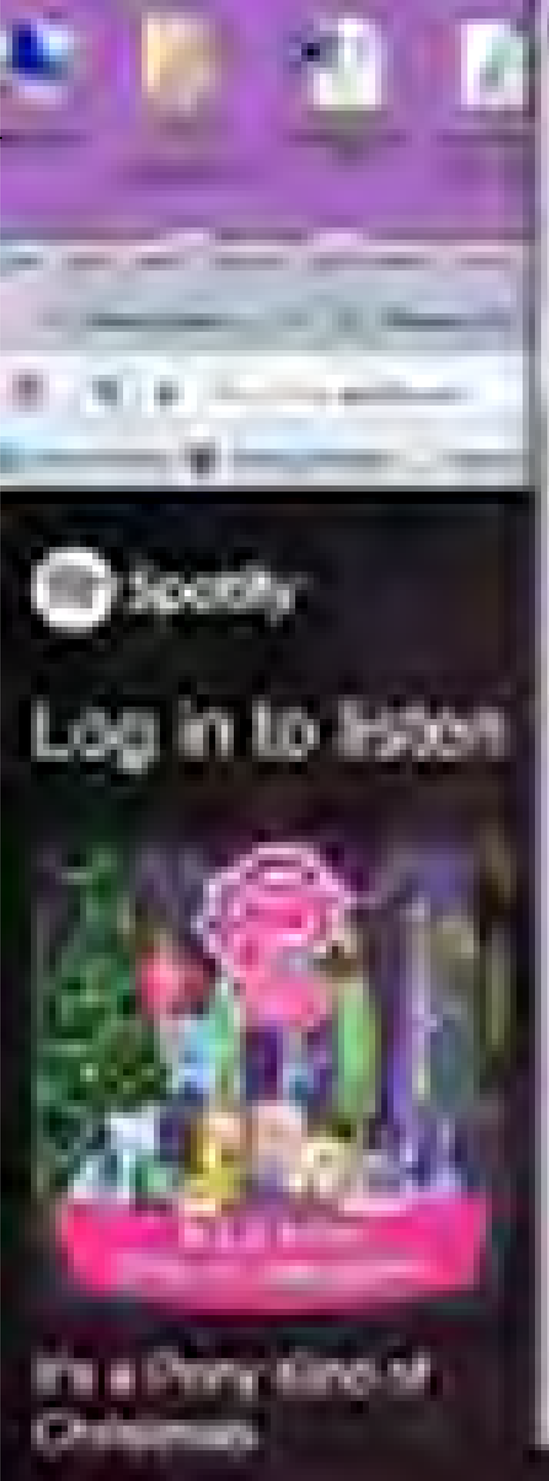

Why're we changing course?
The craft's intelligence just received new coordinates!
From where? You said all ground transmitters were offline!
Nick! Shed some light, please!
Objective received divert from Colma and rendezvous with sysadmin :connelly at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory.
Can you at least make it less freaky by calling us meat-eating salamanders?
:Error.. There are--zero-- carnivorous amphibians on board


C'mon, Biscuit. Say "sock-napping doorstop."
It's him. It's my nemesis again.
The guy who tricked us into coming to this crummy universe?
We've played into his hands.
How can he predict my every move?
He's you. He faked his death. Duh.
Well, that spoils a potentially dramatic reveal.
Bet yours doesn't have a cool eyepatch.

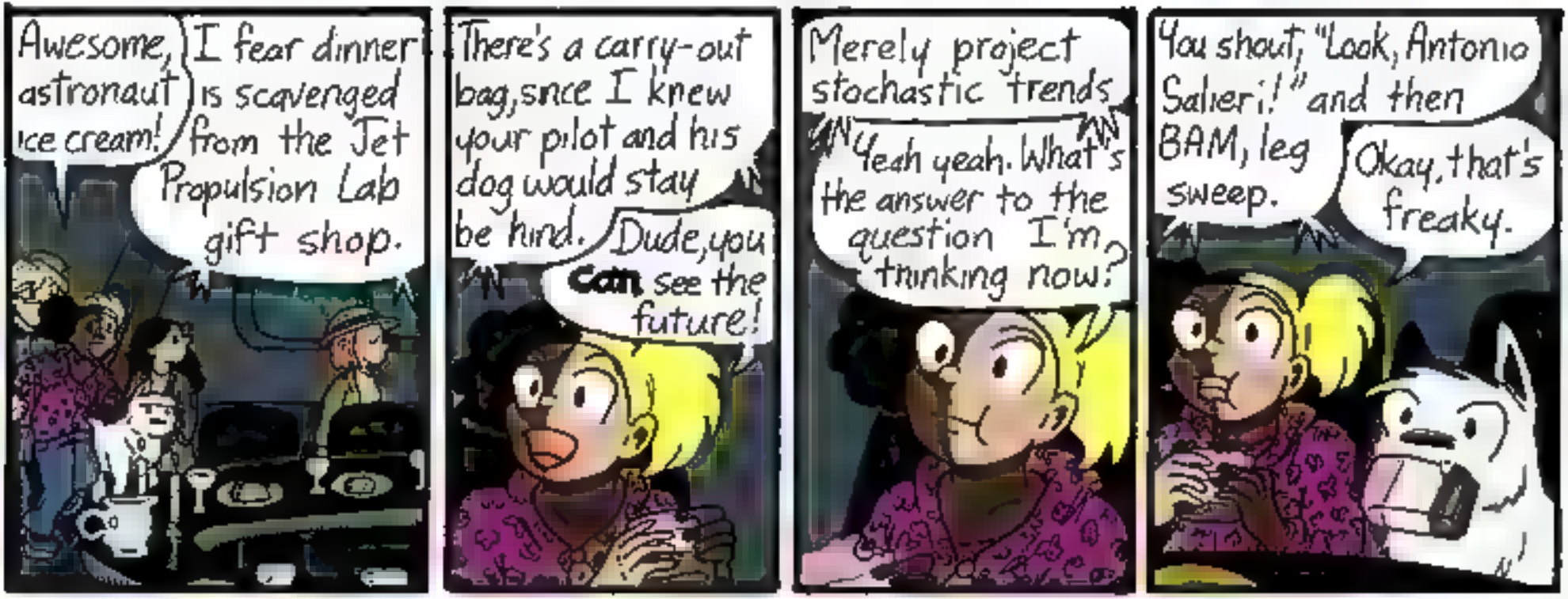

Objective complete. Prepare for touchdown.
Landing area looks clear of the Biomass.
Drought's keeping the plant life down. Y'see, our California has a drought.
Ours does too.
Pfft, but do you have wildfires? And earthquakes?
You people don't have a lock on everything awful!
That's what President Trump used to say.
Can we just agree to get out of this reality?


I don't fancy the look of this one bit
Me neither. You and Sundance stay here.
Try to break Nick free from the transmitter that has us grounded.
Any idea how?
Emotions. Awaken whatever remains inside him with rich tales of the human experience.
Roger that, pardner.
Sooo the next thing you'll need for fly-fishing is a good pair of waders.
What is this feeling
is it
boredom

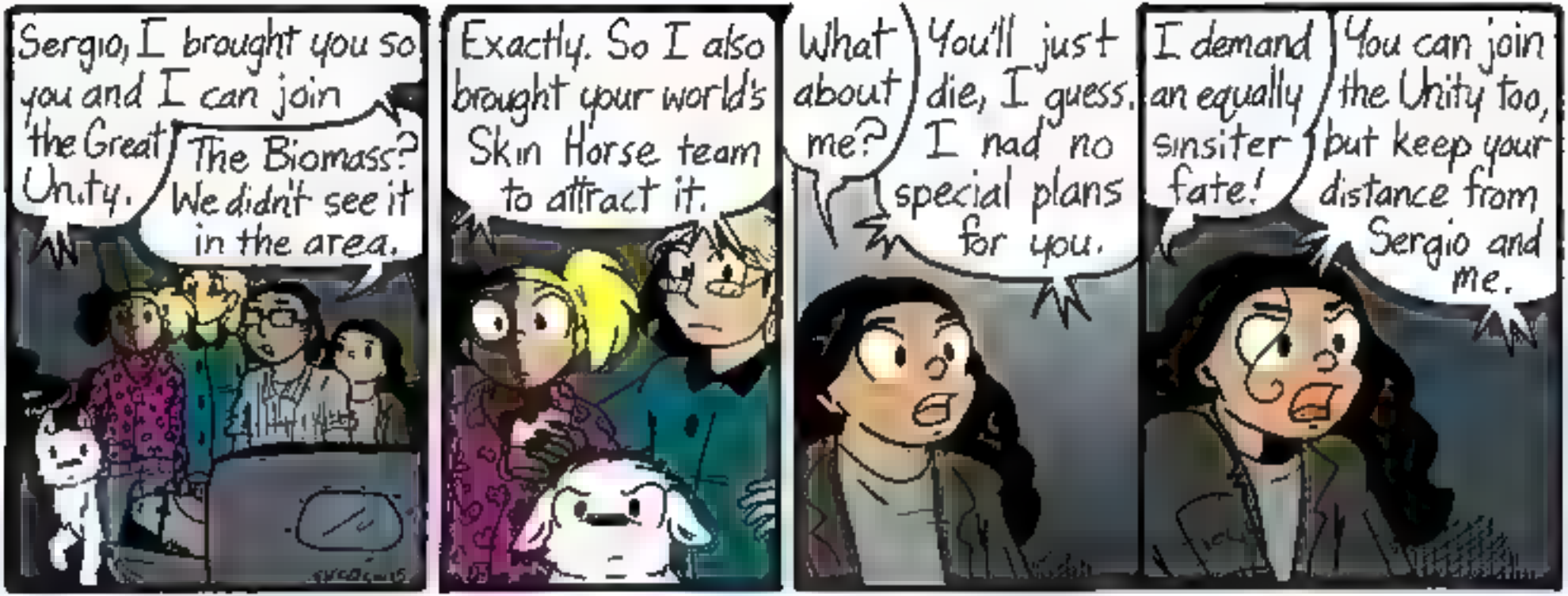

Well, folks, welcome to Caltech.
Hey, Sergio! Mirror-you is hot!
It's not mirror-me. We already know mirror-me looks like me
I'm Claire, unquestioning henchperson.
Freaky! She's got a different voice, name, and job!
I'll explain later, Unity.
He's just cranky cuz mirror-selves ain't s'posed to bang.
Sometimes I have **some** questions.

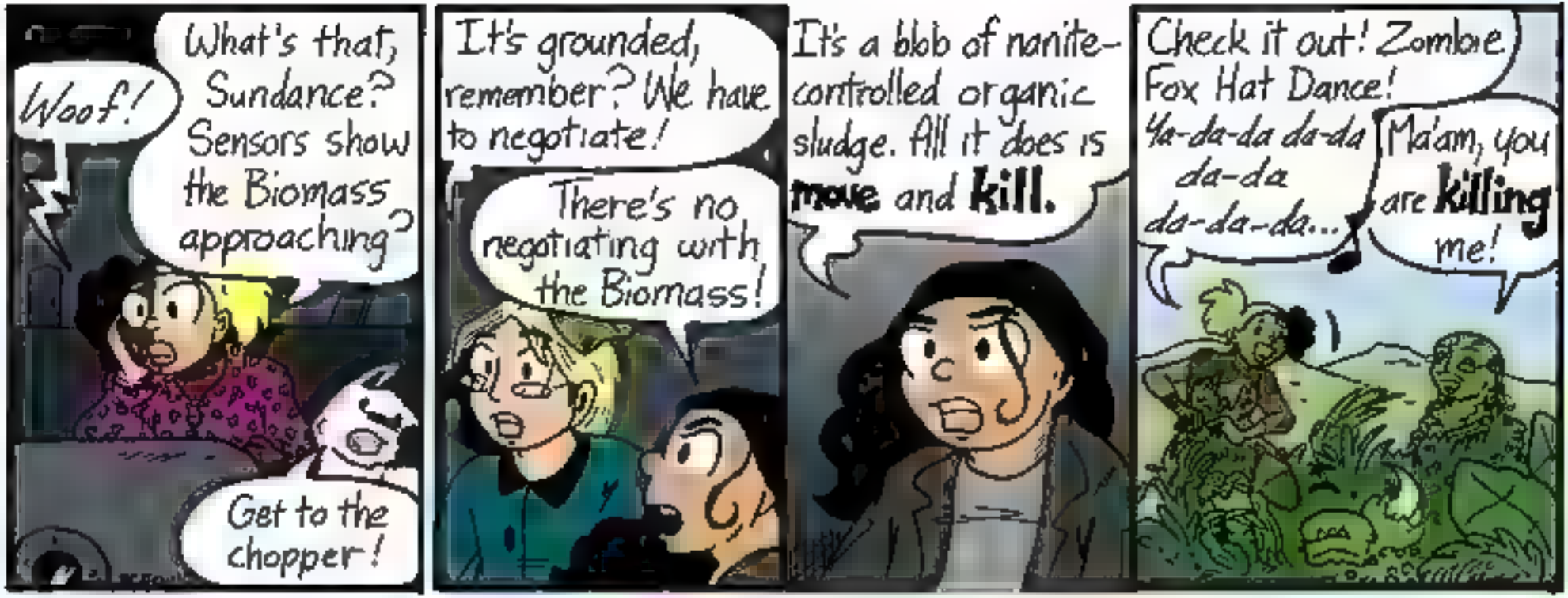

Log in to listen


Where are you taking us?
Dinner, on orders of the Master.
What, er, makes him the Master?
Mostly, he knows everything I'm going to do and he's really smug about it.
Coo
!!!
"You wound me, Claire"
Whoa. How long does it take to train a pigeon to do that?
You see what I have to deal with here?
THE HANG OF IT
NOT LONG
ONCE YOU GET


Awesome, astronaut ice cream!
I fear dinner is scavenged from the Jet Propulsion Lab gift shop.
There's a carry-out bag, since I knew your pilot and his dog would stay behind.
Dude, you can see the future!
Merely project stochastic trends
Yeah yeah. What's the answer to the question I'm thinking now?
You shout, "Look, Antonio Salieri!" and then BAM, leg sweep.
Okay, that's freaky.


This is all very nice, but...wait, no it's not. Tell us who you are and why we're here.
Instead, let me.. SHOW YOU!
Uh, okay. The gurney for the iron lung is stuck. Could you—
Yeah, on it.
Right, I can't get the spotlight on either—
I didn't sign on for roadie work.
It's so bothersome having to go through a henchman.
Henchperson!
Sorry, sorry..


Sergio, I brought you so you and I can join the Great Unity.
The Biomass? We didn't see it in the area.
Exactly. So I also brought your world's Skin Horse team to attract it.
What about me?
You'll just die, I guess. I had no special plans for you.
I demand an equally sinsiter fate!
You can join the Unity too, but keep your distance from Sergio and me.


Woof!
What's that, Sundance? Sensors show the Biomass approaching?
Get to the chopper!
It's grounded, remember? We have to negotiate!
There's no negotiating with the Biomass!
It's a blob of nanite-controlled organic sludge. All it does is move and kill.
Check it out! Zombie Fox Hat Dance!
Ya-da-da da-da da-da da-da-da...
Ma'am, you are killing me!

THE WAIT IS OVER!



Eso Buy Gold



Submitted on 2015/07/10 at 3:40 pm

This exce lent website certainly has all the
nformat on needded about th s sub ect and didn't know who to ask.

Selkie 650
View Comic

the elder scroll online gold



Submitted on 2015/07/09 at 10:20 pm

Just want to ssay yor article iis as surprising.
The clarity on your post is just nice andd i could suopose you're a profess onal on this subject
Fine along w th your perm ss on let me to grasp your feed to keep updated w th impend ng post.

Thanks one m llion and p ease keep up the gratifying work.

Selkie 650
View Comic

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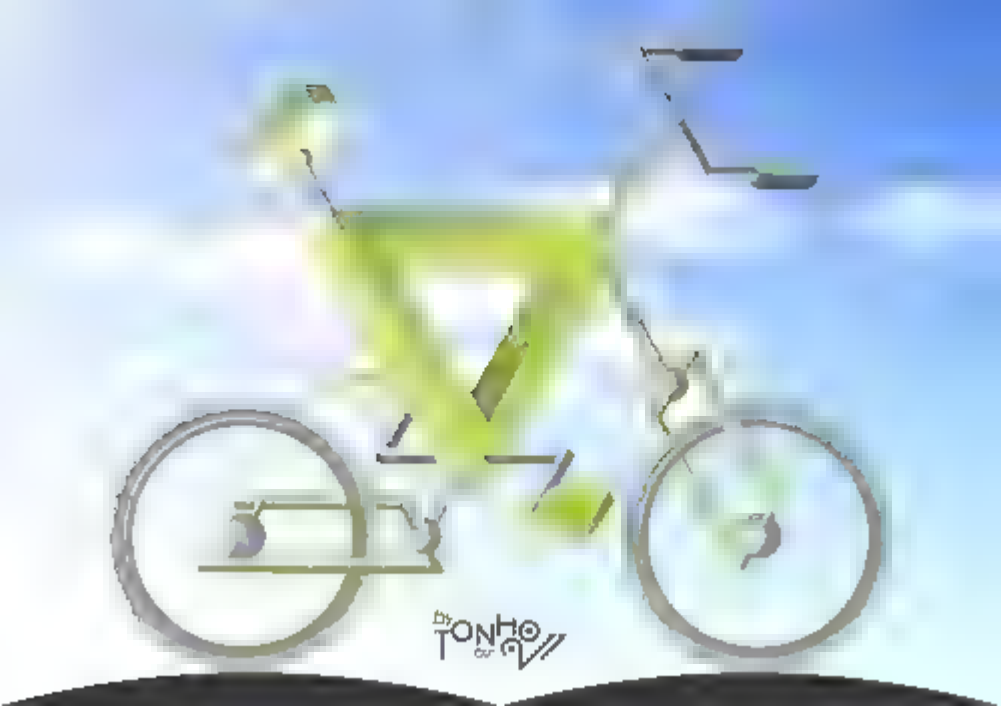
Submitted on 2015/07/09 at 5:25 am

It s n ea ity a great annd usefu p ece of nformation. I'm g ad that you
simp y shared th s usefu nformat on w th us.
Please stay us up to date ike th s. Thanks for sharing.

Selkie 650
View Comic



Slam Horse is **BACK IN ACTION** at www.slam-horse.com


by TONHO





Amidst the fog the SHADOW-AGENTS
Produce their badge of arcane ges
Then proceed to the Streets of Gaslit Lanterns
With beasts at their backs and a thousand voices







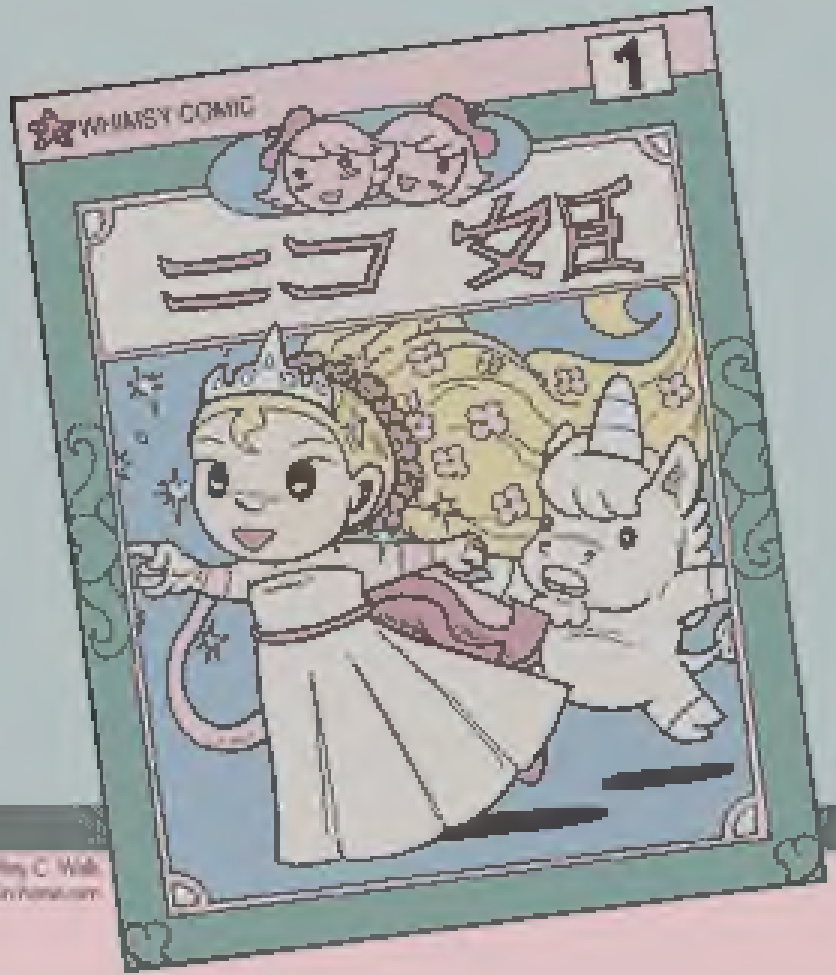
Please stop moving
my silliness benchmark.

Skin Bleach Secret skin bleach cream by Shaeeem K. Garrity & Jeffrey C. Wells

YOUR WORLD IS NOT REAL



PEOPLE DON'T BEHAVE RIGHT


1
WHIMSY COMIC

